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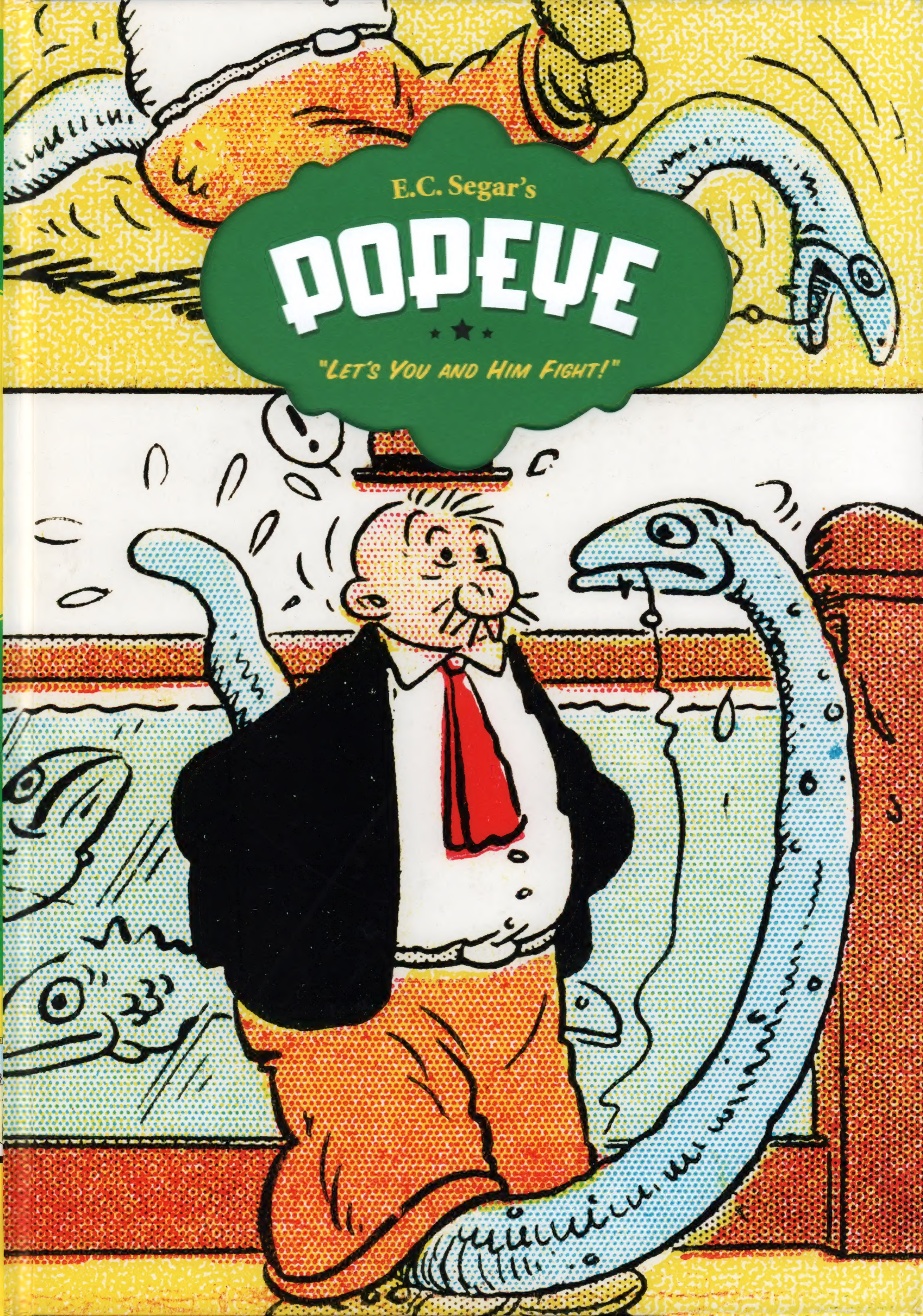
VOLUME THREE

P

E.C. Segar's

ПОПЕЧЕ

"LET'S YOU AND HIM FIGHT!"



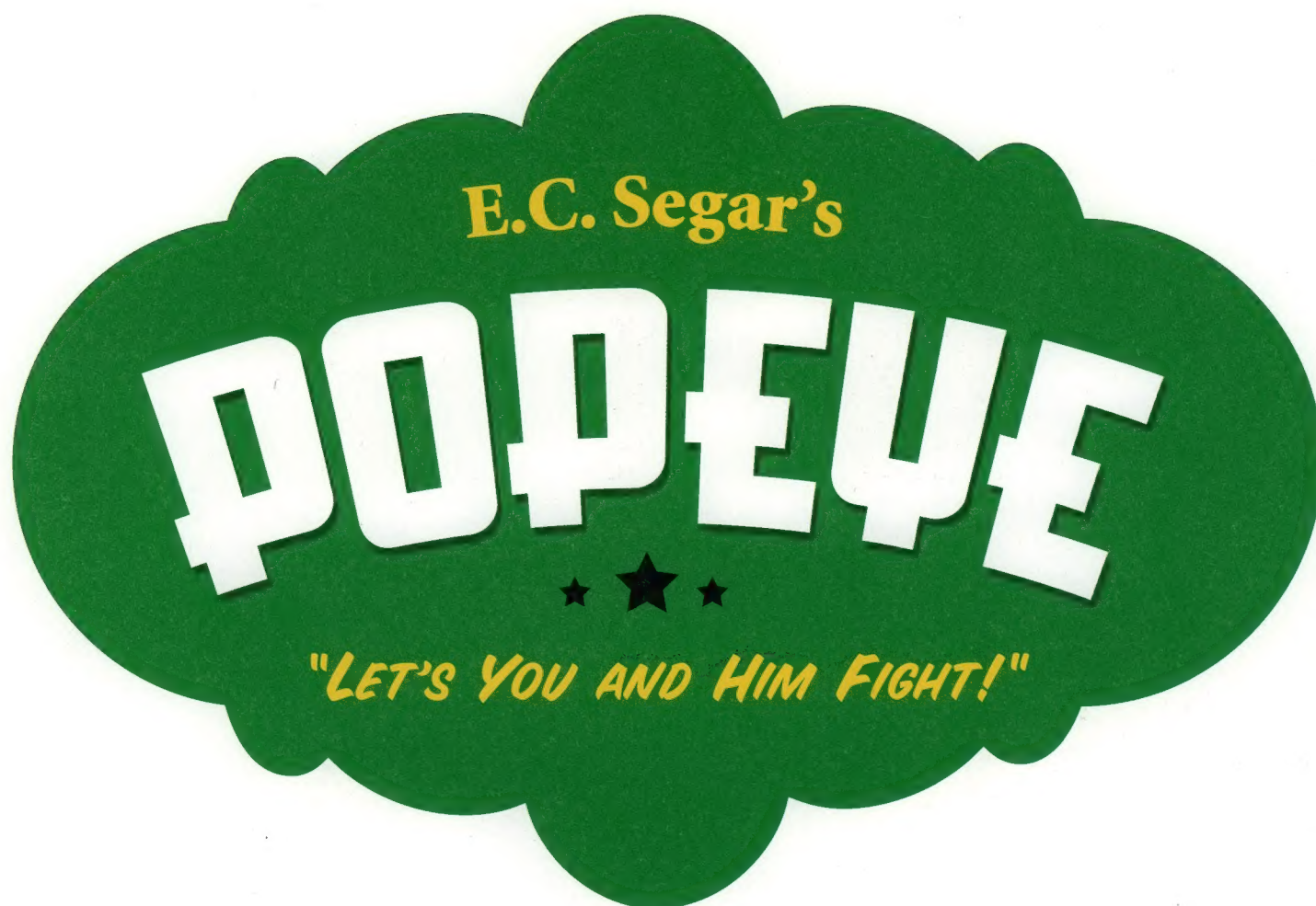
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POPEYE



"LET'S YOU AND HIM FIGHT!"





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THE PEACEABLE KINGDOM

Introduction by Donald Phelps

This is the second and concluding part of Donald Phelps's essay, the first part of which appeared in Popeye Volume 2 under the title "Real People, Real Theatre."

NEITHER SEGAR NOR ANYONE else, it seems to me, ever quite got used to Popeye as a hero; how could they? Even after Kingmaker Hearst, in the early '30s, had forwarded the laurel crown, with the most unambiguous instructions about fitting it to Popeye's skipper's cap; even after Popeye acceded, free-and-easy as always, to the guidelines of exemplar for the Kids, he did it in too jocular, too gruffly workmanlike a way, to be slid into the warm, receiving niche of respectability; for there was no self-delusion on Popeye's part that myth was just another role such as he had already, by 1933, a good apprenticeship in playing. The laurel crown! What difference between it and many another hat? He, who was to engage himself as prizefighter, as detective (with Castor Oyl, in his newly launched agency), as gold prospector; as Chaplin-like squire for Susan Brown, ousted from her home and inheritance by her newly and suspiciously eccentric father. As slippery as the ocean god himself, and inseparable from that barb-pronged fork, Popeye, who was mysterious at his core, only became more rich a mystery with the addition of bromides about always eating "yer" spinach, and being careful of swings. He set his heels life-long (meaning, of course, Segar's life) against being dragooned into an institutionalized respectability, such as had embraced Steve Canyon, in dispiriting degree both Wash Tubbs and Captain Easy (both in his own person, and his transubstantiation into My-T-Fine pudding, during World War II, as Buz Sawyer, a single-note buzz-saw, who made little sawdust fly indeed): institutional fantasy at its near-worst.

Even when occupying stage center, Popeye never let us forget that he had drifted in at the very outset of the Depression, from the scraggly ranks of that scrub team which Depression comedy was to identify as the home team: those feckless, footloose, often discountenanced (which didn't matter a hair, since their countenances were more elastic than they appeared) small entrepreneurs and willing factotums who numbered Laurel and Hardy, and W.C. Fields (whom, I suspect, Segar regarded very nearly as highly as his revered Chaplin); all tryers-on of hats, though always returning to their original derbies, their Atlantic City straws, or, as in Popeye's case, captain's official. They introduced to their audiences a crusty fatalism, a sassy resiliency, and a strain of makeshift, momentary fantasy and illusion which, in a sense, Chaplin, as a great theatrical intelligence, had anticipated, but with crucial differences. For, among the comedians to whom I allude, you couldn't so much as profess to prevail over the world, through, say, style and guile. Style and fantasy, when the occasion permitted, were ways of defying and countering what was least sufferable in the world; but to have, and eat, the cake of reality, to upstage the world, even W.C. Fields's capacious gorge would have refused.

And Popeye's, I submit, for Popeye, as one of those eccentric, slop-heeled, available-for-any-work-or-role perennial recruits, introduced the '30s to *Thimble Theatre*, and vice versa; and, to keep both sides from each other's throats, he introduced myth and legend to a strip which tossed some fugitive kisses to the latter, in the instance of Castor Oyl and the fabulous fioretti of Castor's

improbable success. But Popeye, who was at once one of the most mulish of realists, and a seeker, a wooer, of space, delivered to *Thimble Theatre* the indispensable counterpoint of myth: out-sized enterprises couched in gravelly particularity, the sense of the eternal everyday.

Like Wotasnozzle some three years later, he made his entrance, on January 17, 1929, as a wrinkled, improbable old man; as common-looking as a sun-shrivelled skate on a pier (for he had to take command before his age could reach its own level, the forty-ish plateau of his later life). In the always-mobile repertory world of *Thimble Theatre*, Popeye's wrinkles were as straightforward a guarantee as his sailor's whites (the regulation navy-blue shirt and orange pants, too, were yet to come) that he could move in any direction he pleased. His earliest movements, however, were those of a typical '30s foil-as-hero, a shaft of ill-met, cantankerous driftwood, insouciantly wayward as W.C. Fields. "I yam what I yam an' that's all I yam," in the early-'30s phase of Popeye's life, was not merely stoic humility, but a warning volley of defiance: he was not only tough, but tough in an authentically anarchic, chartless way, trading Olive Oyl badmouth-for-badmouthing ("Ya long piece of bad luck!") some time after they became recognized sweeties. He is as unabashed a bully, on occasion, as are the swaggering hulks like Bluto and Limbo: pasting a hapless passerby for "Walkin' too close to me" (space, we are always being reminded in those days, is Popeye's kingdom, beyond the Spinachova limits), and then pursuing the intervening policeman all the way back to the station house ("When I'm

[illegible]

A foil, in fact, from first to last, in the very manner of Fields, whom Gregory LaCava reportedly called a perfect straight man. A begetter of occasions, that is, and an obdurate, abrasive prop for his relatively more genteel and world-polished fellow players. A catalyst of the imagination, which—as a continuing foil, even after he has attained star billing—continued its expansion, in dark ripples, conveying a mood to *Thimble Theatre* which was of the Depression, to be sure, in its melancholia, in its nervous juggling of skittishness and no-playing-around defiance, in the most fabulous and somber resources of folklore—but, always, a folklore reshaped, revisualized, repopulated, by Segar's own myth-making imagination. Popeye, a walking imagination in his own right, managed to project a whole procession of dream-images onto *Thimble Theatre's* two-a-day stage, which—be they induced by the times, or some conclave of the popular subconscious which contributed to the style of those times—took their place, as easily as the Civil War frames that James Agee cites from *Birth of a Nation*, among my own seven- and eight-year-old emblem images of the 1930s.

PER HONOR, HE CALLED ME A SKUNK—KIN I SOCK HIM?

WANT TILL YOU GET HIM OUTSIDE—THE DIGNITY OF THIS COURT MUST NOT BE DISTURBED.

HE'S SURE GIVING YOU FITS! I FEEL HE IS.

BUT DON'T WORRY, THIS IS A JUST COURT. A FAIR COURT.

PST... YOU HAVEN'T A THING TO Worry ABOUT— I'M ON YOUR SIDE.

!

Wally Gribble

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YOUR SON SENT ME I'M YOUR ATTORNEY... WHY WOULD YOU FINE OLD FELLOW... THE VERY PICTURE OF INNOCENCE!!

OF COURSE, YOU'RE INNOCENT... I CAN'T IMAGINE ANYONE ACCUSING YOU OF SUCH A THING

THE CHARGE IS RIDICULOUS... WHY SHOULD A NICE OLD MAN LIKE YOU THROW A LADY INTO THE RIVER?

The Goon is terrible in her debut, in the *Sunday Journal* of December 1933, in



a way that lies beyond horror: the children knew well what they feared in her, because the Goon is a walking abstraction, the penultimate stage of Segar's never-completed mating dance with the literally unthinkable stillness of abstraction which he carries on throughout his work. With her hairless head, its breath-catching mask, as of a Cocteau drawing for one of the Eumenides, and the gross thatches of hair on her forearms and shins, and swaddling her loins, the Goon is both the near-abstract reduction of female aggression, and the comparable reduction of the puppet-like, "tractable" woman—a hideous coupling. Yet, it stops, essentially, with the mask of these beings, the mood engendered by Segar; and the rich assurance of terrors to come (whether from editorial insistence, or the slackening and fence-bolting of his own imagination, I can't say; but, on internal evidence alone, would suspect the latter, in major part, at least) is disavowed by the cursory, skittery fate to which Segar subjects his sinister sisterhood. It's at this point, in fact, when he does undertake storytelling—a loose-knotted rigging of burlesque specialty acts, including Wimpy's Goon impersonation, noted in Part One, and Popeye's disguise as his own severed head—that Segar's story begins to run out of steam, the Hag and the Goon lapsing into mere costumed players, or even less: cavorting marionettes. Yet, in the 1935 episode the "Pool of Never Die" (Segar's construction of the Fountain of Youth; which was revived, inexpertly, by his successors under its own name in a 1939 episode) there is a much more accomplished knitting of somber fairy tale and slapstick; thanks in great part to the singular personality of Toar—featured player straight from Jack the Giant Killer's roster of pushovers—who fused the sinister and the knockabout. The "Mystery Melody" episode of 1936-37, however, which involves the Hag's unique breach-of-promise suit against Poopdeck Pappy, poops out as adventure, into clattery farce, after the enchanting early imagery of the Hag summoning Pappy with her magic flute—a black veil over her face—



and is redeemed only in another arresting image at the end, when the Hag, apparently done in by Eugene the Jeep, dwindles into a frail old woman—her womanhood returned.

The element of passivity in episodes like these cannot be carelessly regarded; because it, as much as the bellicose chatter and skirmish that make up Segar's surfaces in such stories, is summed up in the character of Popeye. Not only the stoic patience of various actors, in syncopated relief to their own convulsive transports, but in the ruminating, clunky rhythm of those panels which examine a mania or infatuation, like Olive's spasmodic jealousy, Wimpy's hamburgerphilia, or the misogyny of Mr. Sphinx (promoter of Popeye's Ark, in 1935): the sedate pace at which all are allowed to utter, for themselves, variations on Popeye's for-a-time classic "I yam what I yam, an'

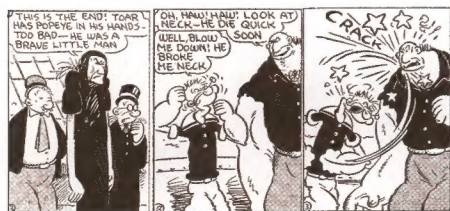
that's all I yam!" None of the others reach this pure equanimity, but all testify to its example, through the deliberate pace, the blocky, Giotto-like compositions (which can dice up even the most volcanic action sequence of Segar's presentation: an accord of violence and staidness which recalls the introduction of L. Frank Baum's Oz citizenry, poignantly recalled in the monstrous Slag the Slugger's line: "That's the kind of guy I am!"). Such fusion of ingenuousness and wantonness is Popeye's bequest to *Thimble Theatre*, the statement of its nature, by its Natural Man.



The most bilious irony to descend upon this sailor, as Bill Blackbeard has pointed out in his infectiously spirited and keen-sighted essay "The Greatest (Arf! Arf!) Superhero of Them All" was to stereotype him as a rocking-socking, spinach-gulping demolisher of a black-whiskered geezer called Bluto (originally, as Blackbeard notes, a considerably more redoubtable and mordant comic figure: a fanatic gold-hunter, capable of knocking out some poor bit-player's teeth, to soothe his infatuation; and a one-time-only performer in the "Eighth Sea"). The stereotype, in great part, is the legacy of Max Fleischer's animated cartoons, which, while in their earlier years at least, creating an often funny, cheerfully hammy myth-imagery, also achieved the perverse miracle of creating a formula, a hypnotically consistent and persuasive one, from a character, and nature within that character, which were desperately entrenched against formula, even in the better sense of the term. We may recall with rueful wonder that Fleischer was engineer of the jazz-tempoed, hoydenish Betty Boop, KoKo the Clown, Bimbo the Dog—Cab Calloway roof-raisers of the early '30s—and wonder how things might have turned out had Fleischer, along, perhaps, with some renegade from Disney Studios, tried using an occasional slowing, or even stopping of tempo; occasional water color backgrounds, and /or their most likely India ink counterparts, for spooky, brooding effects; widened their range of dramatis personae to include some of Segar's panoramic lampoons; and attempted, in general, to build the project more around Segar's piecemeal, mysterious intimations of personality, and less around the crassest reduction of Segar's puppetry. My own guess is that, had Fleischer been willing to invest in such an enterprise anything like the cost and care that found their way into the sweet-natured, visually tepid Nice Try, *Gulliver's Travels*, the Disney Studios, during their crucial early '40s period, might have found themselves with a competitor and mentor who could have occasioned a redefinition of the animated cartoon vocabulary. Yet, even the arguable best of the Popeye cartoons, and the only "full-length" (about half and hour) try that I know of—*Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves*, with its amusing allusion to Fields's *Never Give a Sucker an Even Break*, as Olive

tried to peddle her screenplay—was very much the same old spinach, with never a breast of chicken, or flounder, underneath.

Popeye, on the well-tempered fiddle-string of his personality, captured all the vibrations—touching, ferocious, awesome, grotesque—of Segar's double vision of survival, even as every authentic hero of myth and legend: the protean plasticity which fascinated Segar, and the battered, pared-down staying power which, deeper than fascination, he recognized, was stirred and guided by. Time after time, during the climactic "main events" of his adventures, contortions were visited upon the belabored sailor which make it the more extraordinary that Popeye could resume, afterward, his jagged humanity, and cause us to care about it. The contortions, which might inspire an envious jig on the part of Lon Chaney, Sr., actually come across the equivalent of fabulous sufferings, translated into burlesque; and armatured by the awful boyish seriousness of Segar's shape-kneading pen. Unlike the mortifications of Li'l Abner, in which are manifest Al Capp's own jeering patronage of his characters, Popeye's ordeals, I can still recall, inspired me not only with excitement but something as akin to awe as anything in any near-comparable comic strip which I can now recollect. When a wrestler deploys him like a hunk of pretzel dough; or Toar literally breaks his neck in a neat, elbow-joint formation (impelling the Sea Hag to moan: "He was a brave little man!"); or when Bluto,



like a crazed interior decorator confronted with an extra yard of sateen, wraps Popeye, Christmas-ribbon style, around the main-mast; drapes him ballroom-decoration style, over the yardarm; and finally decides on the classical simplicity of stretching his neck from the top-gallant-mast; or when in a drag scene which should then and there have discouraged all Jerry Lewises and Jack Lemmons of future generations, Popeye, posing as a dance-hall hostess in a demon-ridden western town, delivers a parody of ballet which equals a tight-rope walk, consummately cool, many miles above the rapids of mere grotesquerie.



We can actually see the most fugitive reaches of caricature, defined by Segar's own dogged, narrow awareness of shape, coming around to meet, and match, humanity in the very images Lon Chaney and Laurel and Hardy have presented it to us. As with these artists, it is Segar's amalgam of poise and crust, along with the bowel-deep apprehension about reality itself, which makes us laugh with a resonance of wonder at how far he can afford, and dare, to beat the strange plausibility which he himself has created.

Popeye, apart from his considerable self, projected an authentic and irreducible image of nature, which lies basically in his serenity, of a nature both in its sweetness and its awfulness; which proceeds from the profoundly funny foil which he was at the launching of his career; and which is refracted, as is his violence, in the menagerie of figures which he summoned to him after his ascent to star and impresario. "Menagerie" I use advisedly for the dumpy, unshakable presences of the various small, miraculous animals which, in both senses, charmed their way into Popeye's ever-expanding, ever-more-amorphous household, and—in the case of Castor's Cockpit Kid, Blizzard, and Bernice, the Whiffle Hen (whereby Popeye was introduced through the Dice Island expedition)—anticipated the sailor, their own patron saint.

The thing to remember in referring to Popeye's own serenity is that Segar did not disavow violence out of hand (he was a faithful prizefight fan by account of his long-time assistant Forrest "Bud" Sagendorf); but that he saw through, and minced neither words nor images about the kind of monomaniacal, pile-driver violence, and the fantasy of such violence as any possible ultimate resolution, which pace Max Fleischer fans, is popularly assumed to be, "What 'Popeye' (*Thimble Theatre*) was about." That notion of violence was recognized, and regularly portrayed, by Segar as preposterous, frustration-headed rodomontade: the property, and fallacy, of Popeye's tooth-gnashing, biceps-brandishing opposition. But, on the other hand, Segar had an all-but-unrivaled eye for, and matching sympathy with, Popeye's sort of violence, dating back to his days as a weather-warped enfant terrible: the kind of violence, I mean, which is involved in getting out from under, in making, and assuring, space for one's self. And a hint, such as Segar's art never missed, or failed to deliver again—of the desperate sense of shapelessness in a displaced man, such as DeBeck discovered in Snuffy Smith, and marched into the world fully armed five years after Popeye's first appearance. I am referring to the hemstitch which Segar's comic journalism traced between quiet, stoic-seeming equanimity, and the potentiality—and willingness—to trip the time-bomb mechanism in others.

Reflecting on the Whiffle Hen, Oolong the Chinese parrot, Eugene the Jeep—on that self-content, affable little assemblage, all as presentable to company as the plaster animal figures in the window of a Blarney Stone saloon—all of whom shared a common capacity for splintering all attempts to monopolize or destroy them—one is tempted to strike comparisons with Bugs Bunny, the impresario of daft charlatanry used as non-stop counterfighting. But Bernice, Eugene and Oolong—even Castor's uncoachable hedonist, Blizzard—all have a deeper, more beguiling, more impishly deadpan than Bugs, who is a harum-scarum virtuoso, impersonating both rabbit and zany (on the Warner Bros. Cartoon Show, Bugs is regularly seen in his dressing-room, performing as M.C., etc.). But there is something unsentimentally opaque, a blankness about Segar's little animals (who, although they are all fabulous, and Spark Plug is not, observe the same restraint about exceeding their animal identities as Barney's horse-partner).

Segar, one of the least whimsical of men, given his medium and style, and one of the least sentimental, recognized playing-for-keeps when he saw it. The uncertainty he sustains about where the limitations of their wisdom might lie is a feather-stroke to one's mystical sense, however atrophied, in these tiny beasts, who are weirdly expert at not being under the meaty, grasping hands that would stow them in some safety deposit vault. The secret of their personality, in each instance—its absence—is bound up with the impenetrability that they and Popeye share: the frontier of what-nature-is-about, where Segar firmly and discreetly draws his line. Bernice, the Whiffle Hen, is an escape artist in the tradition of John Sappo, and Eugene is something more: a smiling, mute commentator on the cartoonist's art, even as his unsilenceable counterpart, Wotasnozzle. Eugene is shown materializing at one point—he is a child of the fourth dimension—in a charming pattern of little dots: a "dot drawing" from kids' puzzle pages. His gentle, mercurial presence goads his master-pursuer, Mr. Chizzleflint, into essaying a drawing of him.

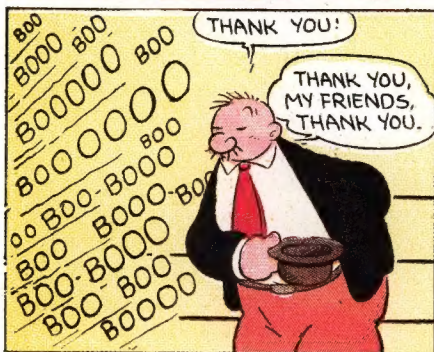
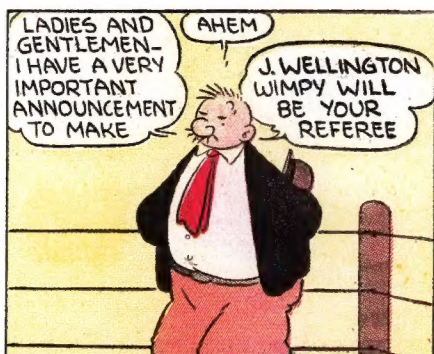


(It looks somewhat like a DeKooning version of a cheetah—which provokes his thug audience to exclaim: "There ain't no such animal!" "Now I know why cartoonists make so much money," the chastened amateur moans.) But all such creatures are sensibly motivated by a clean-lined, chess-expert's route to their own survival, the salvaging of their own space, Oolong's bearing in this respect is positively aristocratic (he is the gift of Popeye's ancient Mandarin friend, Woo Fong); and, as the only such animal with speech (therefore, the only one susceptible to human weakness) he makes the tactical error of snooting Popeye's English ("What's a 'shicken'?" and is half-throttled by the wounded sailor man.

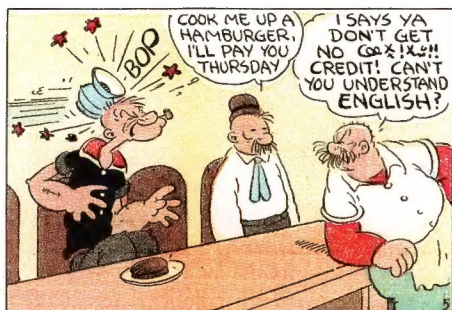
Apart from Popeye himself, the animals' human prototypes—smiling guardians of their own duration, who can topple towers of efficient brutality and craft—include Batt McGnat's sparring partner, a diminutive black man called Asphalt, who runs some additional furrows of frustration into Batt's well-eroded face by his polite indifference to Batt's every proffered haymaker. Asphalt is like a Bartleby of the arena: he prefers not to fall down. In fact, he is Segar's transmutation of an ancient racist jibe at the density of the black man's skull; which, however, Segar, in his proclivity for both recasting and rehabilitating myth, deftly converted into a symbol of Asphalt's dry, astute, and pragmatically hard-headed personality (compare and contrast with that well-heeled St. Francis of '30s and '40s liberalism, Ham Fisher—who made laughs in a 1937 *Joe Palooka* episode, at two black contenders butting their heads together). The small-scale beauty of Asphalt is that, as with Nature, Segar will not declare

or counterfeit what he does not know, what he is unqualified to know, about black people; but neither does this inhibit him from paying his comic respects.

Of course, the Immovable Object in exaltation is J. Wellington Wimpy, who also best knows, and most directly and devoutly serves, his own appetites, in obedience to his nature. He defers not only to his appetite, but to the world at large; with few lapses, he is the most signally and consistently affable of *Thimble Theatre's* cast. He looks like a down-at-the-heels Buddha, with the closed eyes, the mouth (unless seen in action on some hamburger) similarly invisible under his mustache, his hands invisible behind his back. Wimpy seems to be attempting a return to the condition of an oyster, a barnacle, or even an amoeba. He refereed, of course, Popeye's major bout against Tinearo in 1930; where, booed with fervent impartiality by both sides, Wimpy replied: "Thank you, thank you"; not masochistically, nor with coy reproach—Wimpy's gentleness was totally un-Christian—but with the bum's granite-like appreciation of being recognized at all, the faintest smudge of hope for a future grubstake; the realization that this, having one's identity acknowledged, is the grits to all of life's available gravies.



It is a little alarming, in those early '30s days, to see Wimpy in his shirtsleeves, in his native orbit and home of his great adversary: the Café de Roughhouse. He looks unhoused without the Wimpy carapace, that black coat hung eternally open (without buttons, perhaps). The coat thus represented that paper-thin, yet enduring, shell of decorum which was Wimpy's personal style; hence, his right to occupy his own space, before our eyes. It marked his unbuttoned self-

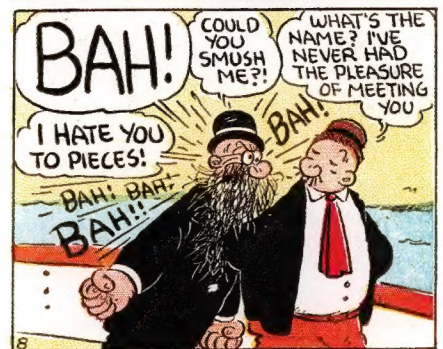


presentation to he world—without ambition or romantic aspiration, alone among the *Thimble Theatre* stars. Physically, Wimpy suggested W.C. Fields; and I notice that yet another Fields imitation has been conferred as his animated cartoon voice; but Wimpy was impeccably, candidly, himself; whereas Fields's outstanding comedies, like *Never Give a Sucker an Even Break* and *It's a Gift*, were motivated by his projected realization, saturnine beyond bitterness, of his own uniqueness in a world of underachievers and fragmented drudges and hacks. The roles of barber, pharmacist, grocer, which he performed in his shorter films, conveyed the air of expedience, adopted, with proper condescension, just to tide him over. Wimpy was never more, nor less, than Wimpy, and the style which was Fields's discreet badge of superiority—that murmured, unctuous deference, relieved by beaming courtliness—was wonderfully distilled, in Wimpy's case, to the purest self-deprecation, the gentleman bum's bone-bred ameliorism. Not a flake of irony; for, unlike Fields, Wimpy's goals in life are always modest and attainable, tomorrow if not today. His little felicities—"I'll gladly pay you on Tuesday for a hamburger today;" "Let's you an' him fight" (left over no doubt from his referee period); and the all-purpose cop-out, "Jones is my name. I'm one of the Jones boys"—were more than a con artist's push-buttons; they were little pearl buttons on his selfhood. And, quite apart from his motives, they were tokens of a gentle, patient ceremony amidst the rather steady cacophony of brays and buffets which distinguished Segar's universe.

His instinct for ceremony enabled Wimpy to prevail, more often than not, at least, over his two heartiest adversaries, and two spectacular boors. Roughhouse, who I suspect to have given up a career in the ring, or retired from one, to become Popeye's and Wimpy's favorite restaurateur, was baffled to screaming desperation, not merely by Wimpy's utterly predictable behavior, but by Wimpy's mere, utterly self-sufficient, gratuitous existence; and baffled to within a meat-cleaver's edge of sanity by Wimpy's ability to beguile Roughhouse, day after day, into Wimpy's formula, his ceremony; in the solid intuitive knowledge, of course, that Roughhouse was a man of action already, through his work, subservient, against his nature, to routine.

George W. Geezil, Wimpy's other would-be boisterously self-proclaimed nemesis, was another story. Geezil, an East Side Jew in frock-coat (disclosing striped pants, salvaged, perhaps, from some long-ago wedding), derby, and steel-wool whiskers, was undone, apropos Wimpy, by his own theatricality, his stage style a legacy, additional decibels courtesy of Geezil himself, of Maurice Schwartz and Jacob Adler. (He was one of the rare ethnic characters Segar used, apart from a very infrequent Negro and an occasional Chinese cook; his caricature aspect converted, even as was Asphalt's, by Segar's deference to the cyclonic energy of Geezil's self-esteem and self-fantasizing; an eccentric in a community of eccentrics, and the most sheerly spirited portrayal of a Jew in comic strips, apart from the jubilantly frenzied choreographers of Milt Gross). Geezil's mode of response to Wimpy was a frenzied saraband

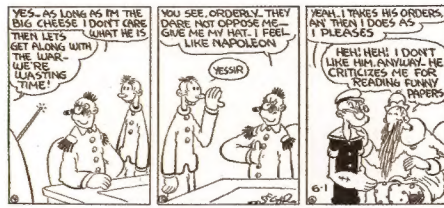
(his own Hassidic translation of King Bozo's worry-walk) while mutterings of menace, disdain, and self-commiseration detonated on all sides, in dialogue-balloons like volleys from a die-hard fortress. But Geezil, in such moods, was easily guided, as weightless as an underwater swimmer, amenable to the gentlest tug or stroke from Wimpy, who was intimate with every button on the Geezilometer. "Ah, he's a fine boy, that Wimpy boy! I, George W. Geezil, say so! Yes, ain't it so? Yes. Yes!" The Chagall-like euphoria would, of course evaporate with Wimpy's next polite, and unfinanced, request, and Geezil, would be delivered back to the melodrama of stricken faith: "Bah! Bah! Bummer! Low-life! You are flies in mine zoop!" and his second-act curtain line, the Geezil signature: "Pooley from me to you!"



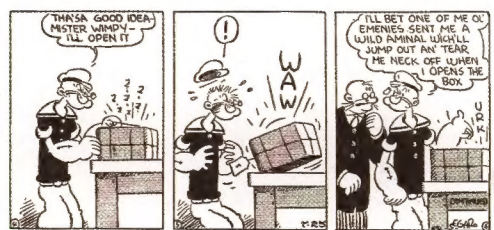
Wimpy was neither Popeye's partner, nor yet his foil; for, while far from useless (acting as intermediary, from time to time, between his friends and the dark agencies of the Sea Hag, or mundane criminals like Mr. Chizzle-flint, he was wonderfully usable. Popeye, I think recognized and, for all his well-earned spasms of exasperation and rejections, appreciated Wimpy's entirety from early on: an embodiment of nature, wholly gratuitous and self-sustaining and a mask which was exactly itself. So, he was totally admissible to the orbit of Popeye's own mystery; this, although Wimpy was recurrently a doubtful friend (he accepted Olive's commission to disingratiate Popeye from Mr. Van Ripple, father of Olive's budding rival; and, during one of the sailor man's dimmest periods, after Olive had jilted him, Wimpy delicately proposed aiding his pal in a suicide attempt, in return for Wimpy's inclusion in the will). But Popeye surely knew the world as turbulent and self-willed; and the hypnotic innocence of Wimpy's bearing must have come as a relief. As for friendship, why, leave him his own terms. Popeye was used to that, also. In the transports of weakness, Wimpy might double-cross Popeye, but he would never dethrone him.

Wimpy had nothing to gain directly from Popeye's personality: he was an alter-type. Olive, however, blossomed from Popeye's blistering bounty, from the scrawny though resilient, mullen-stalk of the Ham Gravy

Somewhere on the outskirts of Popeye's little constellation, place must be recognized (like his fellows in the *Thimble Theatre* Company, he had already made it) for Oscar, whose cartridge-belt of perennially grinning buck teeth, and golf-club nose, likely prompted, or helped decide, the bucolic mask of Edgar Bergen's Mortimer Snerd. Oscar's was as sheerly and patently a mask, and a very old one at that, of anyone in the cast; and, at the same time, that mask represented the thinnest ice separating Oscar, and us, from daunting drenchings of bathos and sloppy farce. For Oscar, who first entered as orderly to the Napoleon-affected General Bonzo during Popeye's 1931 Naziliz adventure, was the Popeye fan at his most erratic, fervently (but never abjectly) admiring, and



Popeye's authentic progress, through the appalling brevity of his career's nine-year course under his first skipper, carried him from foil in the narrow, though rich sense of his earliest stardom to a catalyst and patriarch of *Thimble Theatre's* haphazard freedom and vagrant democracy. For as he disassembles and disorients (creatively) the rhythms and conventions of the original Theatre, he is seen rallying, magnetic force that he is, a totally extempore, free-traffic household. The little pillar of his "fam'ly," Swee'pea was delivered parcel post in a crate, which Popeye (with a delirious approximation of a "new father's" fidgets) dithered about opening, for fear of some wild animal leaping out and "bitin' me neck off." Only the warm toughness and elastic invention of Segar's art could have engaged a baby as character in a burlesque adventure without dropping the entire story-line into the Cream of Wheat sooner or later; but his style, and equally elastic faith in that style's capacity to accommodate almost anything of nature, maintained. After some

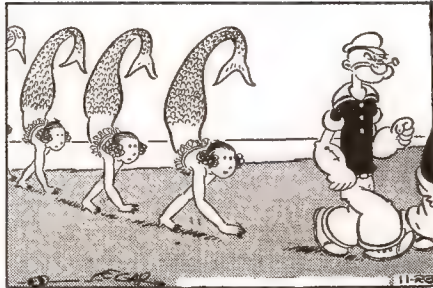


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wonderfully nervy parody-relationship on an allegedly “untouchable” model: George and Lennie. Poopdeck Pappy himself, of course, Popeye’s father, was abducted by Popeye from a little orbit of old-time sea-dog’s fantasy: his private island, attended by Rockette-trained mermaids (who, when Popeye carted Pappy off, tearfully marched up the beach, in farewell chorus, on their hands); a man-devouring octopus as shore patrol; and a trained-for-close-combat gorilla named Clarence. Pappy’s first appearance to his son, on shipboard, trailed smokes of legend: disguised as a white-sheeted spook,

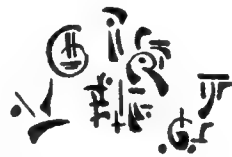


supported by two co-haunters: Clarence, and a tiny, bewhiskered sidekick, Pooky Jones, who doubled as a disembodied head. Pappy was an alter-Popeye, the straight-on course into fantasy and myth that lay open to the sailor, without his enthronelement as *Thimble Theatre*’s, and his universe’s, ruling imagination.

The Peaceable Kingdom, with its cheerful shapelessness, and its haphazard, amiable concessions to convention, was a perfect replica of Popeye’s relation to his world and the ripples of a presence almost beyond imagination’s own compass, which, in the very way of myth, have continued to circulate years after Popeye’s creator’s death: the myth now bereft of the rhythm, the principle of growth, which made it private, and dream-nurturing, and crazily vital, as well as public, and simply fun. Elzie Crysler Segar articulated something about so-called “popular art” which obtains today, infrequently as influence, much more often as tacit reproach; the occasional capacity for the



most seemingly forbidding, stolid-looking “primitive” art to engage, to honor, to refract numerous levels of the imagination at once, with neither the commitment nor the restriction of form.

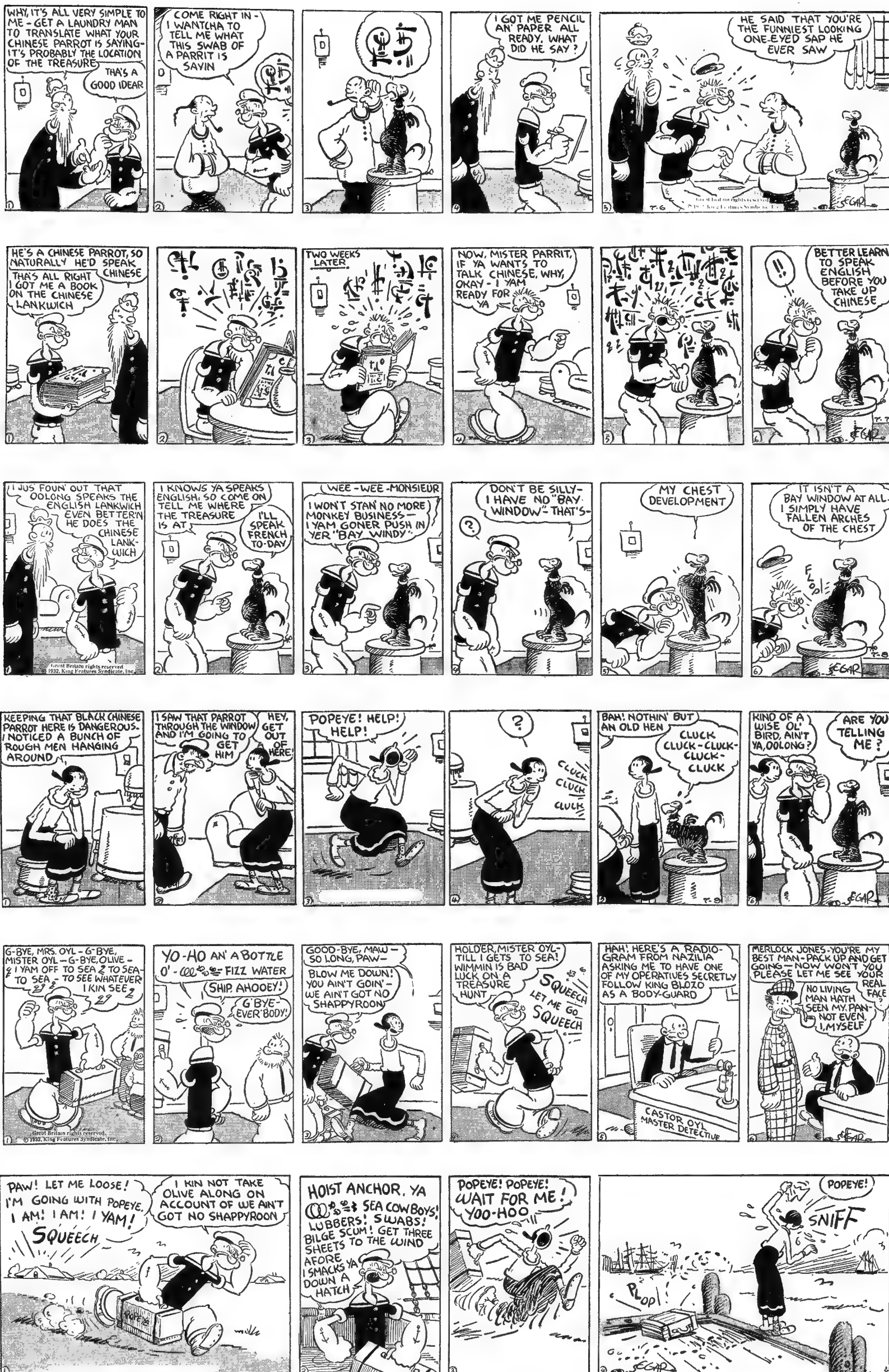


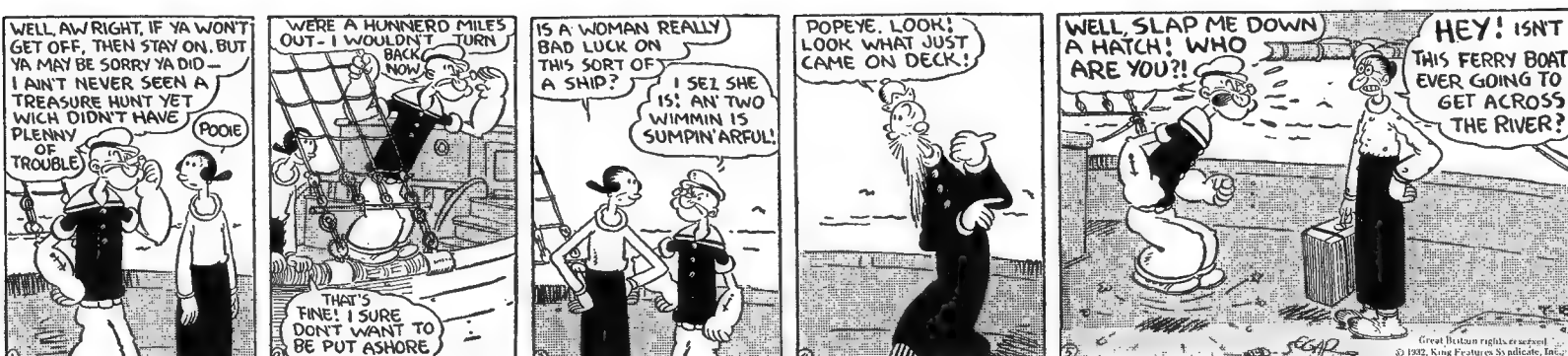
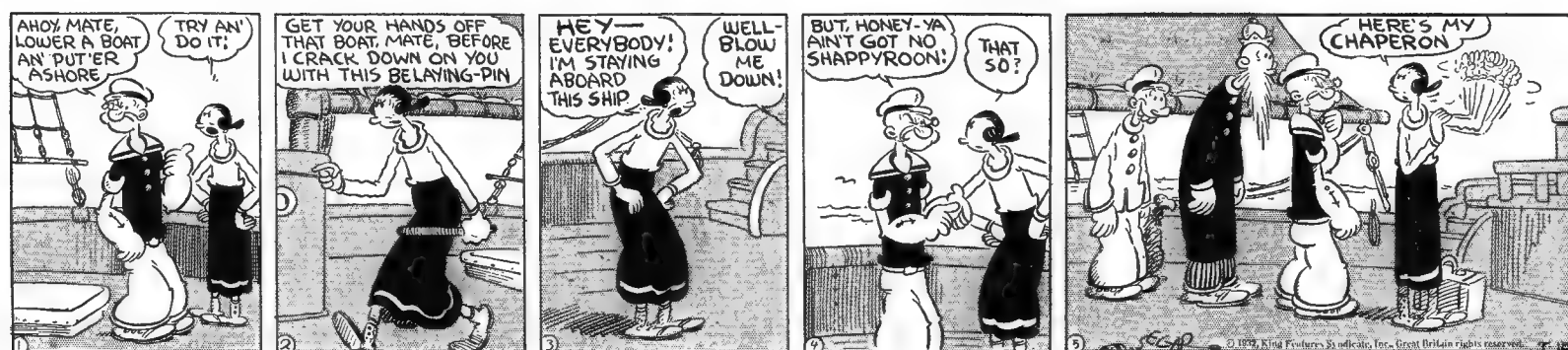
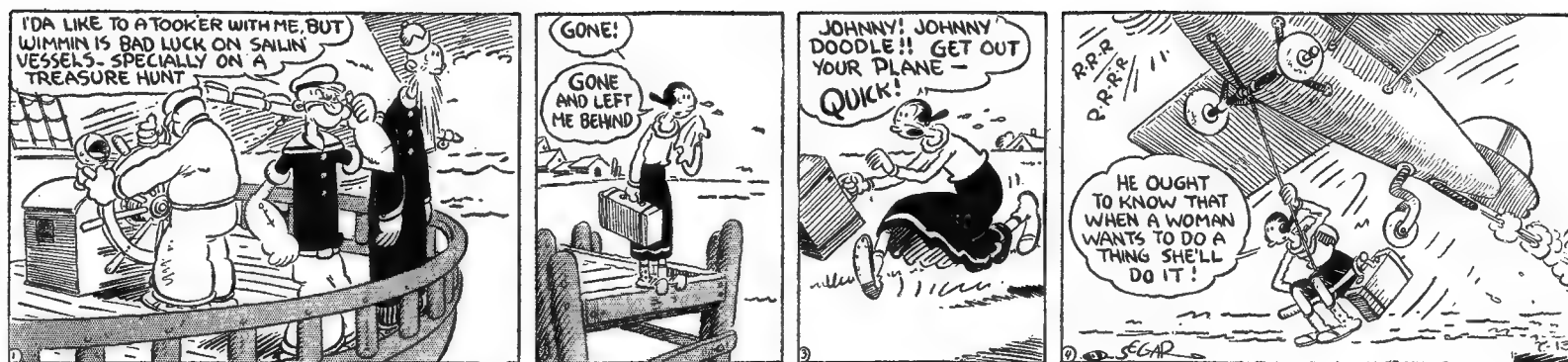
CHAPTER I:
THE EIGHTH SEA



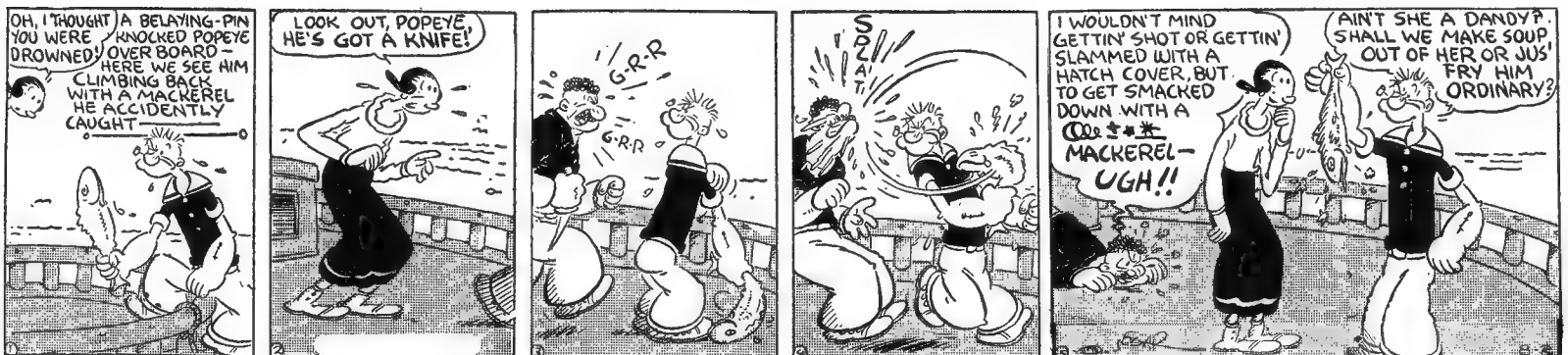
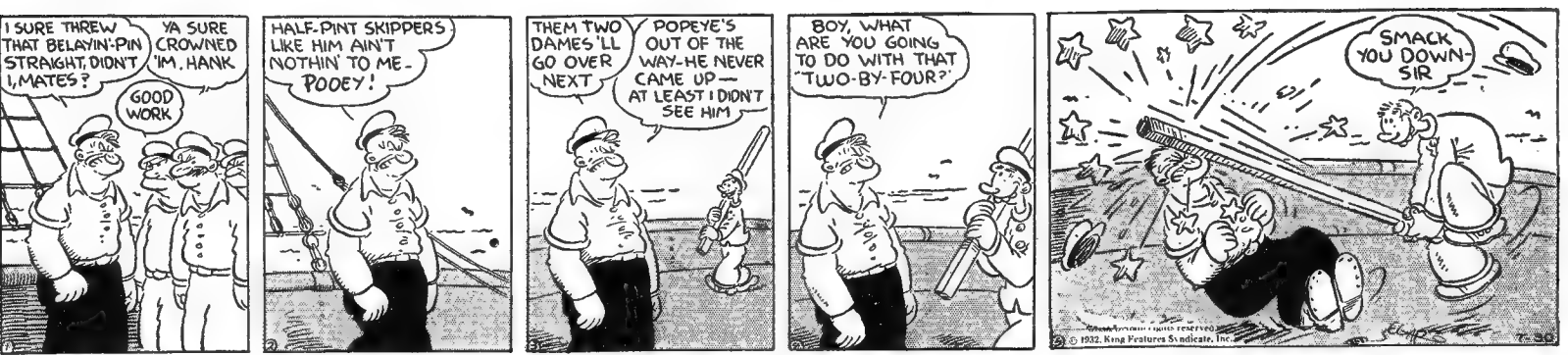
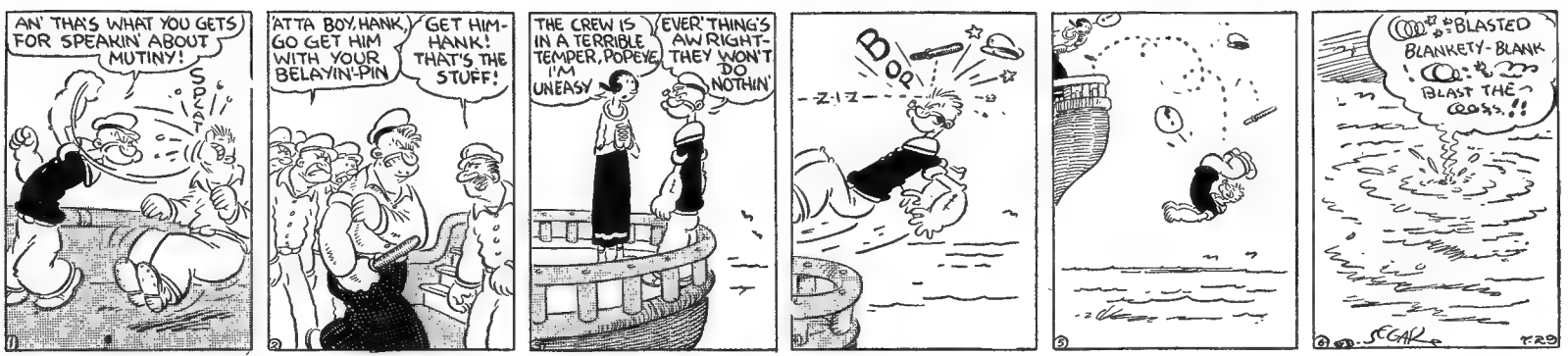
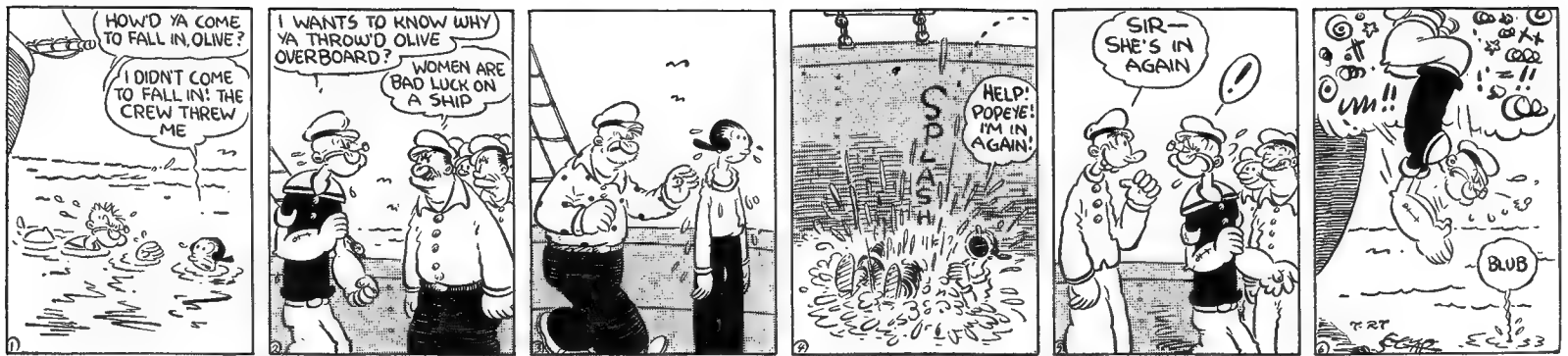


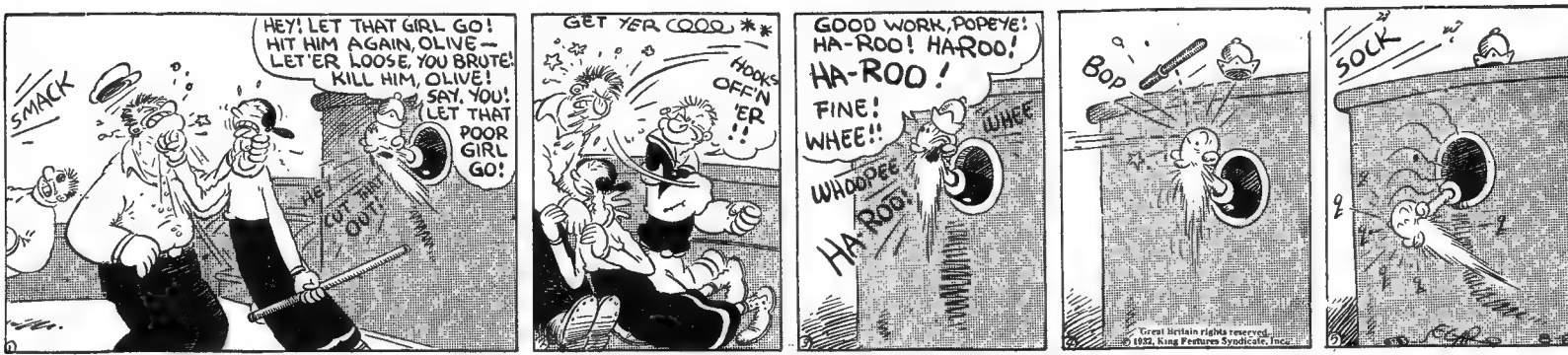
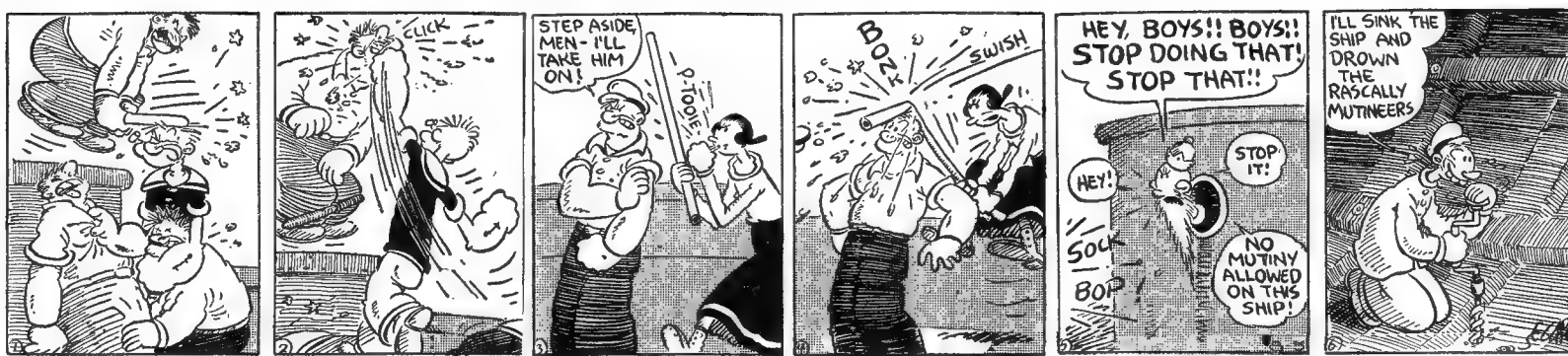
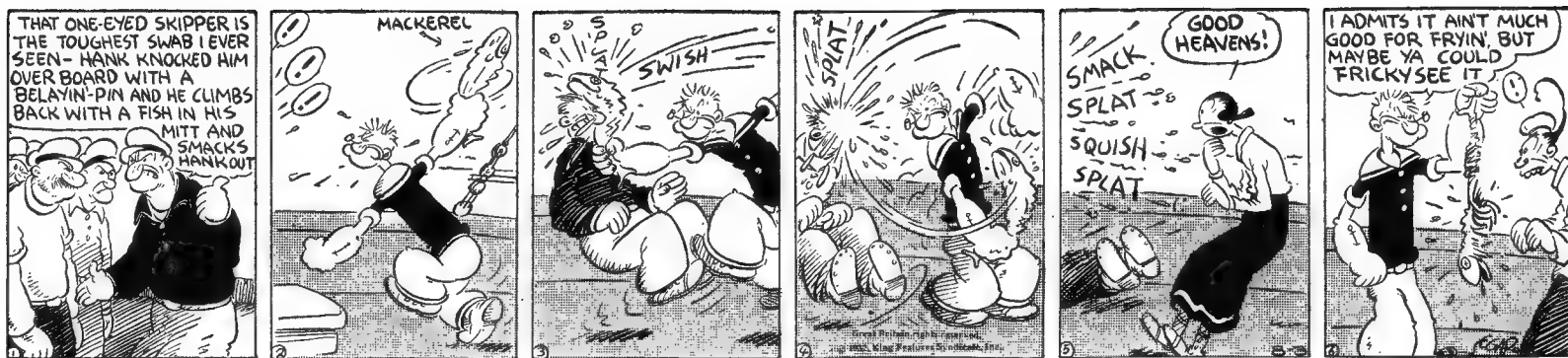














CHAPTER II:
PRESENTING: MERLOCK JONES

YA MEANS TO SAY YA BORED A HOLE IN THE BOTTOM OF THE SHIP? YES, AND THE WATER IS COMING IN NICELY, TOO

WHA'D YA DO THAT FOR?

I WANTED TO PUNISH THE MUTINEERS BY SINKING THE SHIP. DROWN 'EM, GET THE IDEA? OH, I SEE. WELL, GO PLUG UP THE HOLE, THE MUTINY'S OVER

HE GETS A KICK OUT OF OSCAR. I SUSPOSE HE THINKS THE INNERCENT SHOULD SUFFER WITH THE GUILTY

HE DIDN'T SCOLD ME, SO I GUES'S HE THOUGHT IT WAS A GOOD IDEA

POOR KID. HE'S TRYING TO LOOK SERIOUS, BUT HIS FACE WON'T LET HIM

I'M TELLIN' YA, HANK, THIS'LL BE MY LAST NIGHT ON THIS SHIP

MINE, TOO, AND WE WON'T TELL THE SKIPPER WHERE THEM GROANS COME FROM

SOMETHING'S WRONG ON THIS SHIP!

A COURSE WE WON'T TELL THE SKIPPER! WHAT DO WE CARE ABOUT WHAT HAPPENS TO HIM AND HIS FRIENDS

SOMETHING'S WRONG. THE CREW KNOWS SOMETHING WHICH WE DON'T. THEY'RE GOING TO DESERT THIS BOAT

WHAT'S THE SENSE IN WAITIN' TILL MORNIN'? LET'S LOWER A BOAT AND SHOVE OFF NOW

HOW ABOUT IT, MEN, DO WE GO NOW?

AYE! AYE! NOW'S THE TIME! WE'LL GO WHILE THE GOIN'S GOOD!

AYE! LE'S LEAVE THE BLASTED HULK!

YOU UNDERSTAND THE GAMBLE WERE TAKIN'? IF THE WIND GIVES US A BREAK WE'LL MAKE LAND

WE WOULDN'T STAY ON THIS SHIP IF WE ONLY HAD ONE CHANCE IN A MILLION

I HOOKED ENOUGH PROVISIONS TO LAST THREE WEEKS - C'MON, LET'S GET 'EM STOWED BEFORE THAT ONE-EYED SKIPPER GETS WISE

S-S-H - NOT SO LOUD

STEADY WITH THEM BEANS

SO-LONG, MEN!! I YAM COO!! GLAD TO GET RID OF YA - HERE'S A PACK OF CARDS YA'LL BE NEEDIN' TO PASS THE TIME

THEY'S SUMPIN' WRONG WHEN A CREW LEAVES A SHIP - SUMPIN' WICH MAYBE I DON'T KNOW ABOUT

AHOY, KING! THE CREW DESERTED - BE ON HAN' AT FOUR BELLS TO DO YER TRICK AT THE WHEEL

THROW THE COO!! WHEEL OVER BOARD!! I WON'T GET UP!! COO!! I WON'T GET UP!! I WON'T!

AHOY, OSCAR!! GET UP! IT'S YOUR TRICK AT THE WHEEL

BE YOURSELF!

SUMPIN' TELLS ME THEY AIN'T GONER GET MUCH SLEEP EVEN IF THEY STAYS IN BED

OH - I WENT TO SEA - TO SEA - TO SEE' WHATEVER I COULD SEE! 2/2 2

SHUT UP!

SHUT UP!

GO AFT AN TAKE THE WHEEL WILE I PUMPS THAT PARRIT FOR THE COURSE TO THE KNOW TREASURE WHERE WE'RE GOIN'

WHAT'S THE SENSE IN STEERING THE SHIP WHEN WE DON'T COURSE TO THE KNOW WHERE WE'RE GOIN'?

NO BACK-TALK! I INSISKS ON RESPECT. COO!!

HOW DARE YOU CHASE ME!!

SAY! YOU CAN'T SNARL AT ME LIKE THAT! I'M KING OF NAZILIA!

AW-PIPE DOWN!!

YER GONER TELL ME THE COURSE TO THE TREASURE OR I'LL SPLAT YA FROM STEM TO STERN!!

SEZ YOU!

POPEYE! STOP THAT!

SMACK

SHUT UP!! YA FUNNY-LOOKIN' PIECE OF BAD LUCK - I YAM RUNNIN' THIS SHIP!

WHO'S A BUZZARD?

YOU ARE! THAT'S WHO IS! YA COO!! SHICKEN

WHAT'S A SHICKEN?

YA MEANS TO SIT THERE AN CRITTICIZE ME LANKWICH?! JUS' LIKE AS IF I WAS IGMORINT!!

HAA!

POPEYE! HEY! STOP THAT OR I'LL GET THE HUMANE SOCIETY AFTER YOU!

BLASTED COO!! SMACK

SQUEECH

SQUAWK

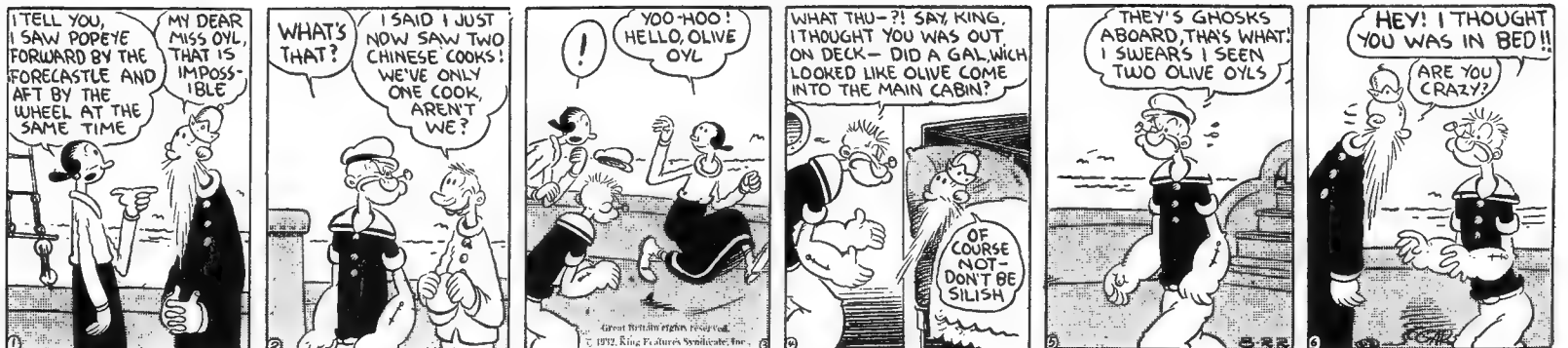
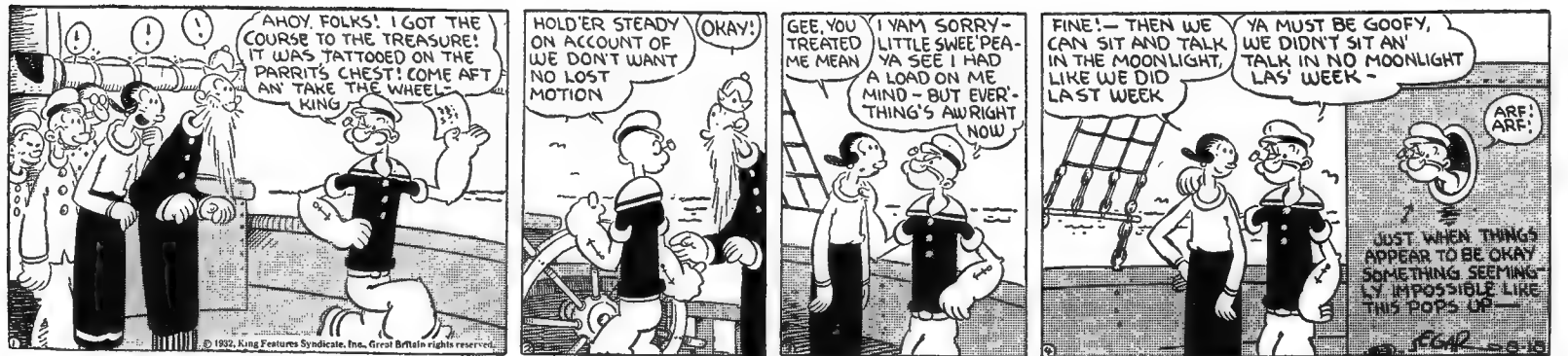
G'WAN - GET THE HOOMANE SOCIEKY! GET THE ARMY-AN NAVY - GET THE PRESIDINK GET CONGRISS - ETC - WHAT DO I CARE, YA LONG PIECE OF BAD LUCK!

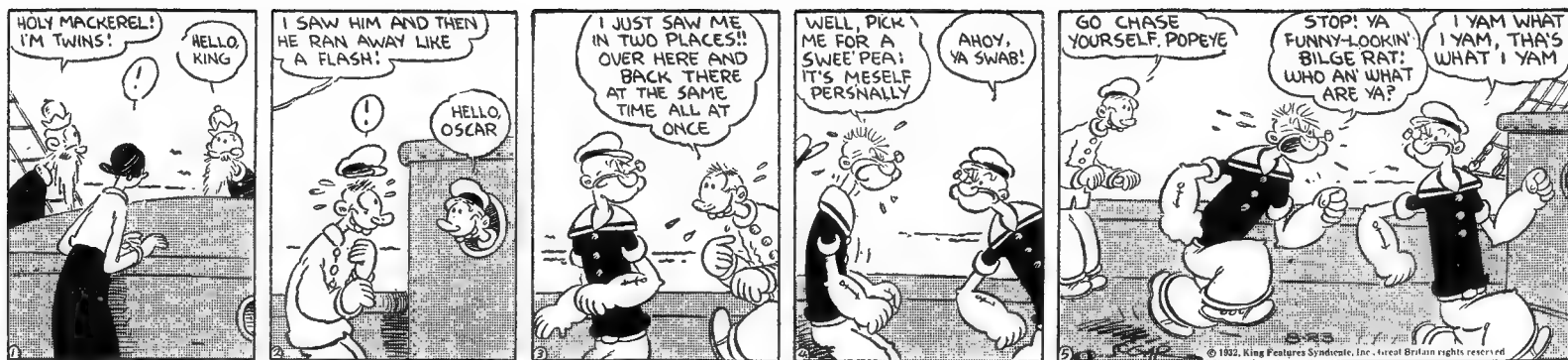
THIS BLASTED SPARROW CAN'T HIGH-HAT ME!

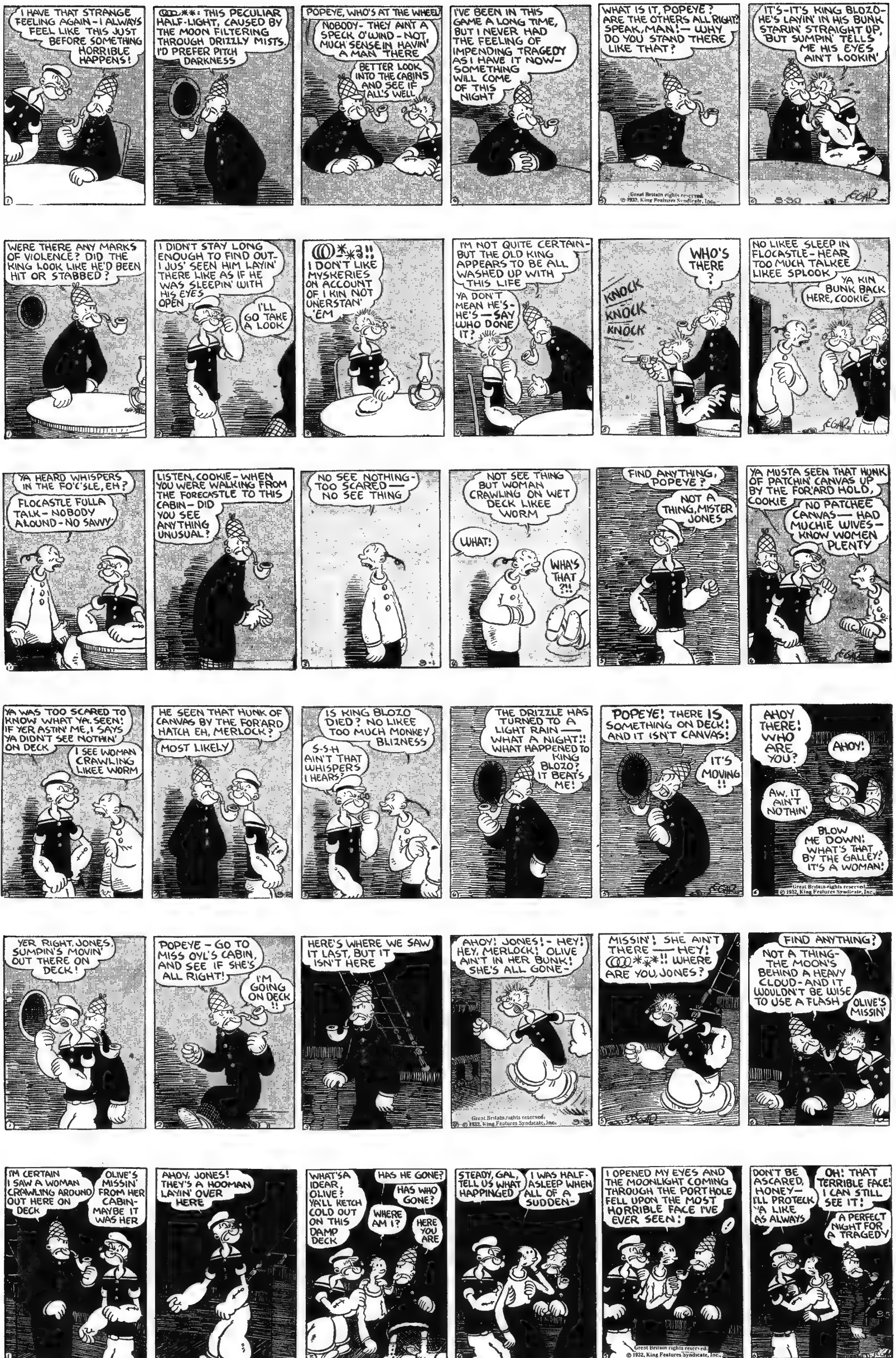
ALL RIGHT - I'LL TELL YOU WHERE THE TREASURE IS - IT'S IN THE MIDDLE OF THE EIGHTH SEA NOW TRY AND FIND IT

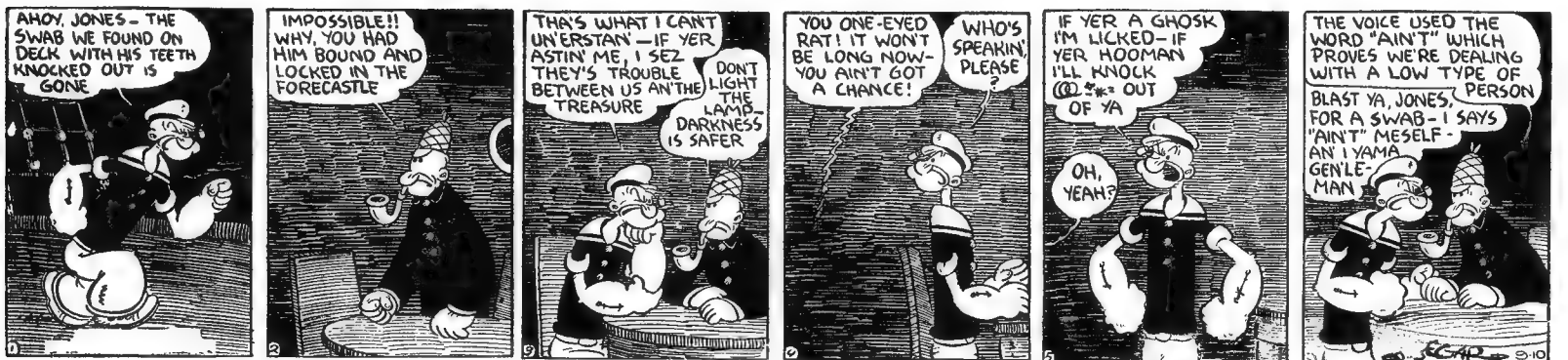
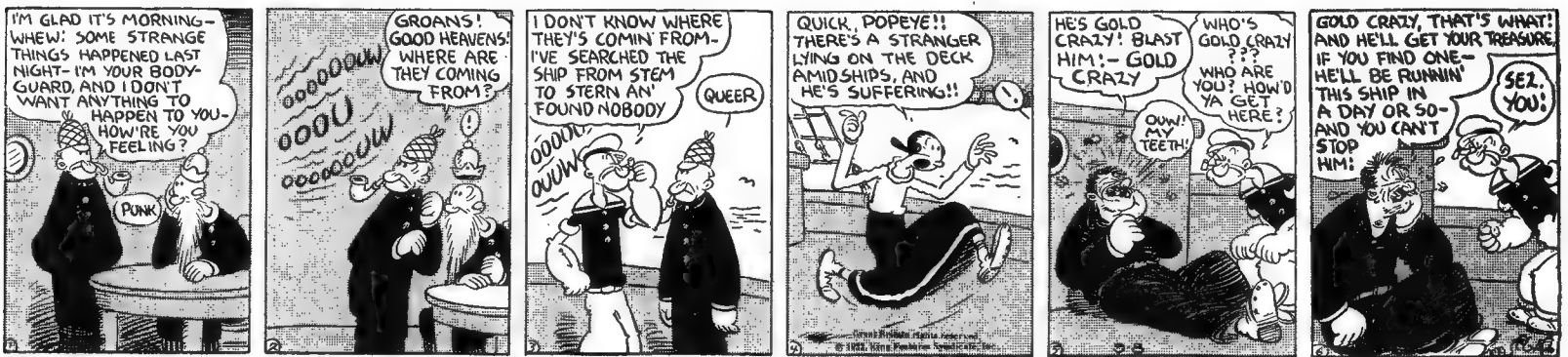
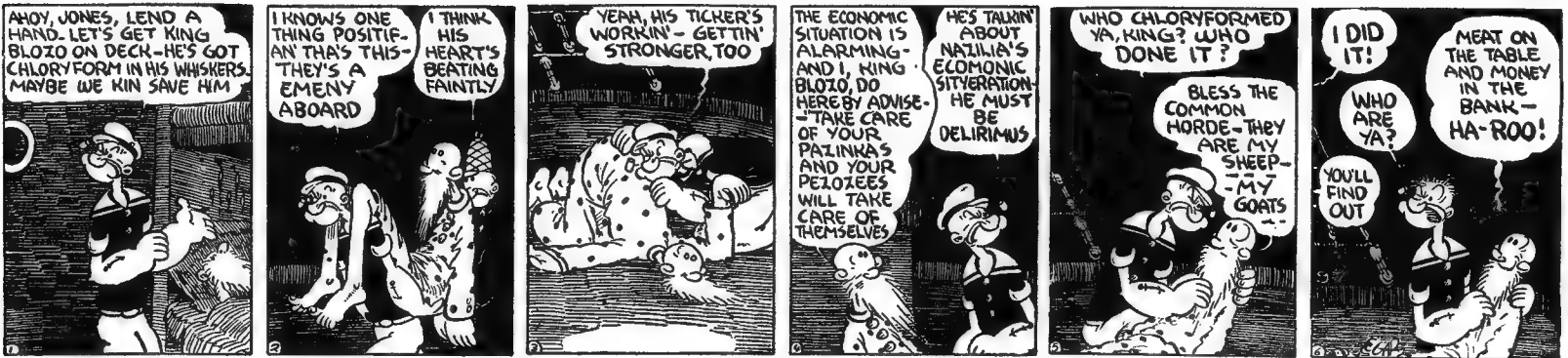
THEY'S ONLY SEVEN SEAS ON EART! - THEY AIN'T NO SUCHA COO!! THING AS A EIGHTH SEA!

SEZ YOU!



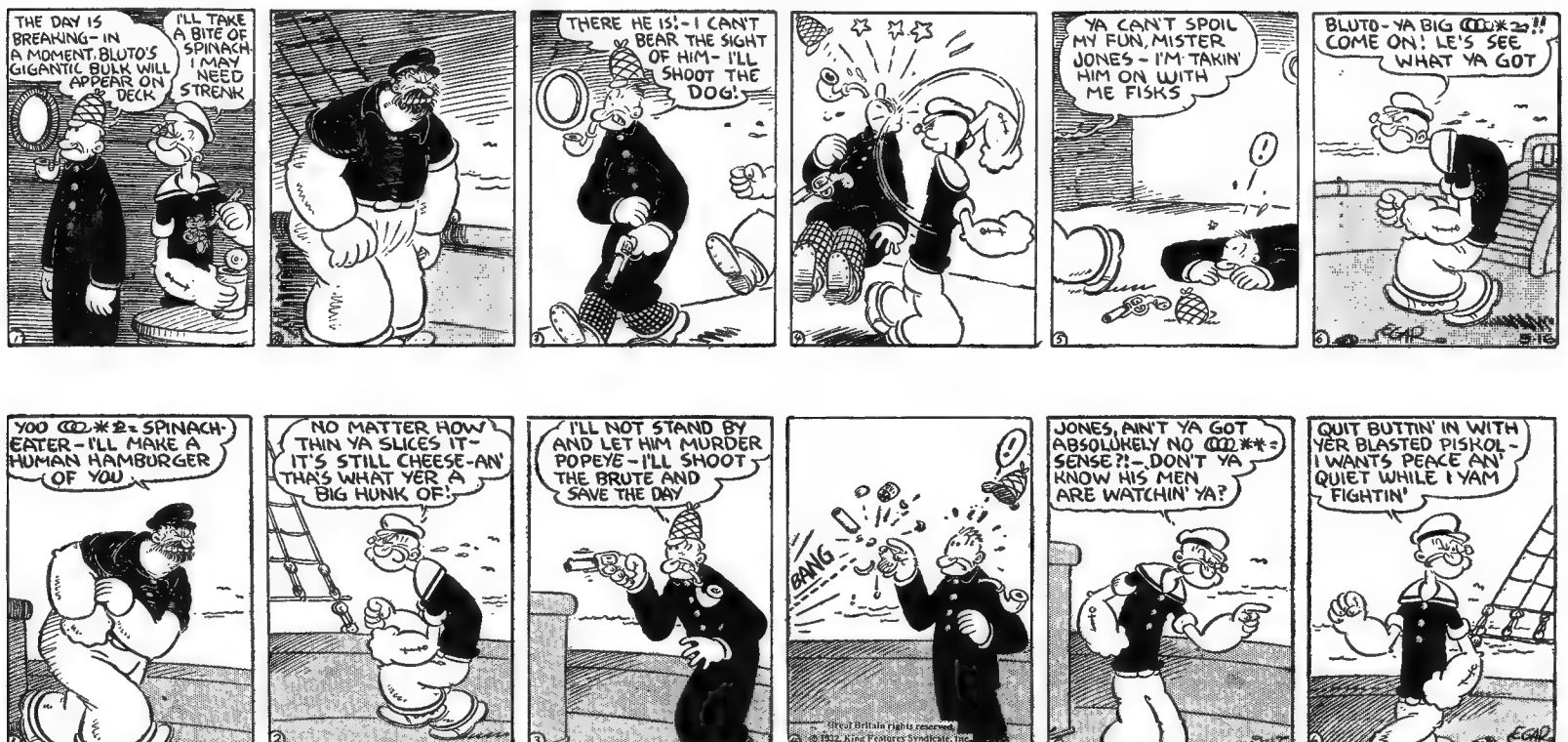


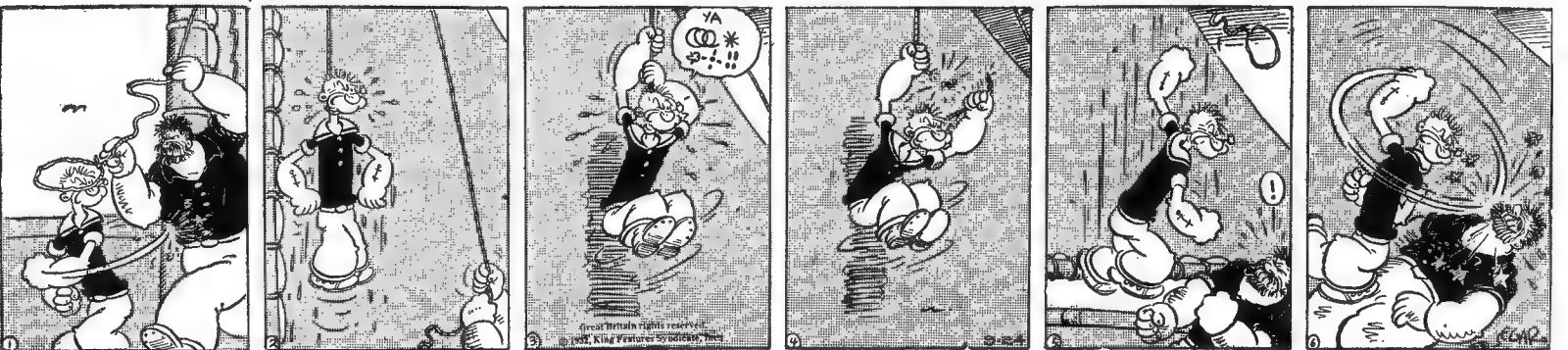
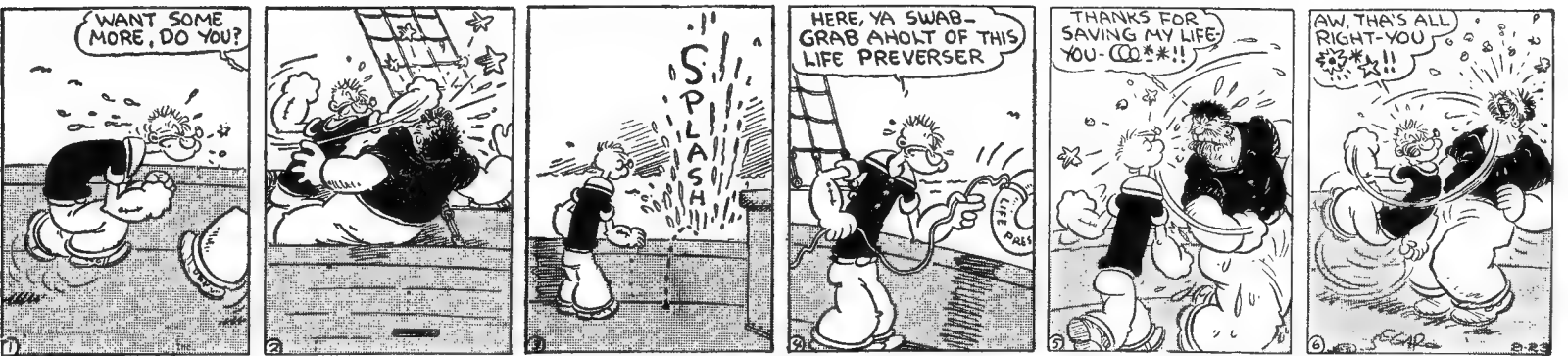
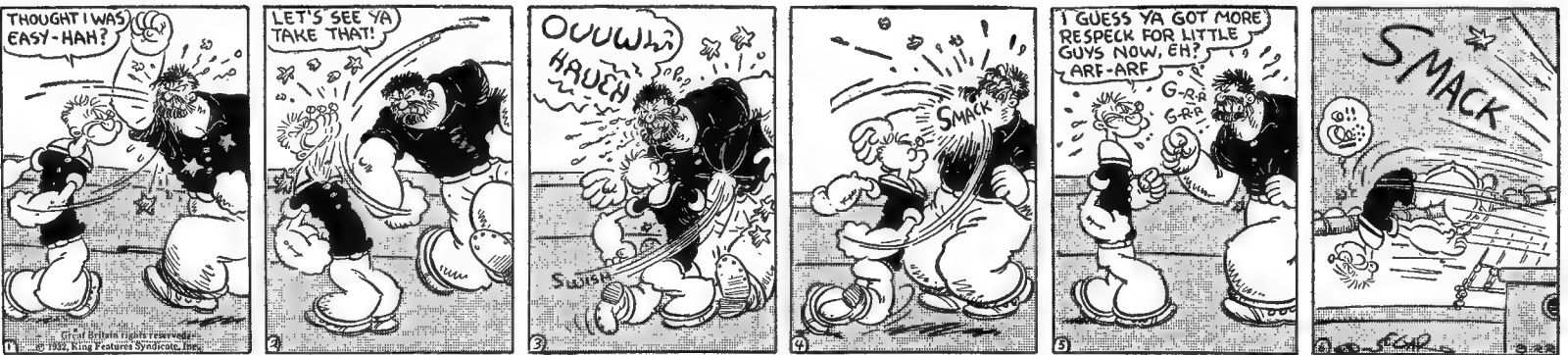
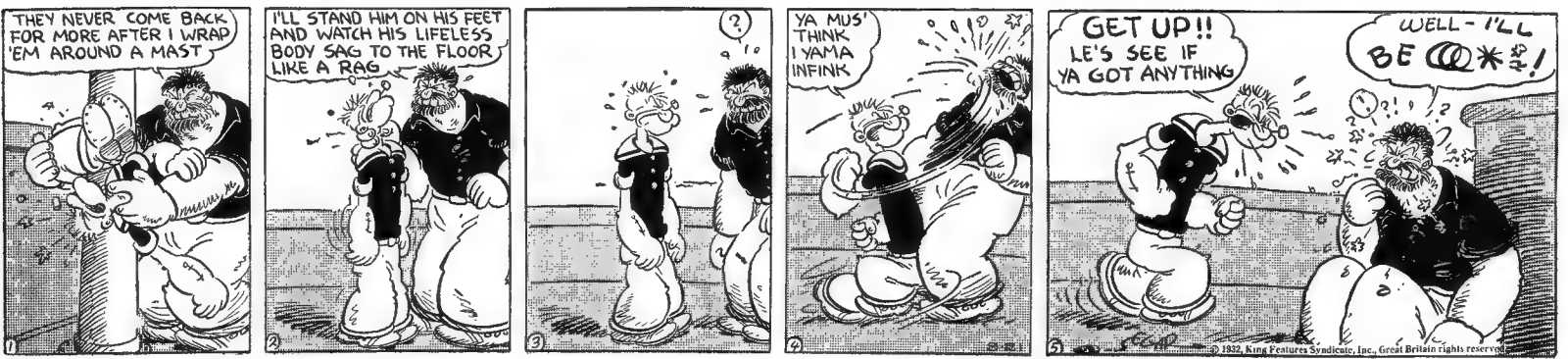


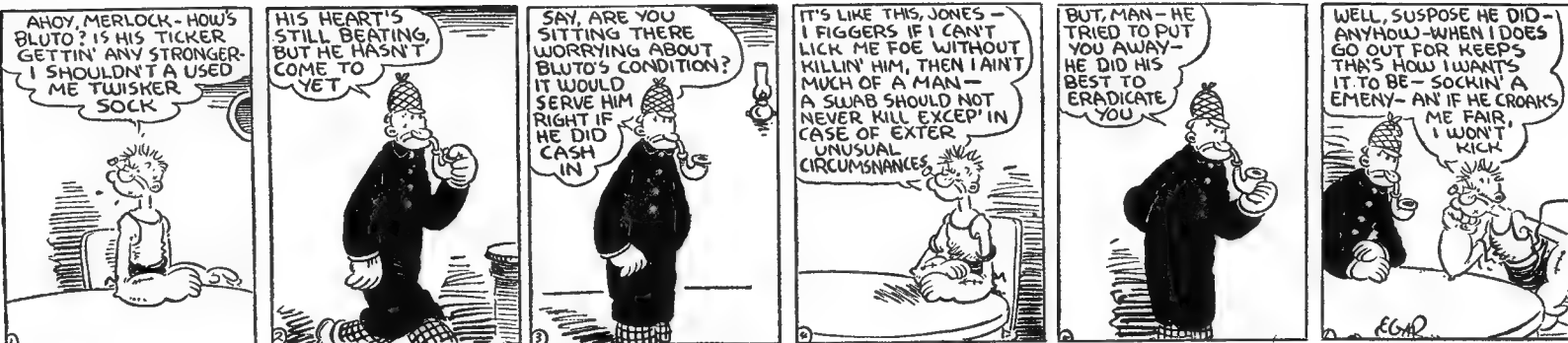
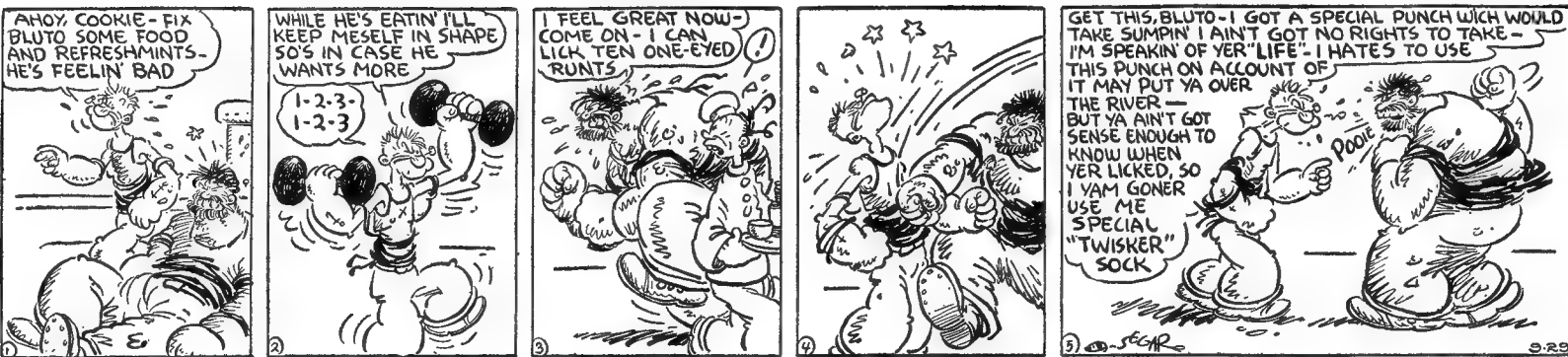
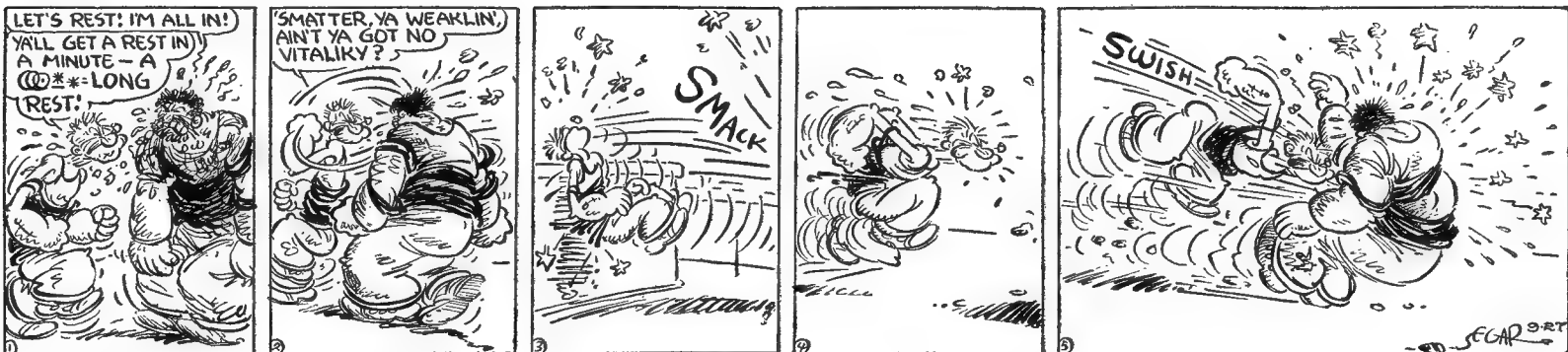


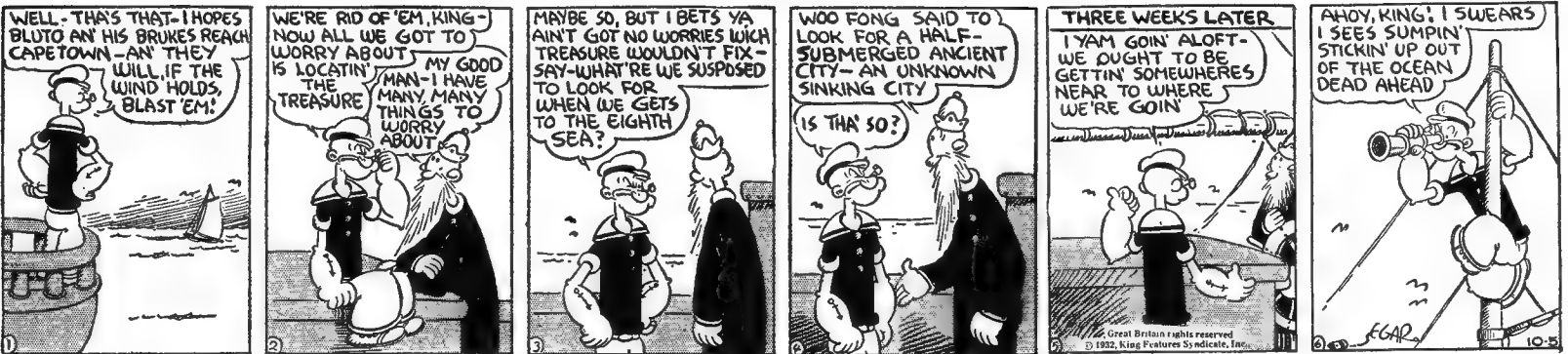
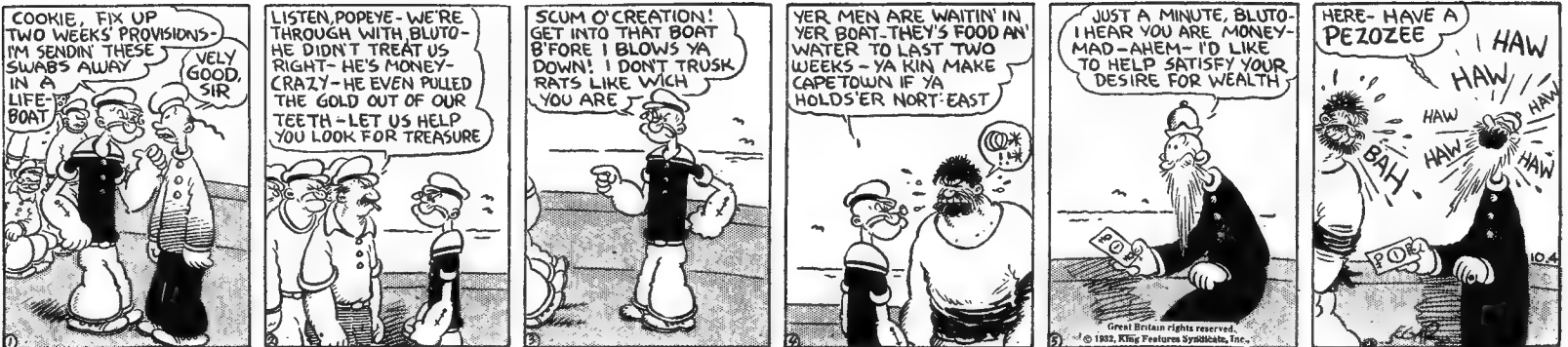


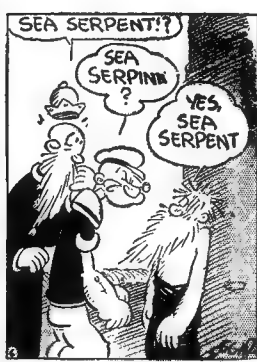
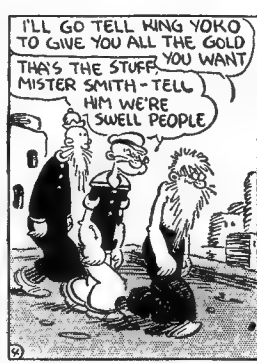
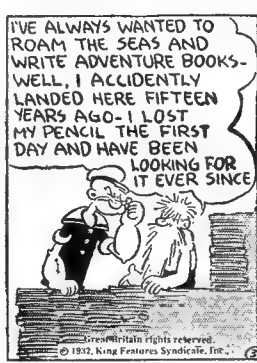
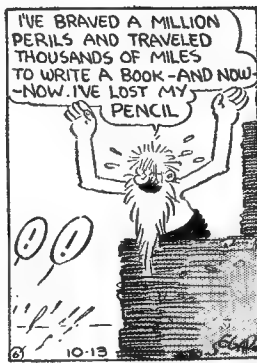
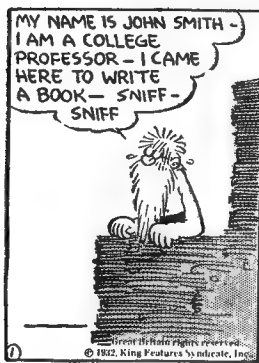
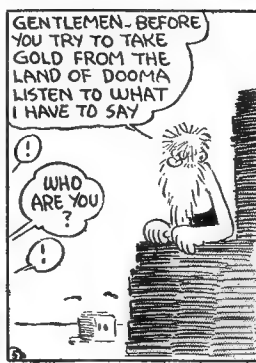
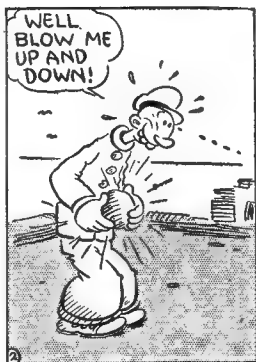
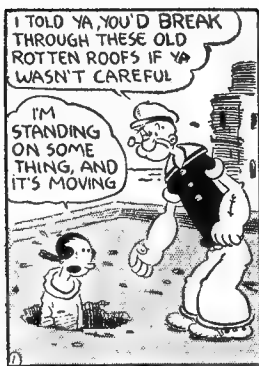
CHAPTER III: POPEYE VS. BLUTO

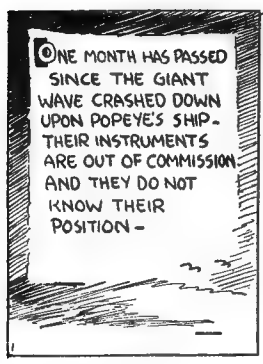
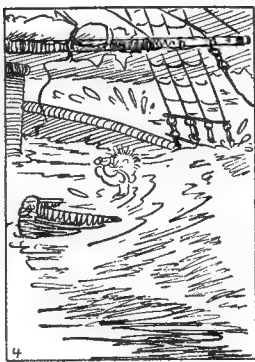
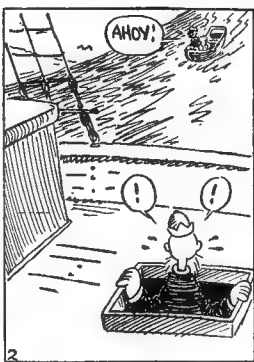
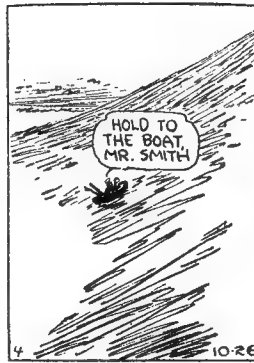
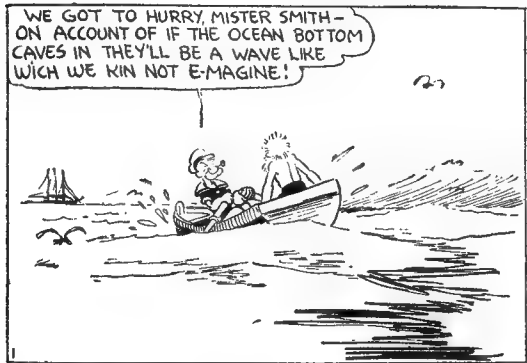
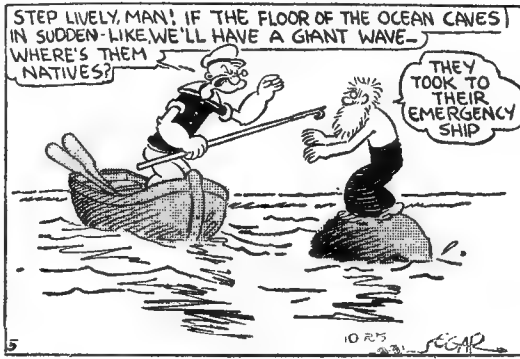
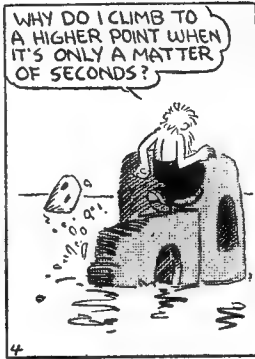
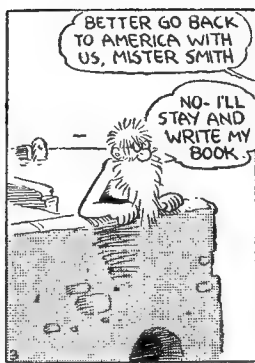
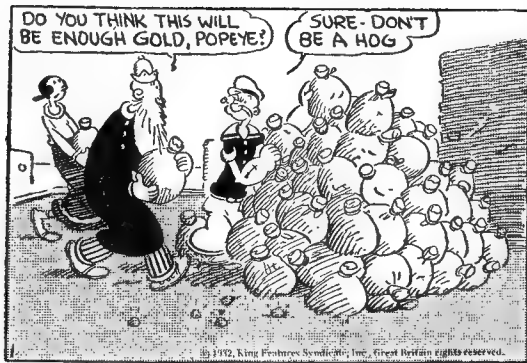


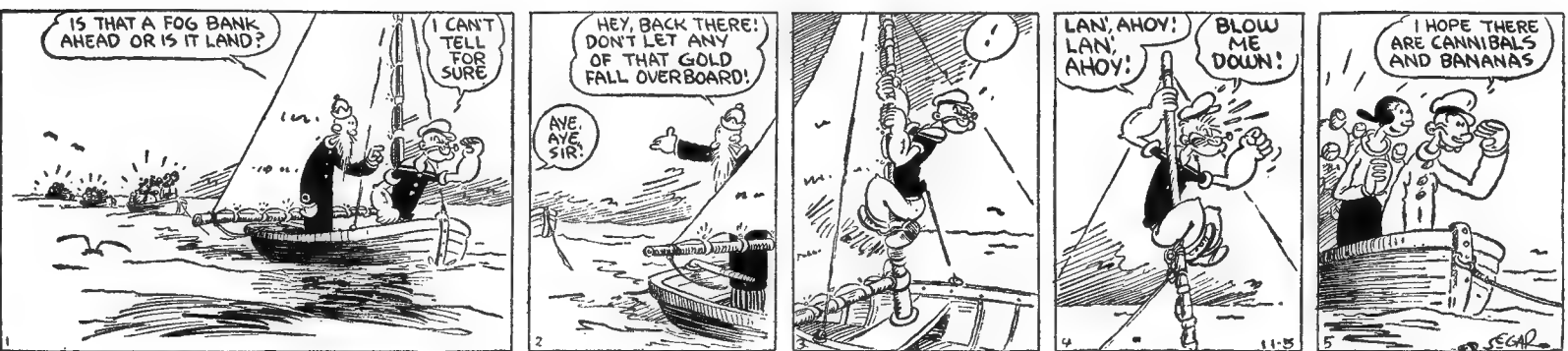
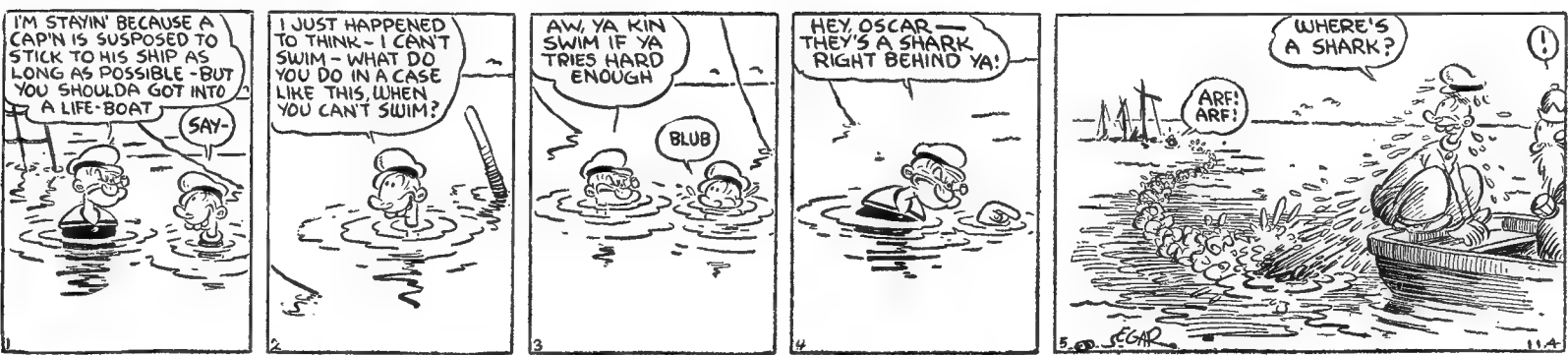
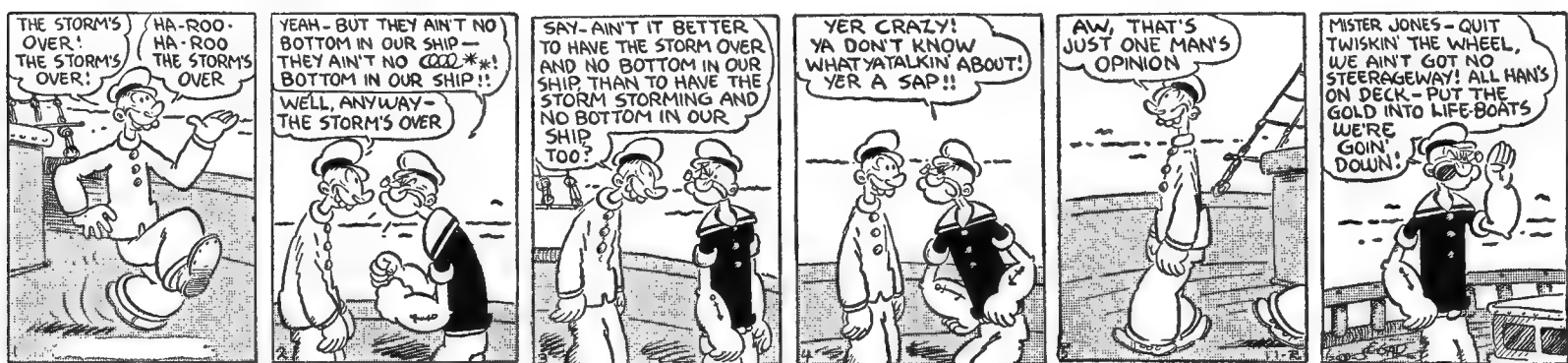
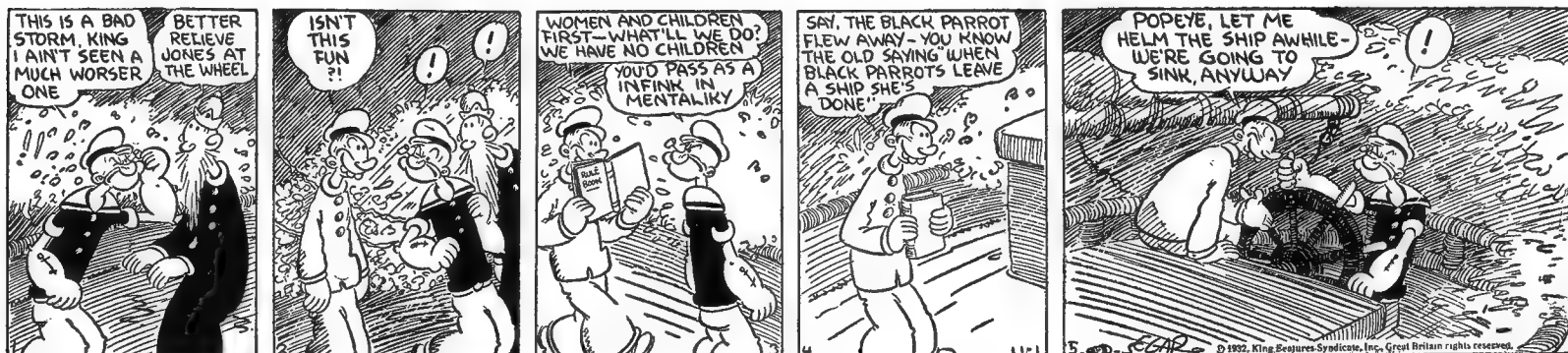


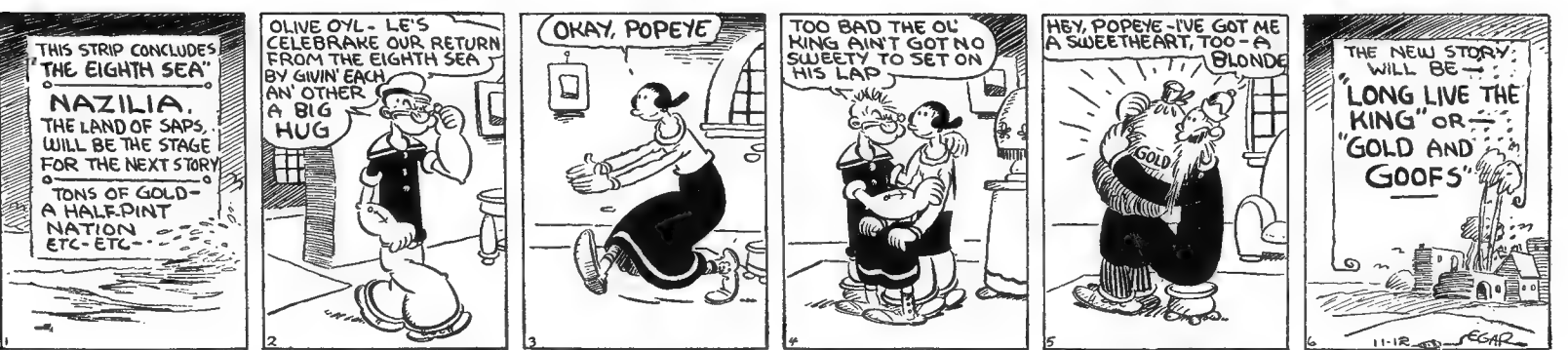
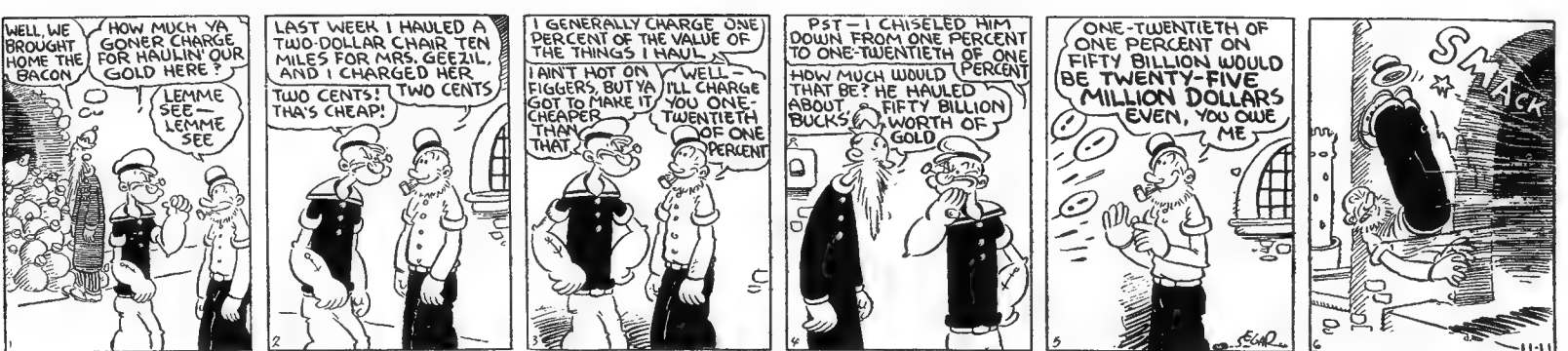
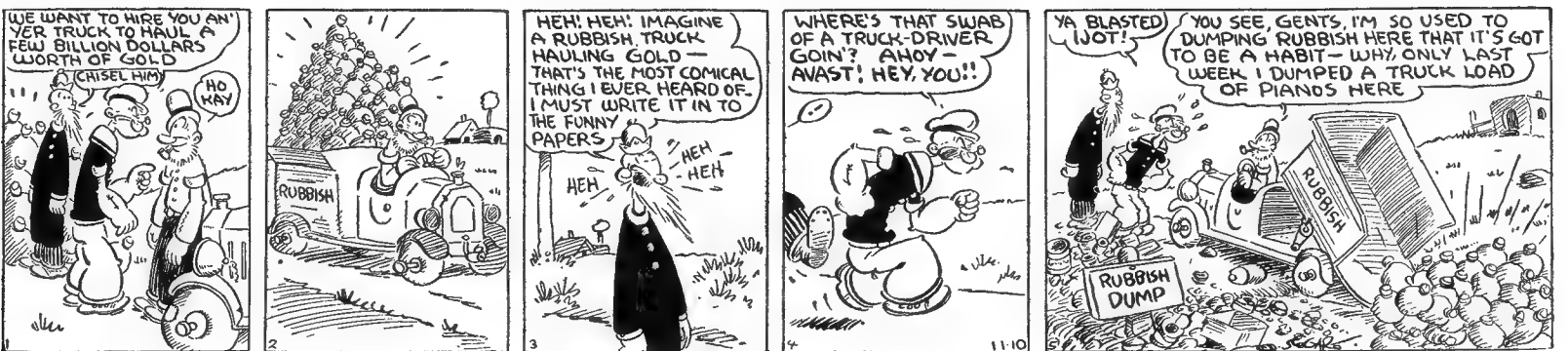
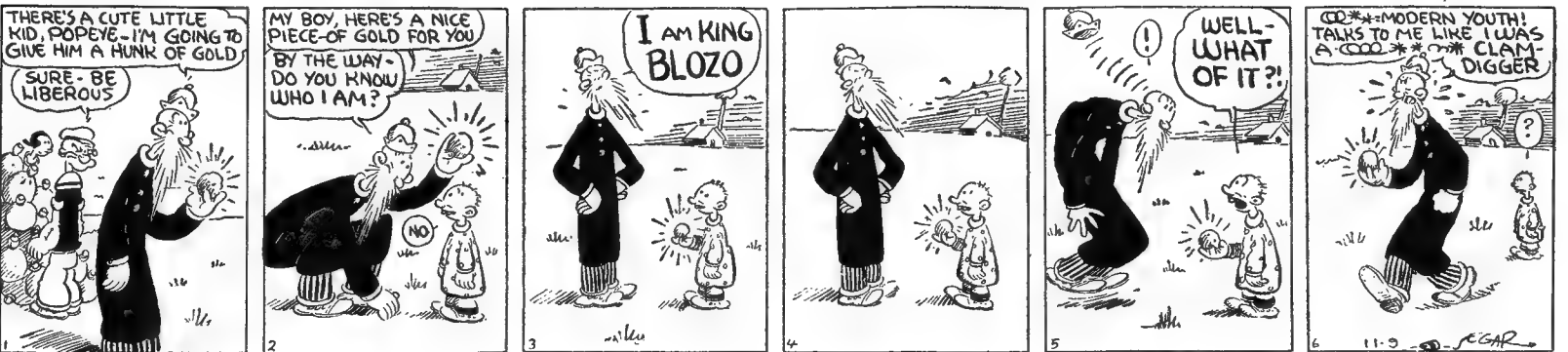








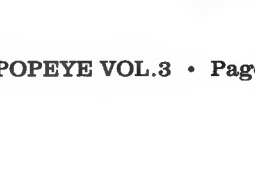
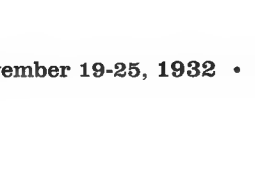
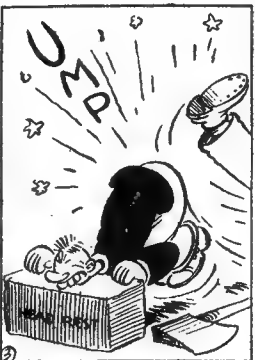
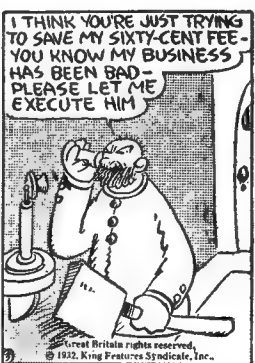


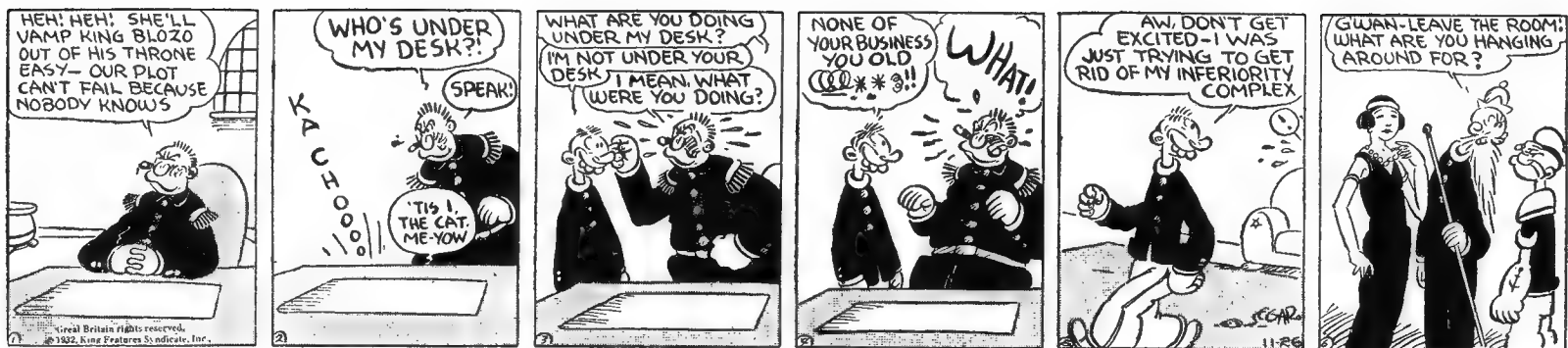


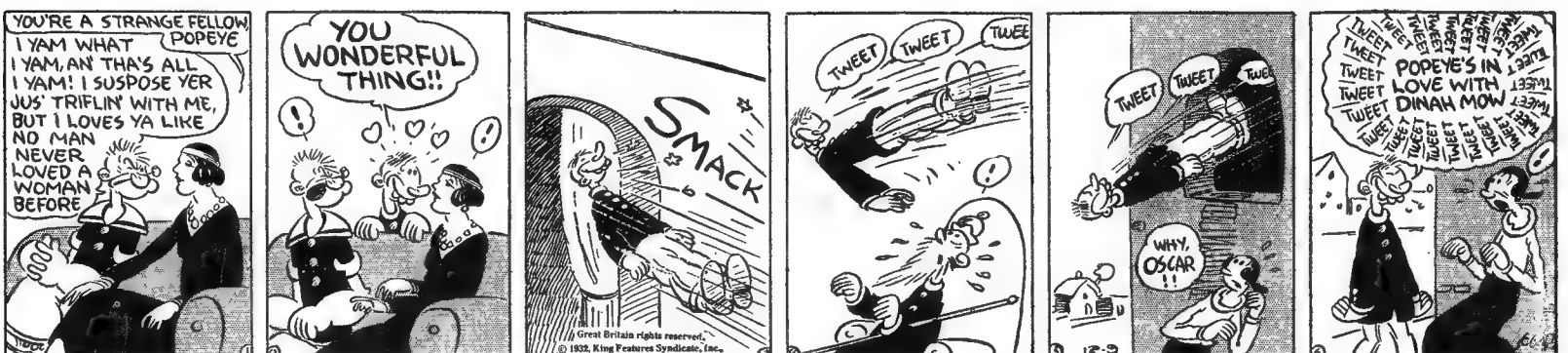
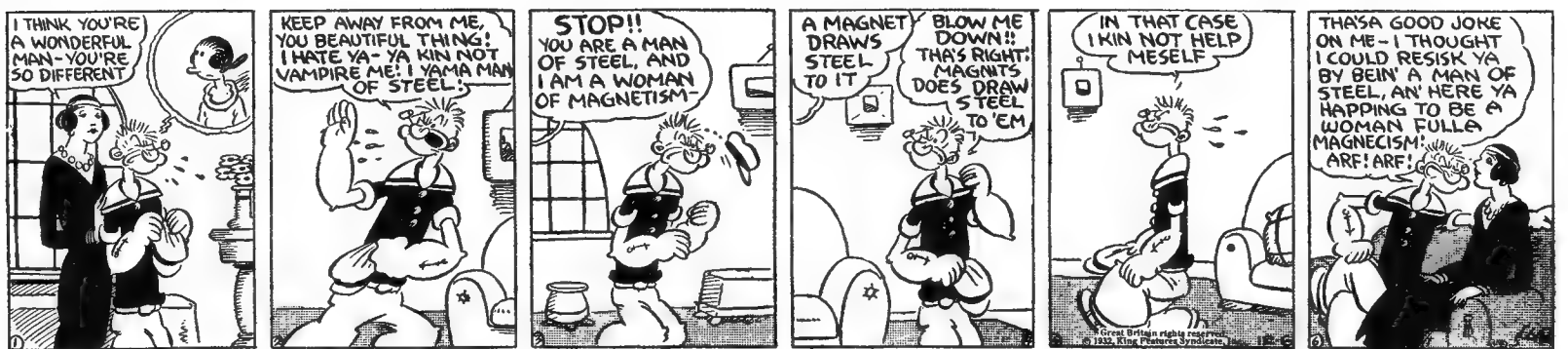
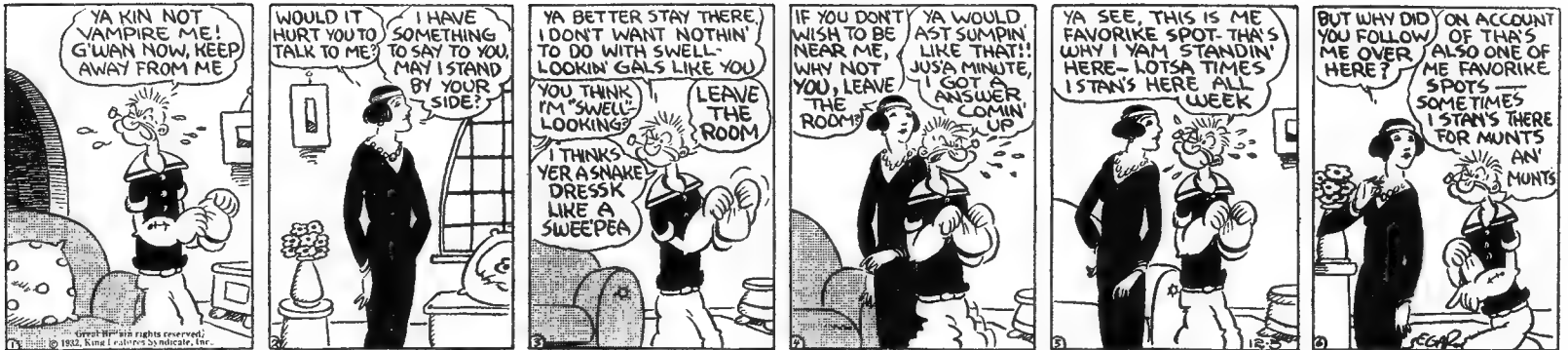
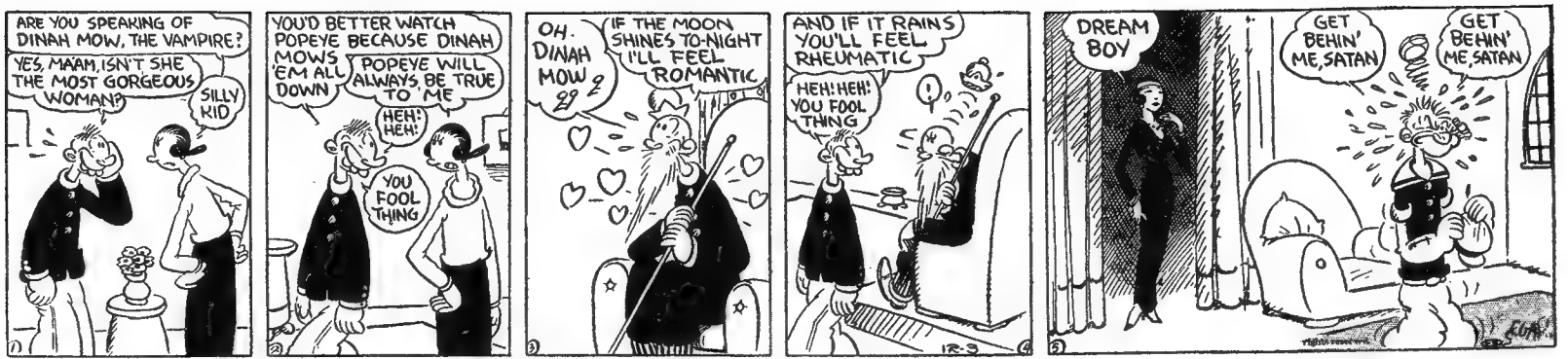


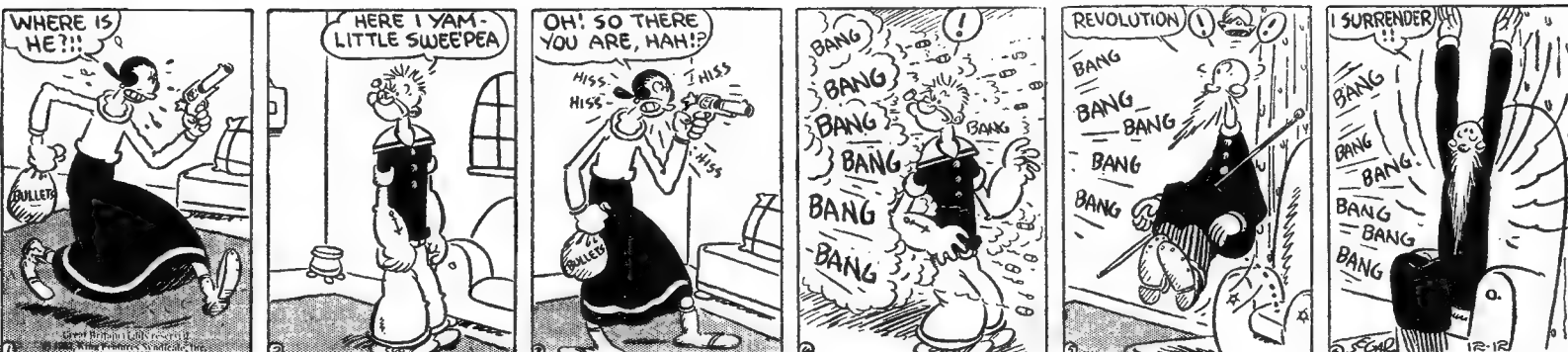
CHAPTER IV: LONG LIVE THE KING

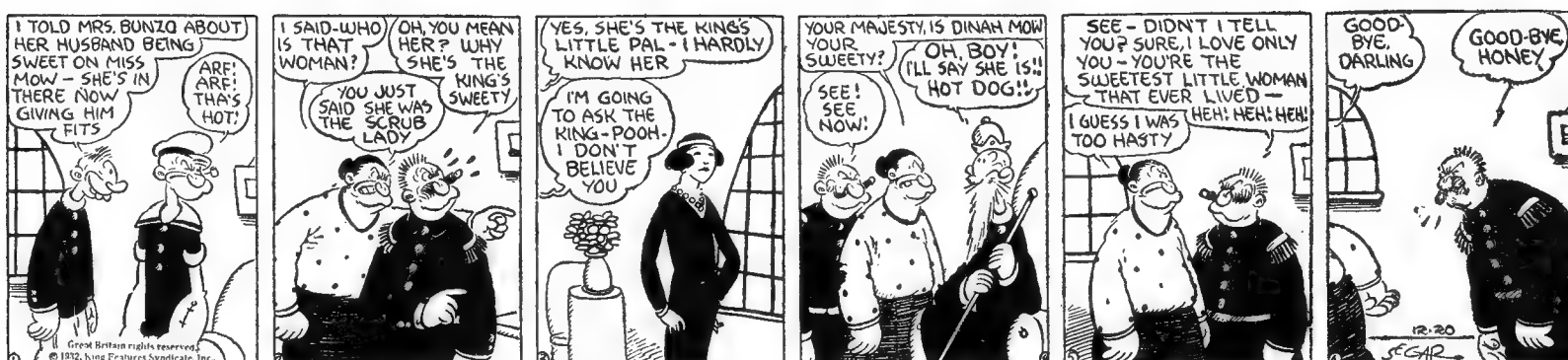


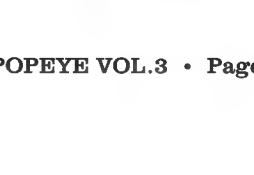
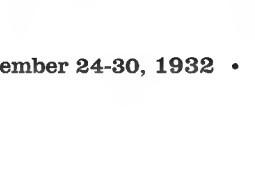
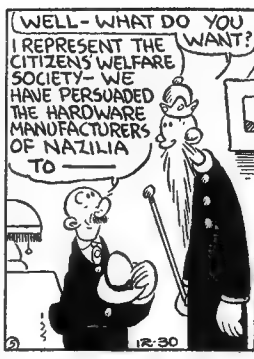
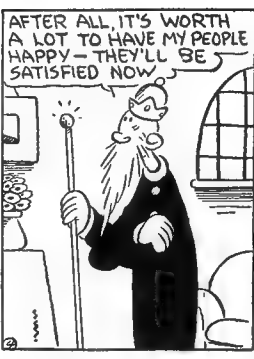
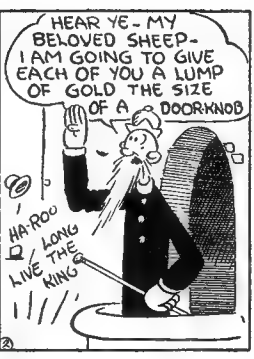
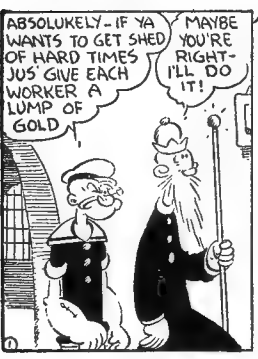
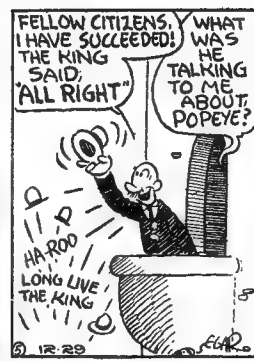
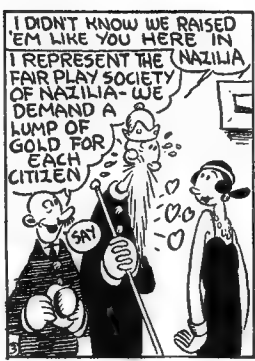






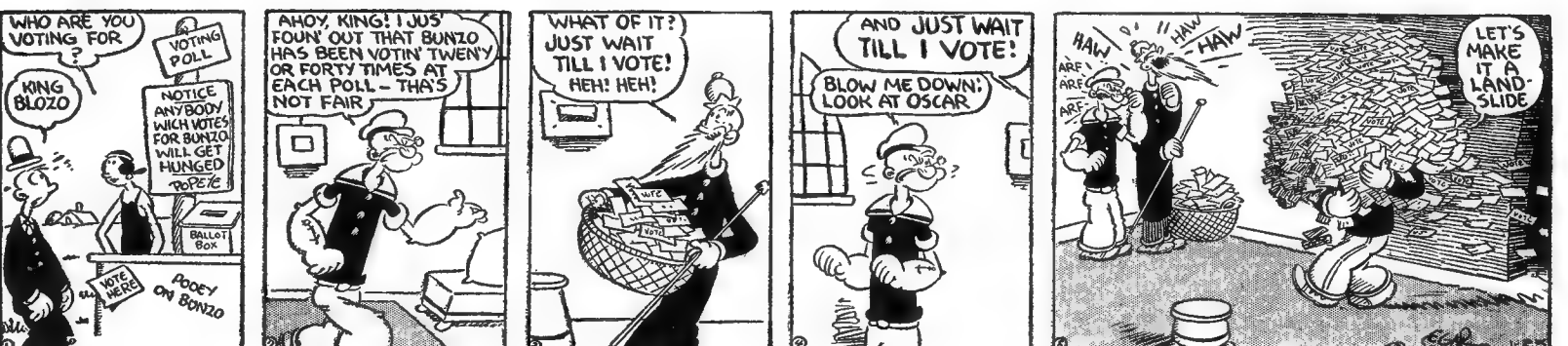
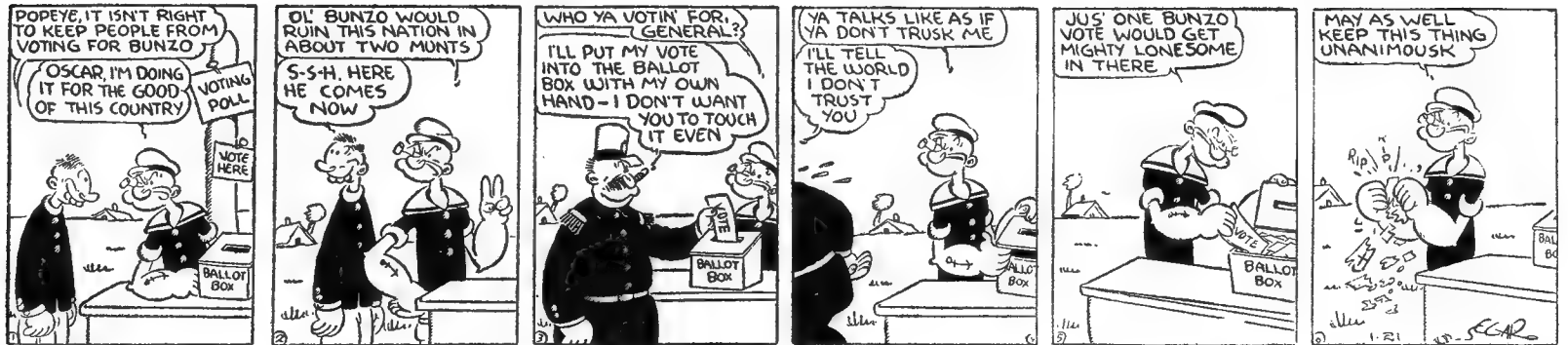


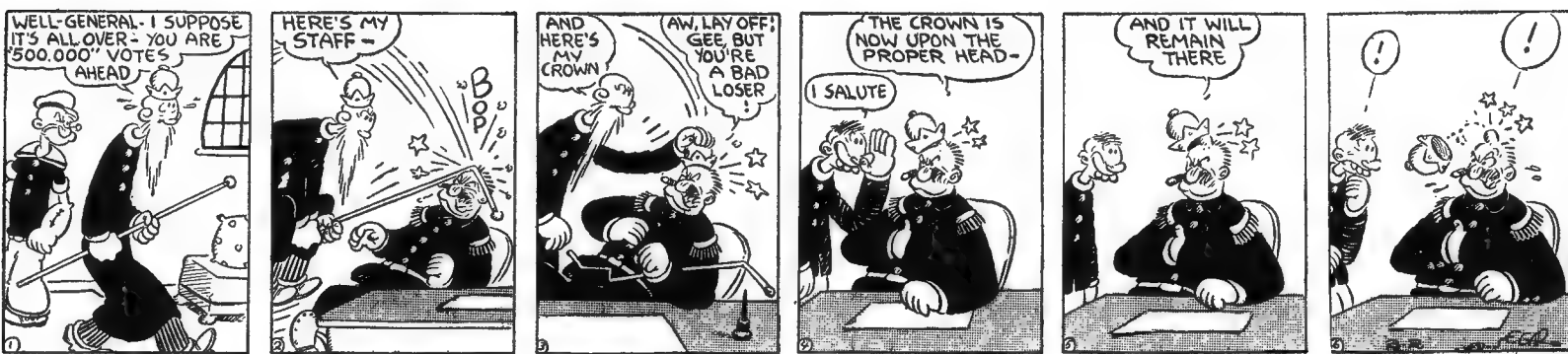




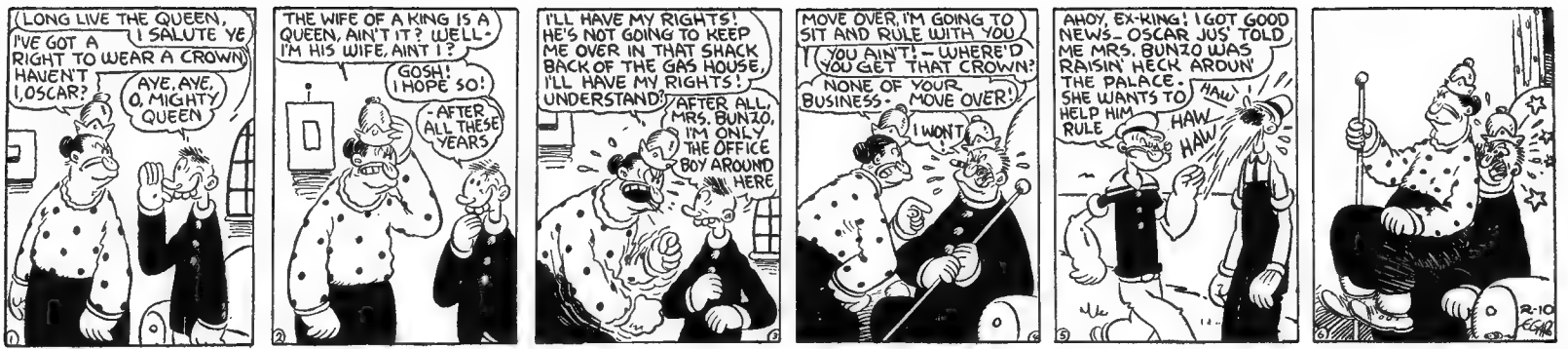




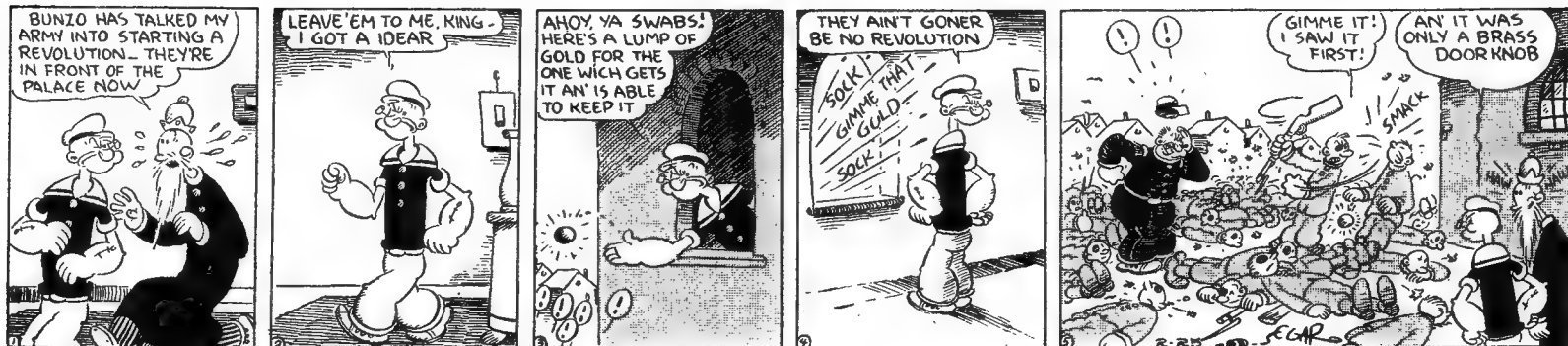


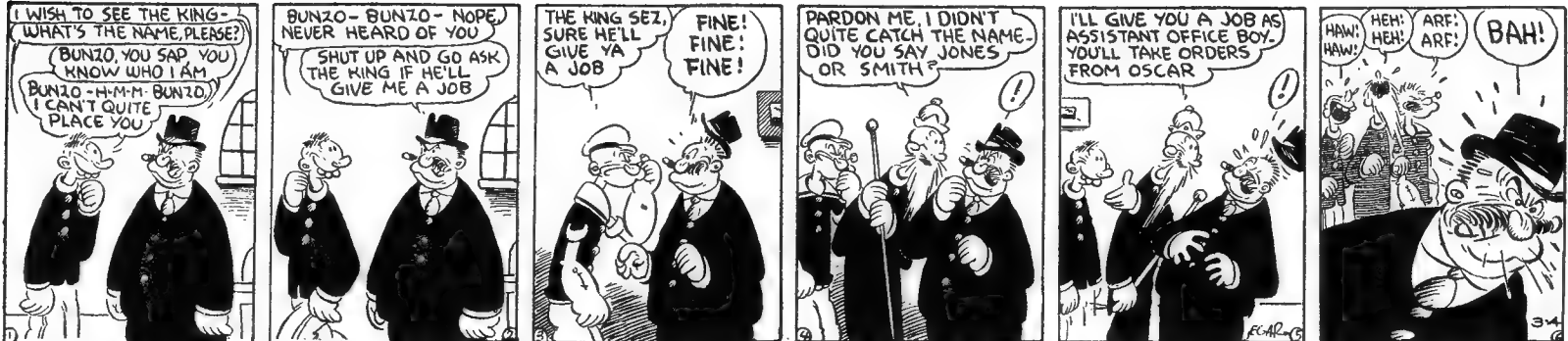
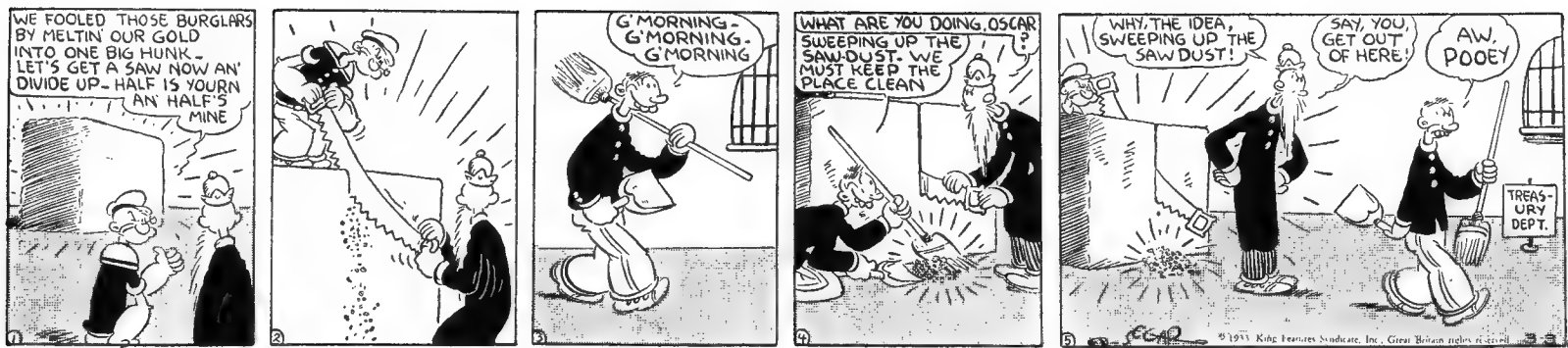






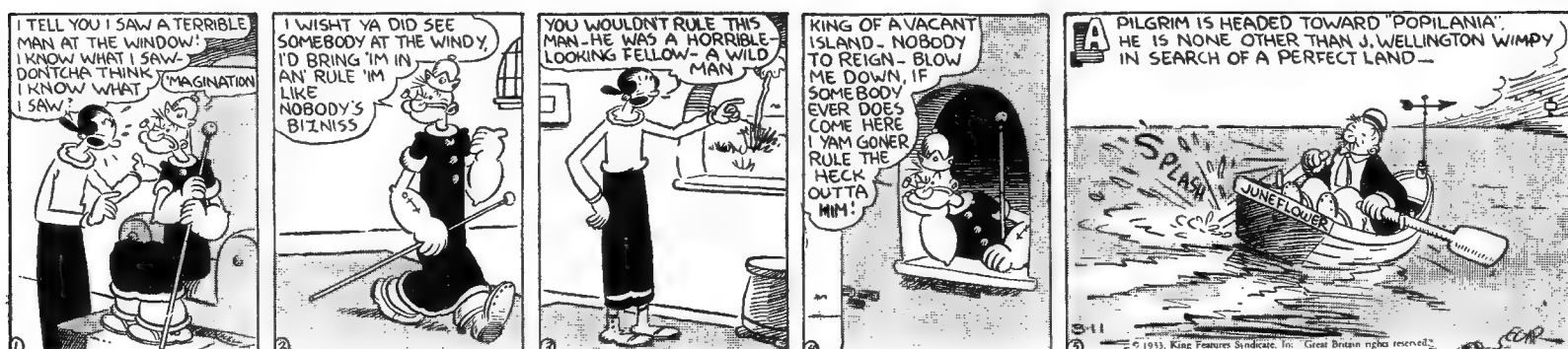
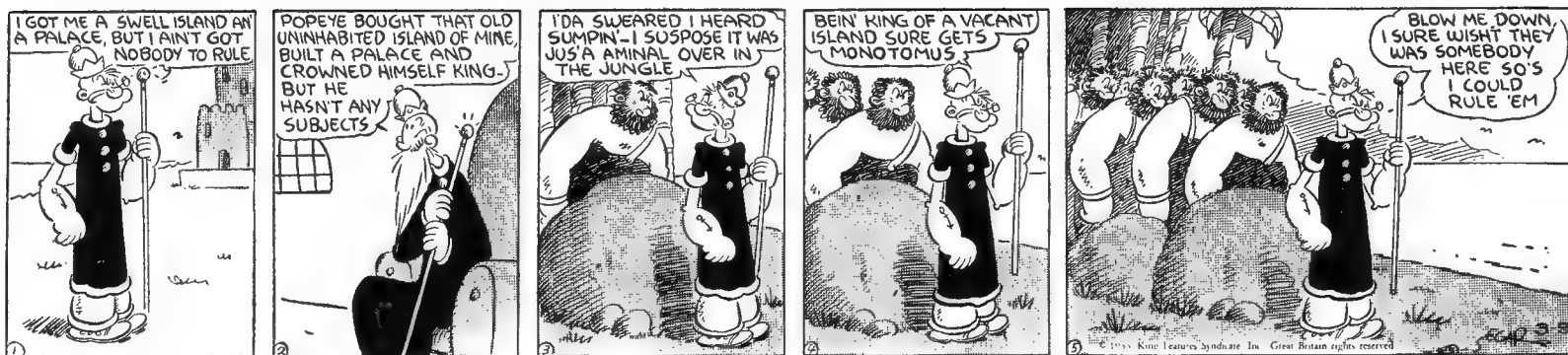


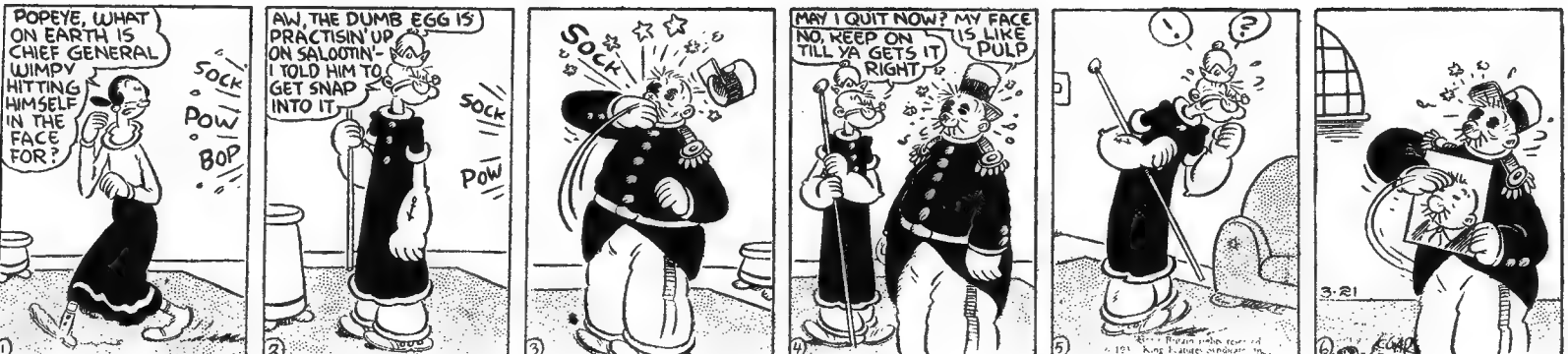


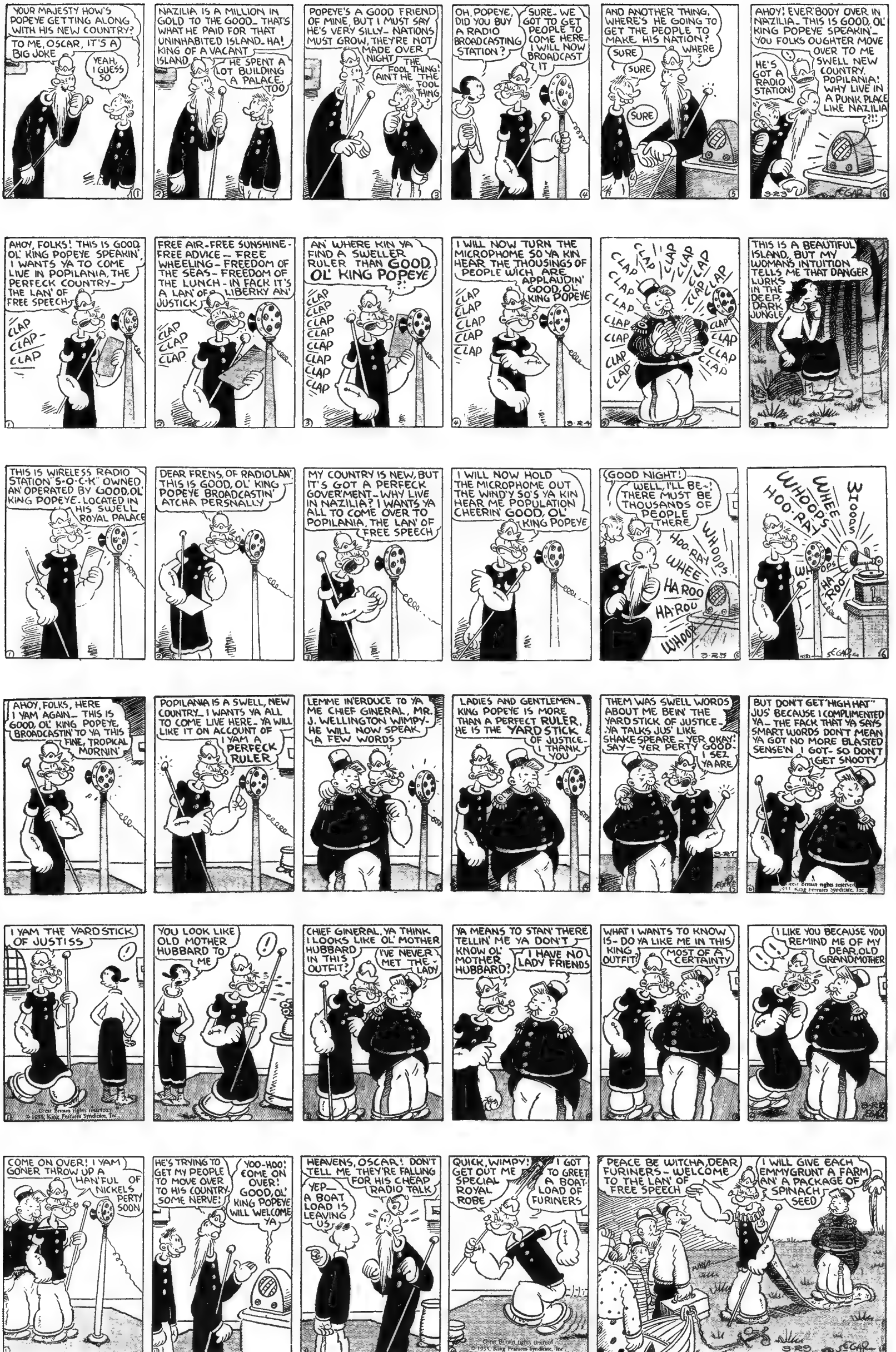


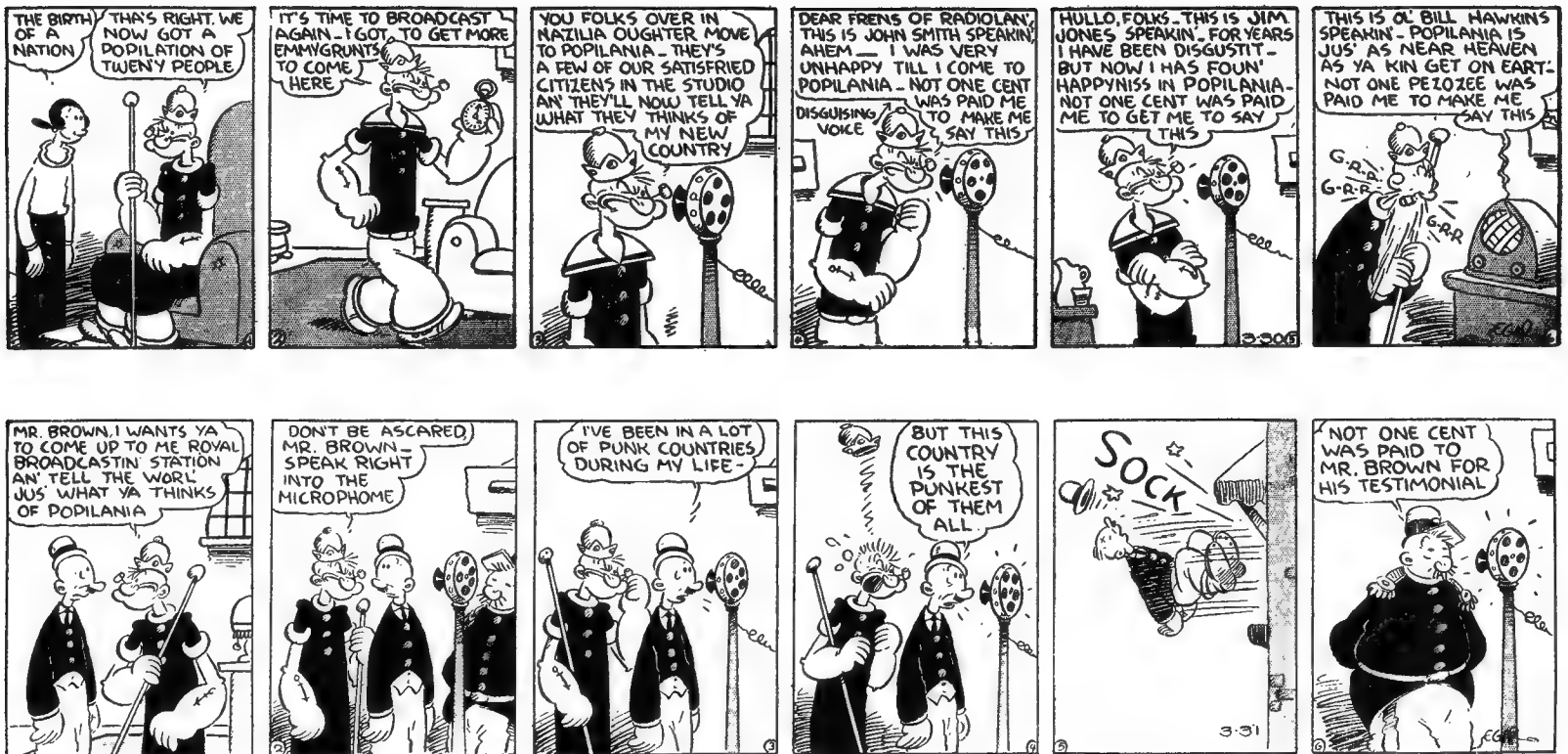
CHAPTER VI: KING OF POPILANIA



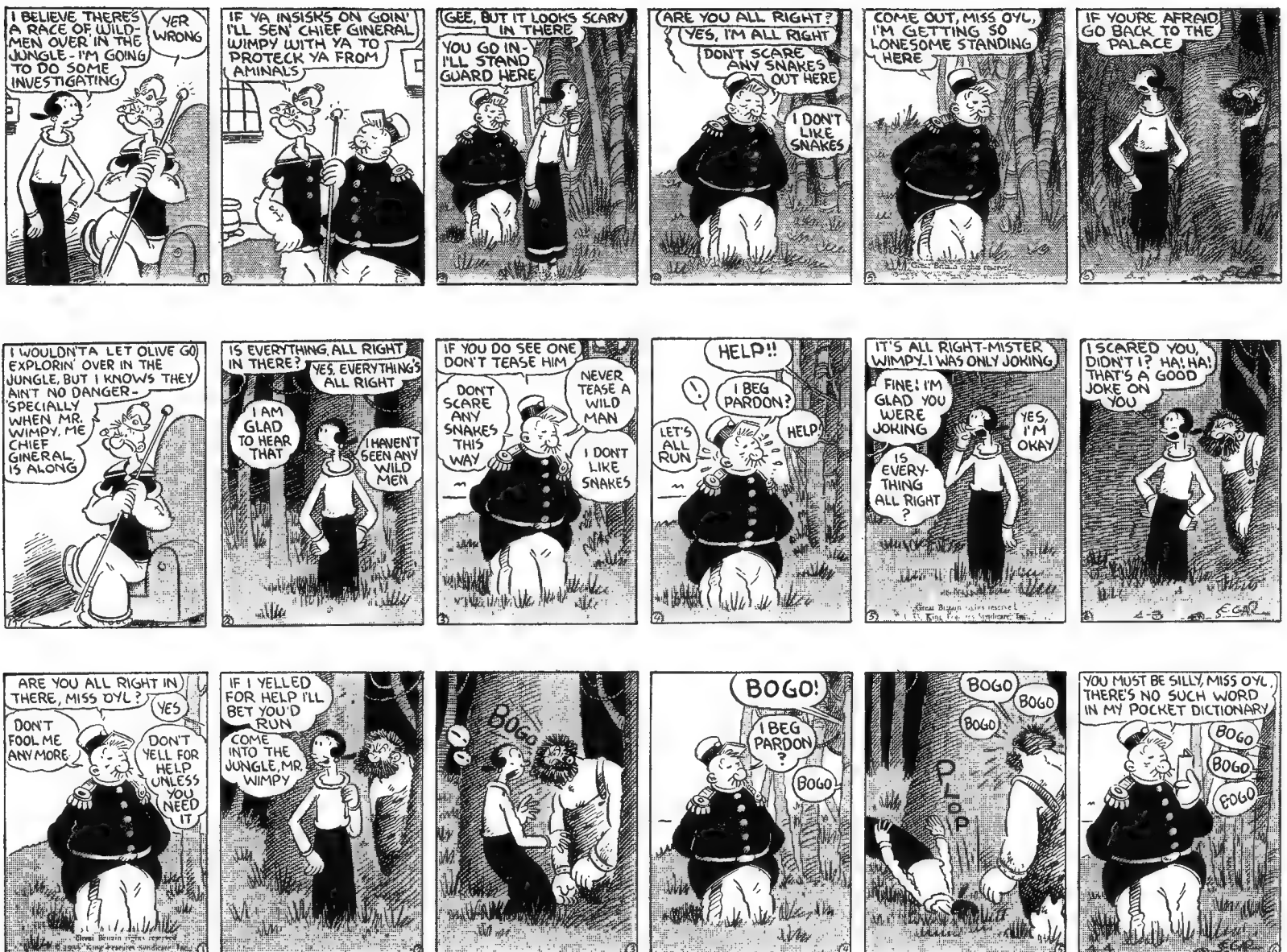


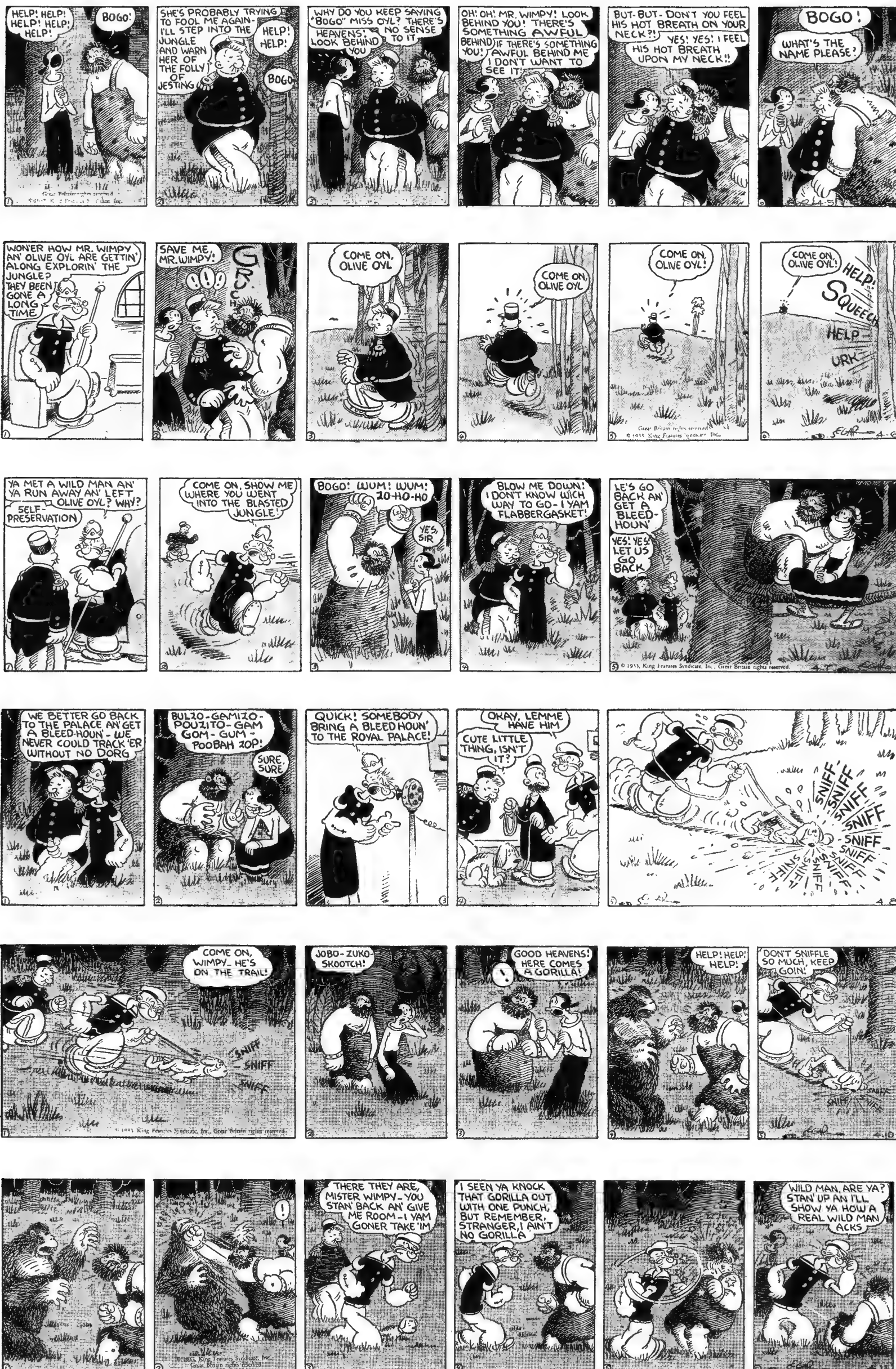


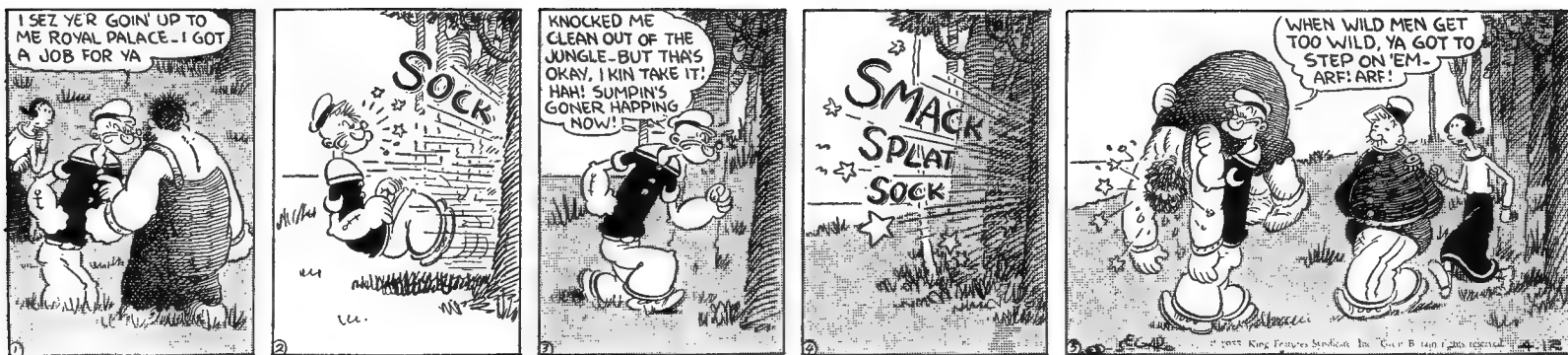


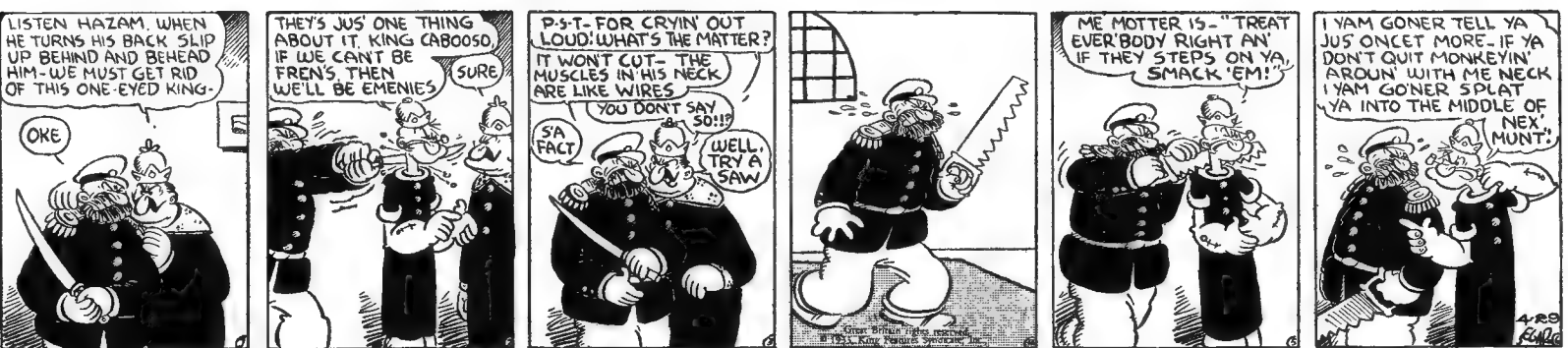
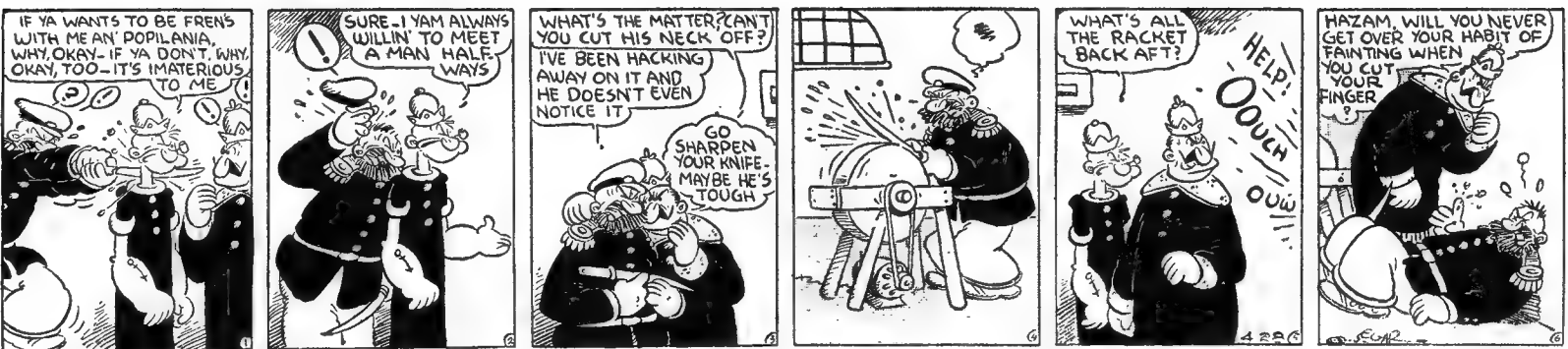
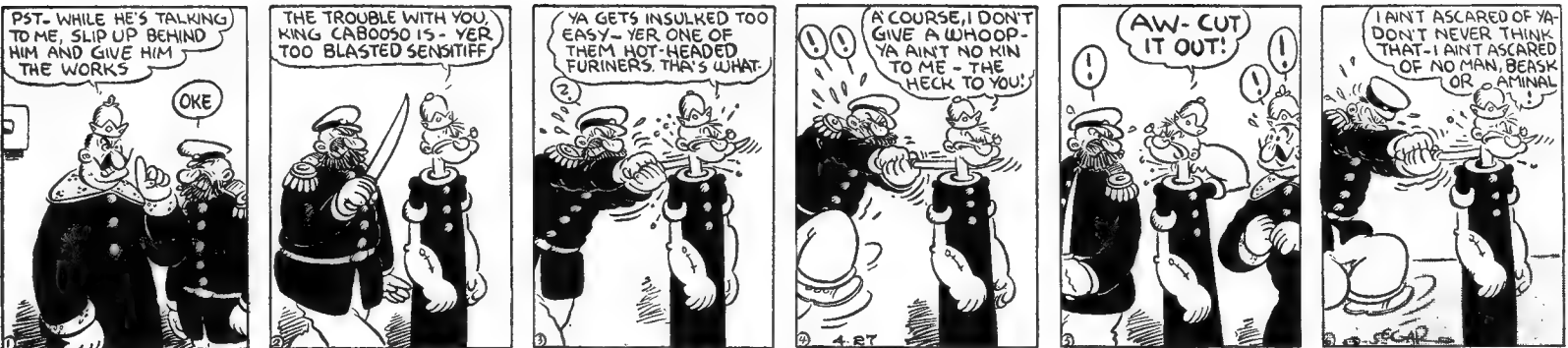
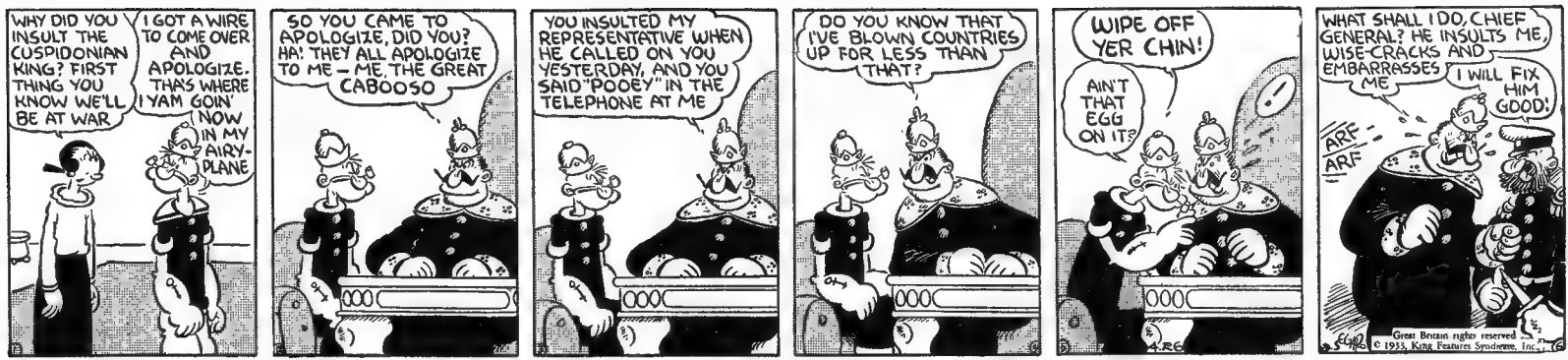


CHAPTER VII: INTO THE JUNGLE





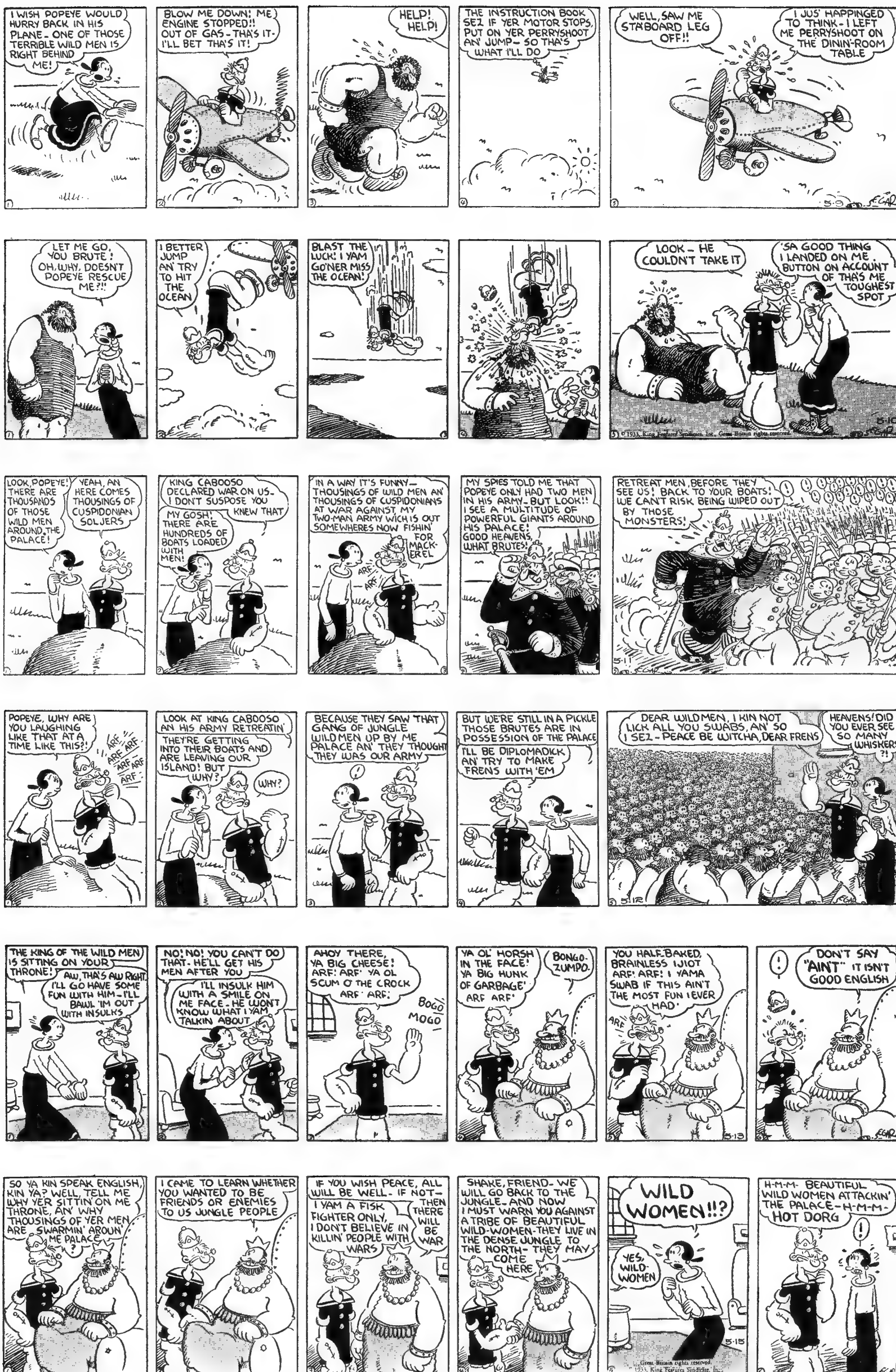


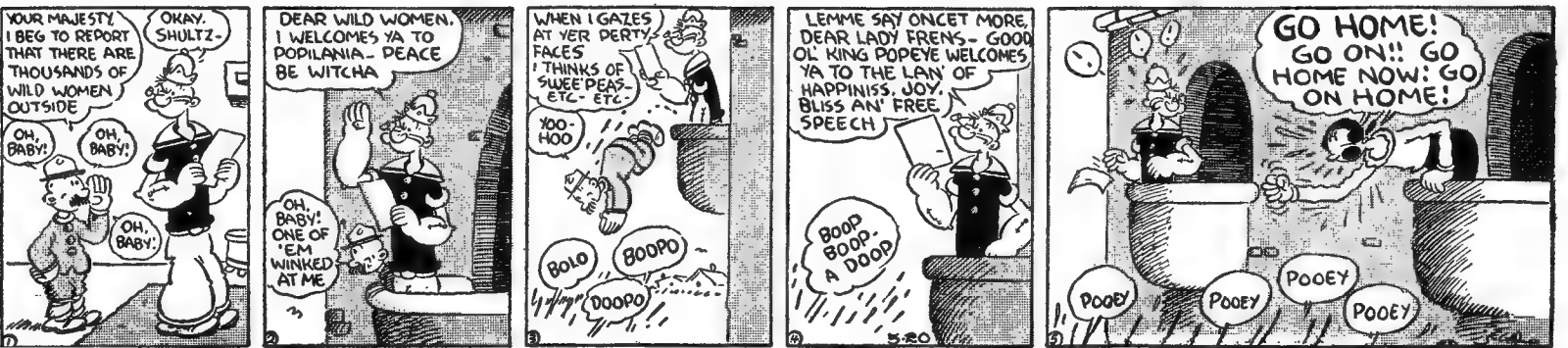
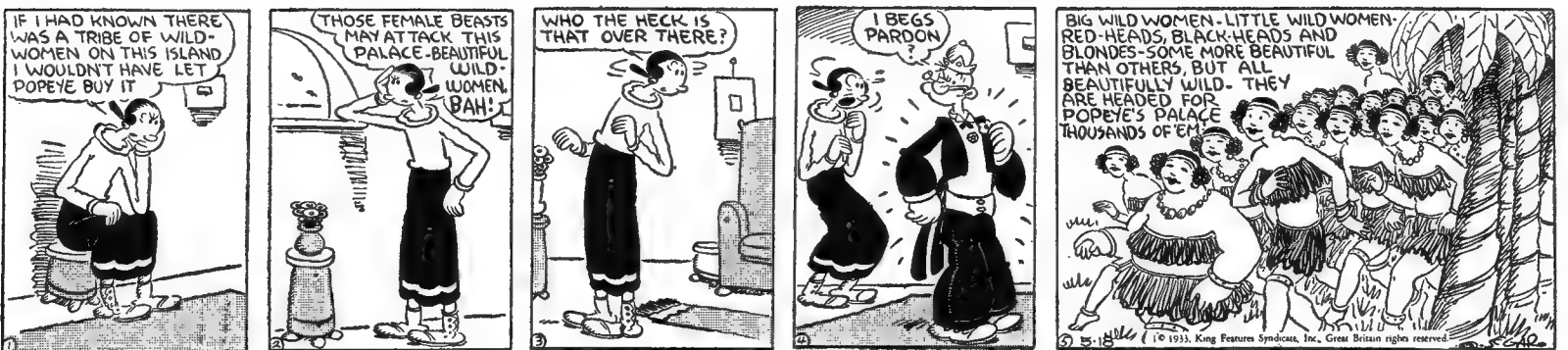
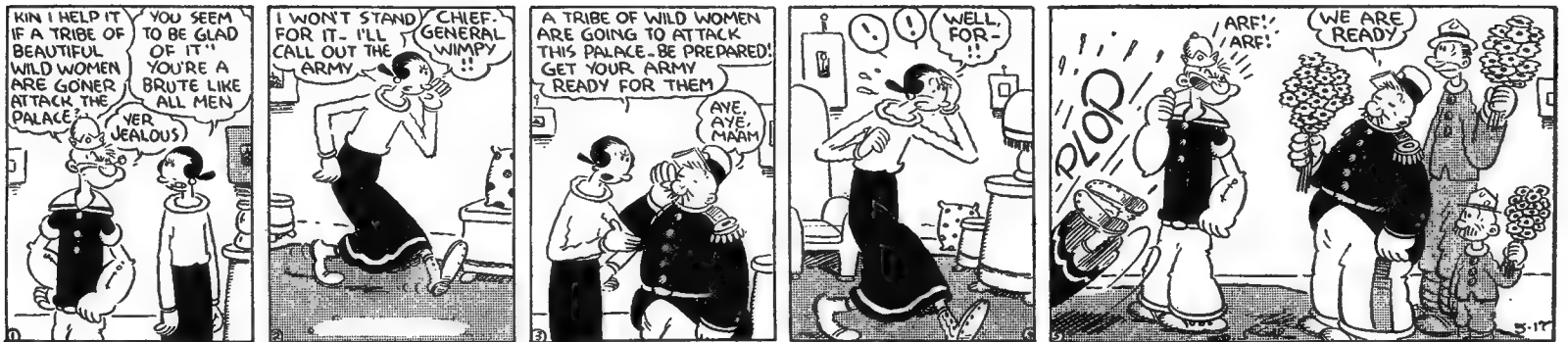
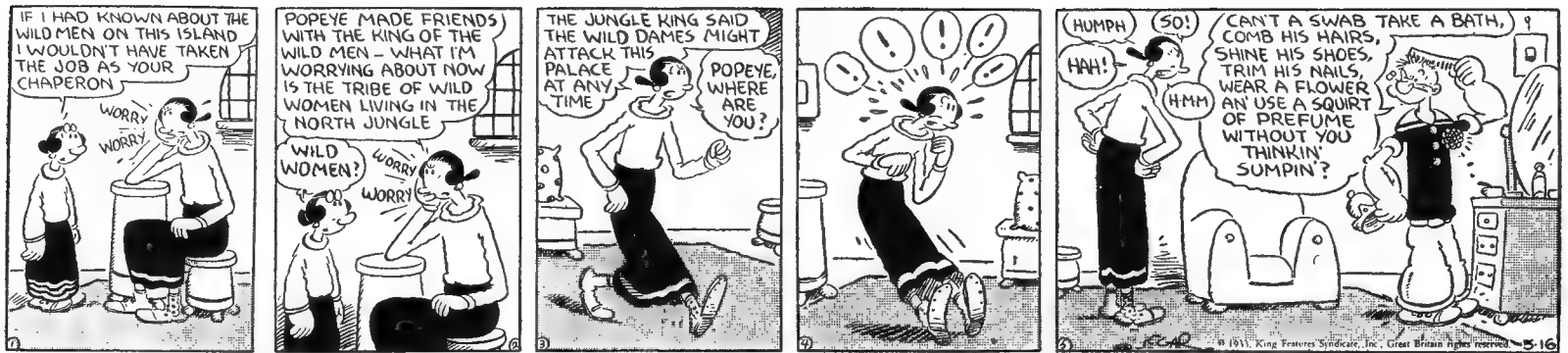


CHAPTER VIII: WILD MEN AND WILD WOMEN

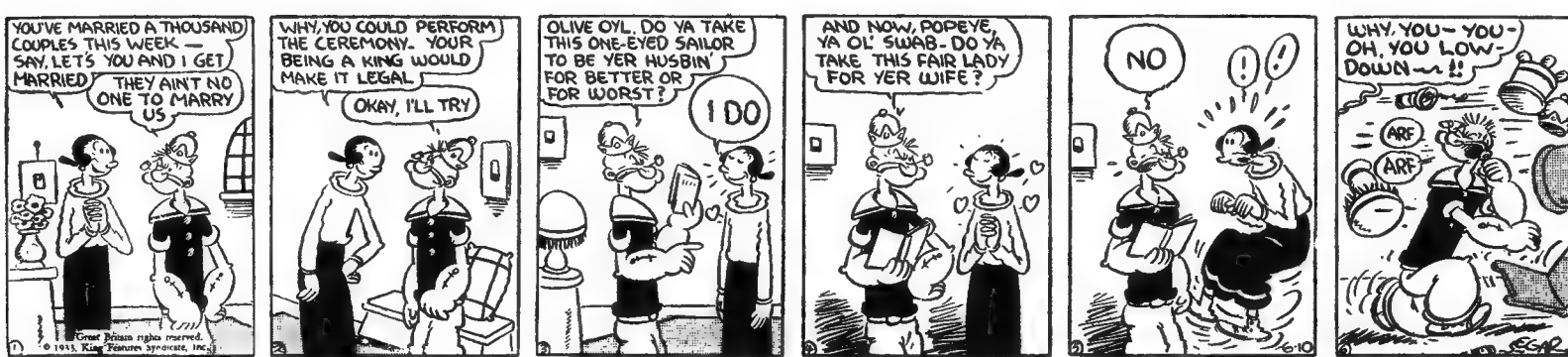
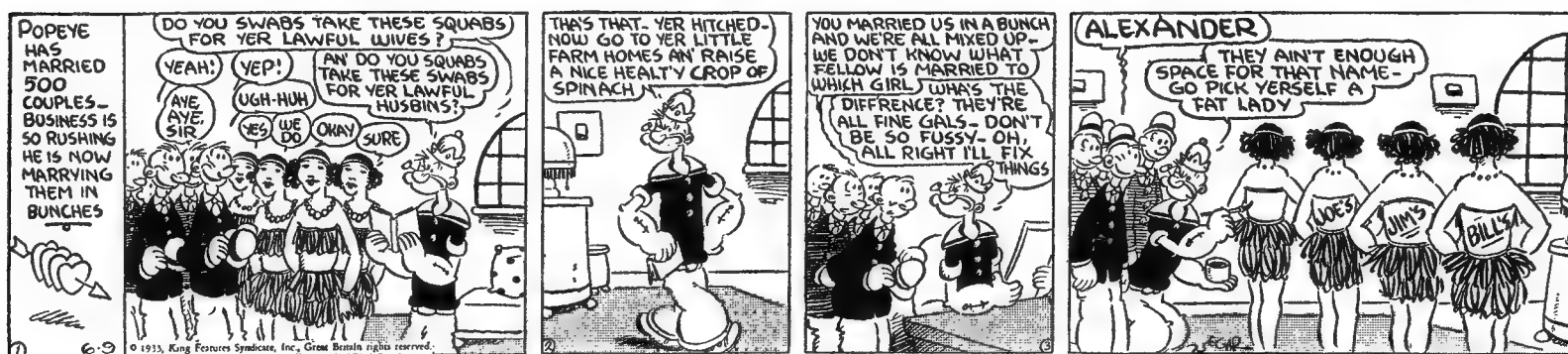
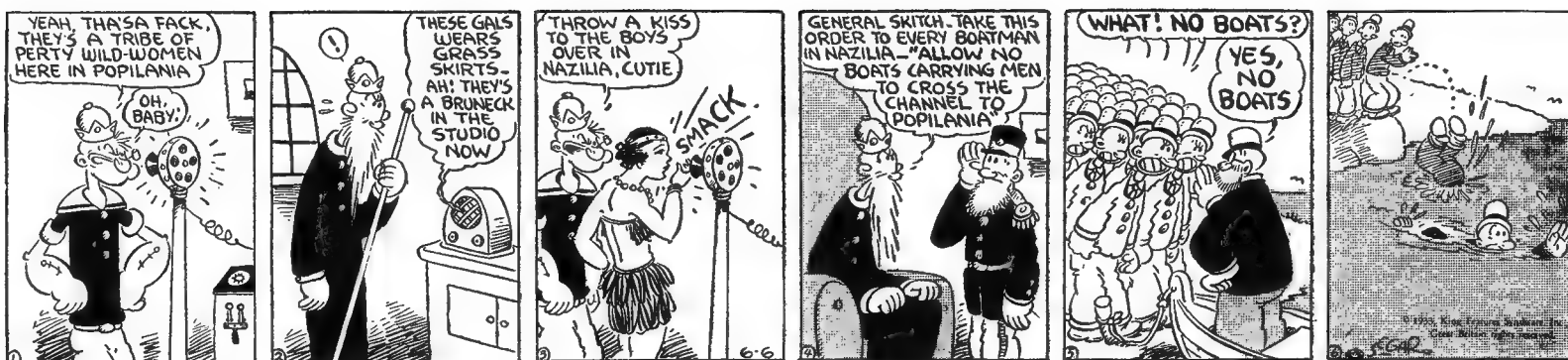








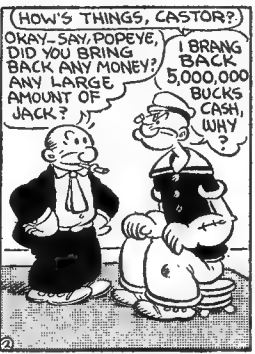
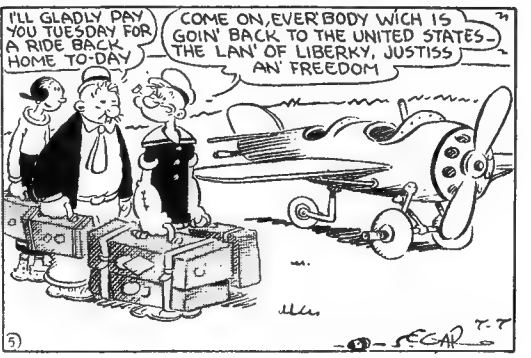


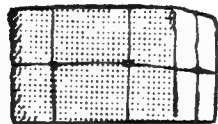




CHAPTER IX: PROSPERIKY IS HERE



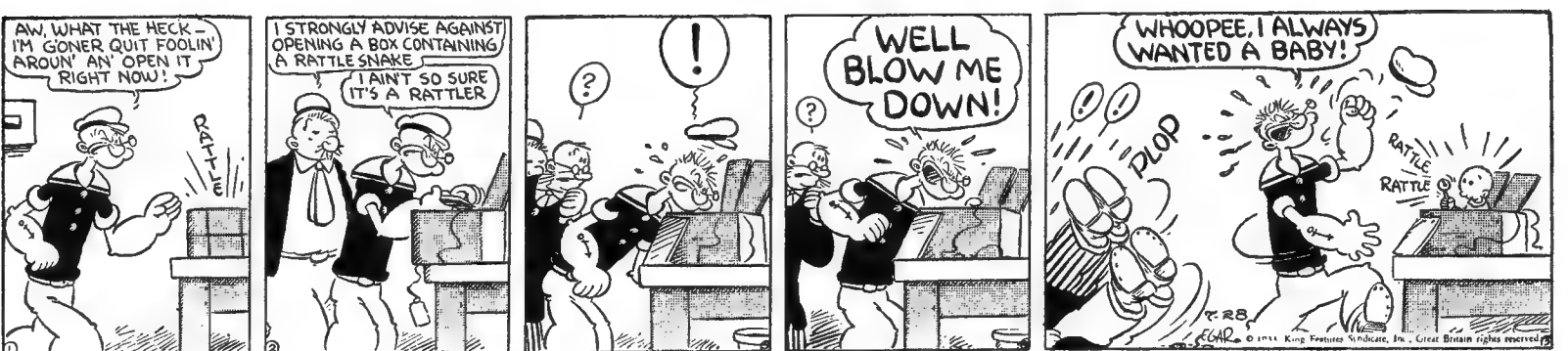
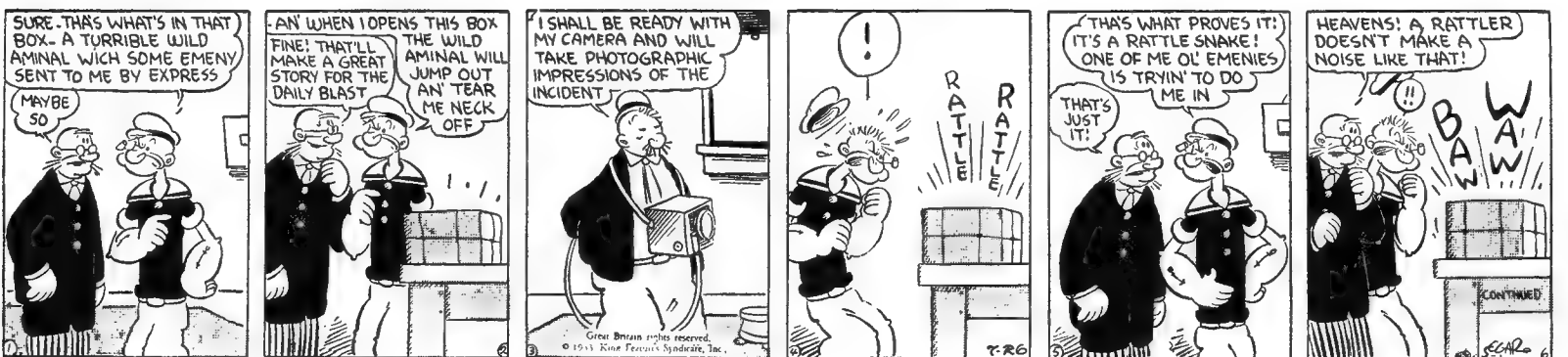
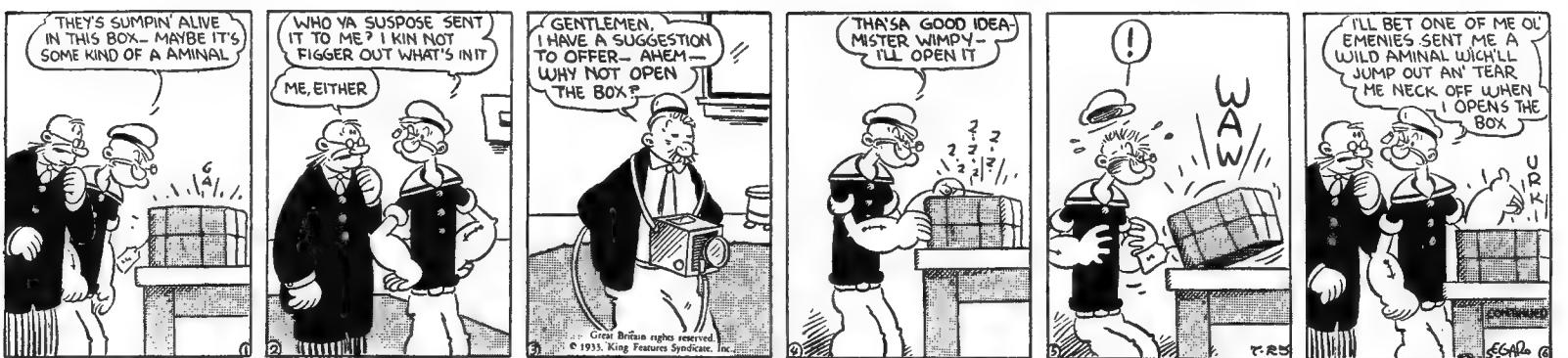
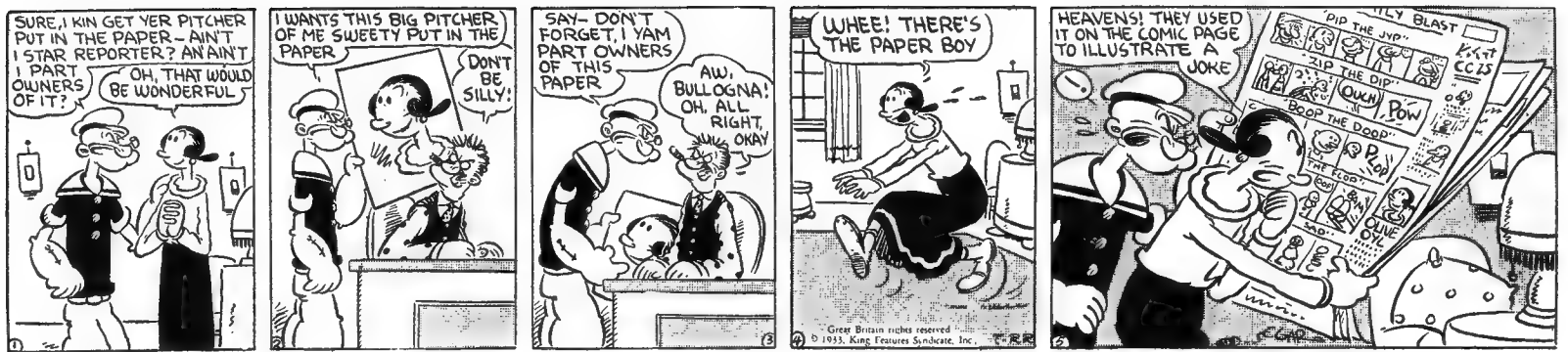




CHAPTER X: STAR REPORTER



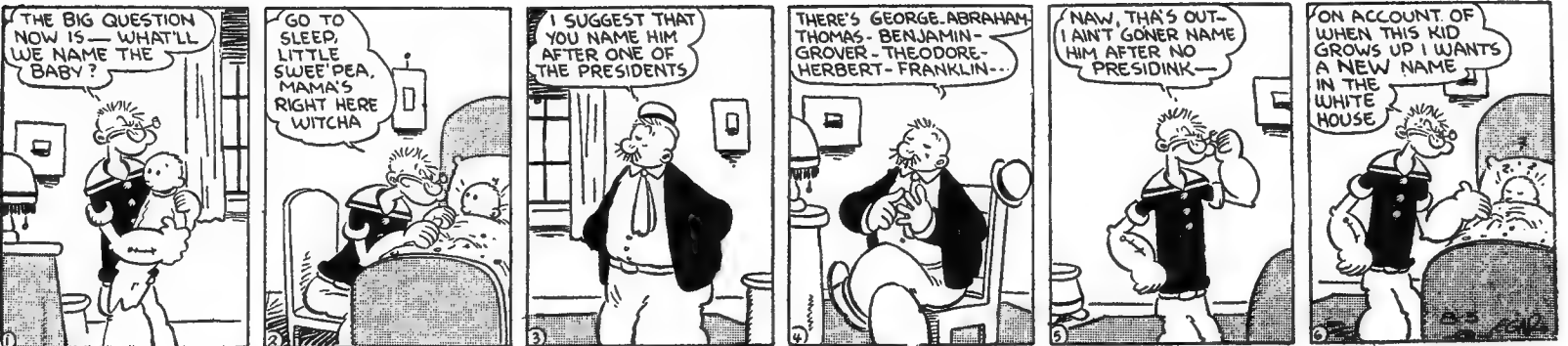
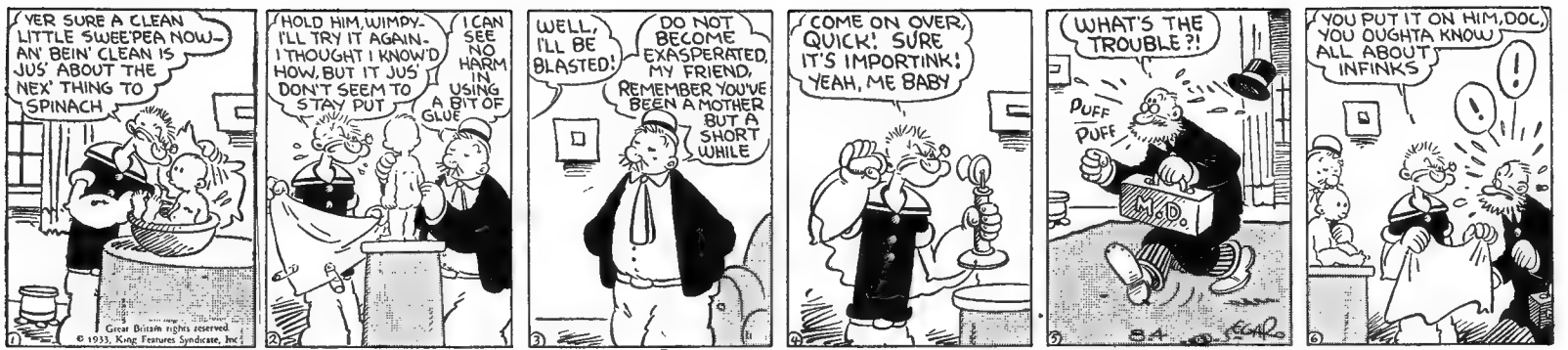


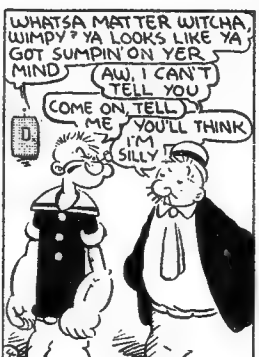
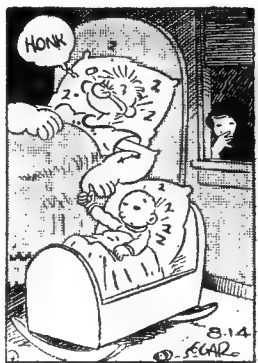
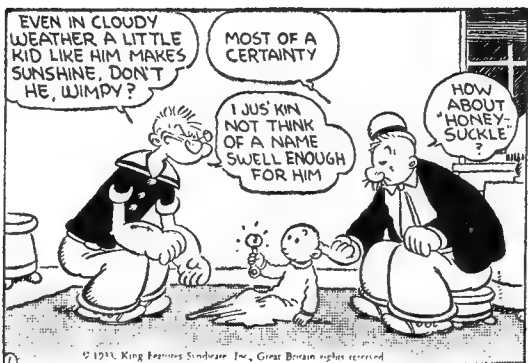
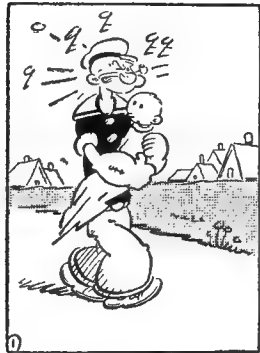
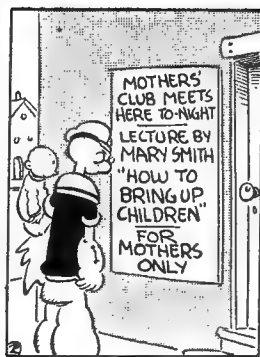


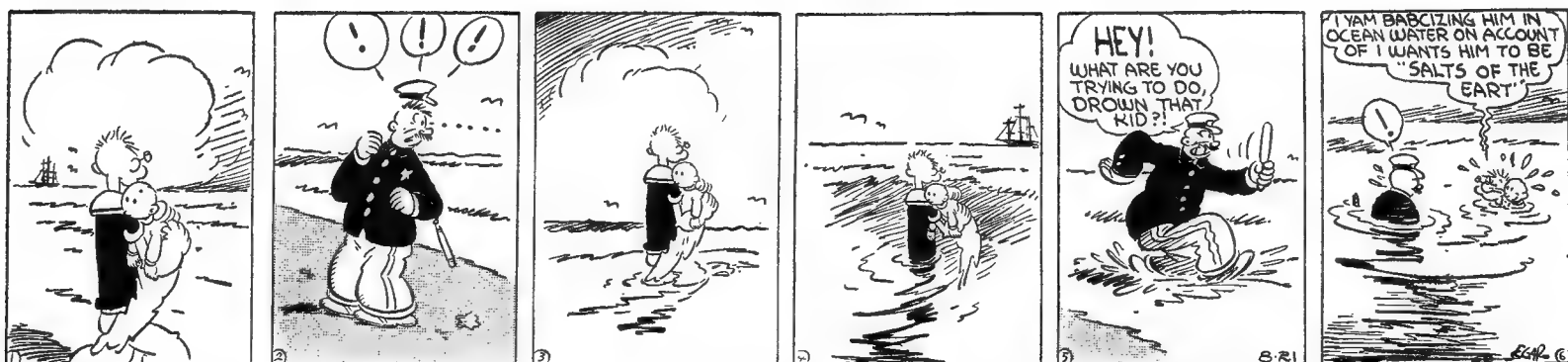
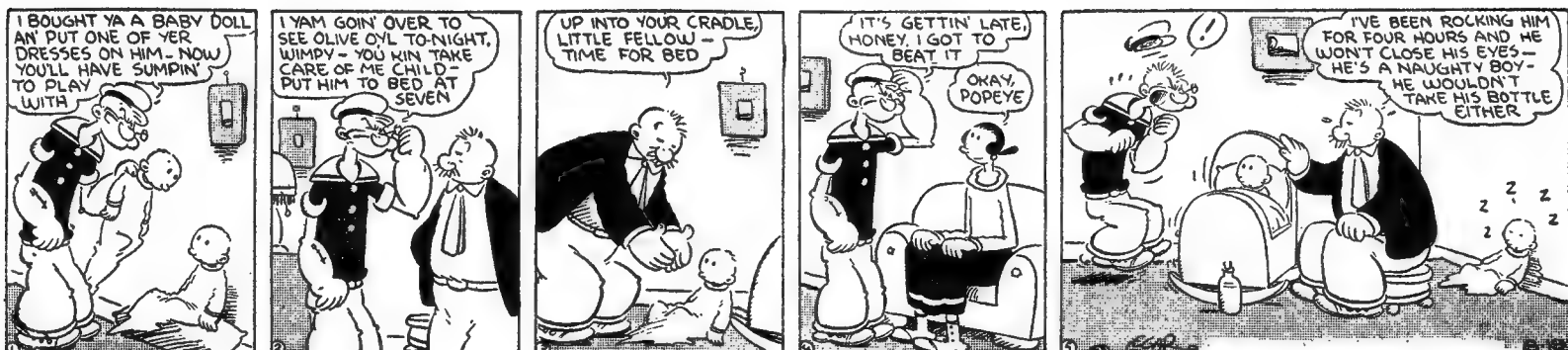


CHAPTER XI:
ME SWEET PEA

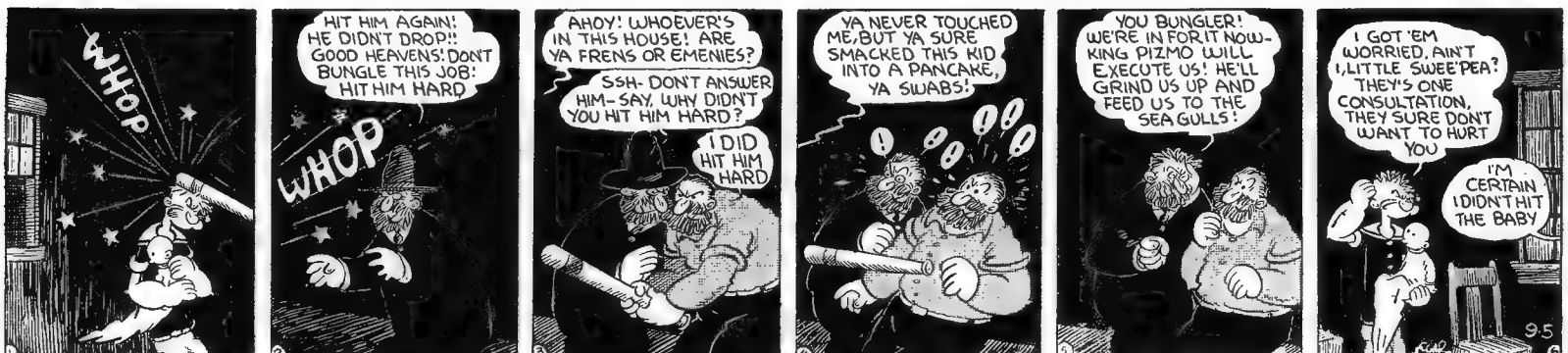
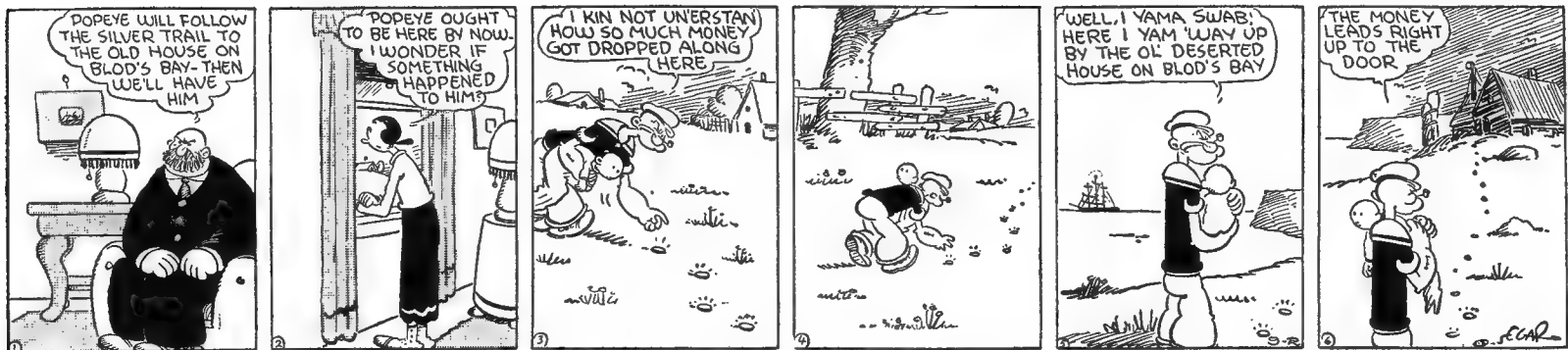


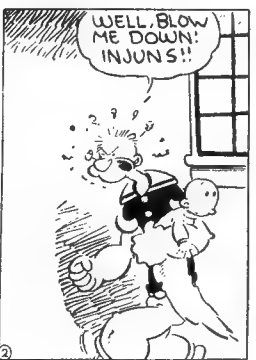
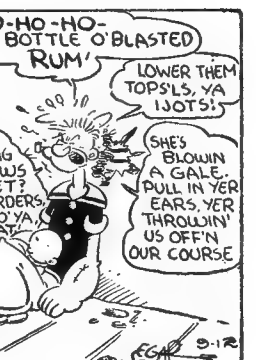
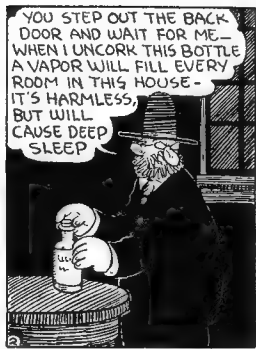




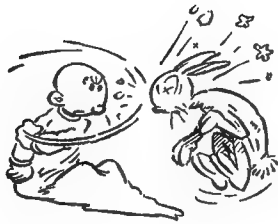




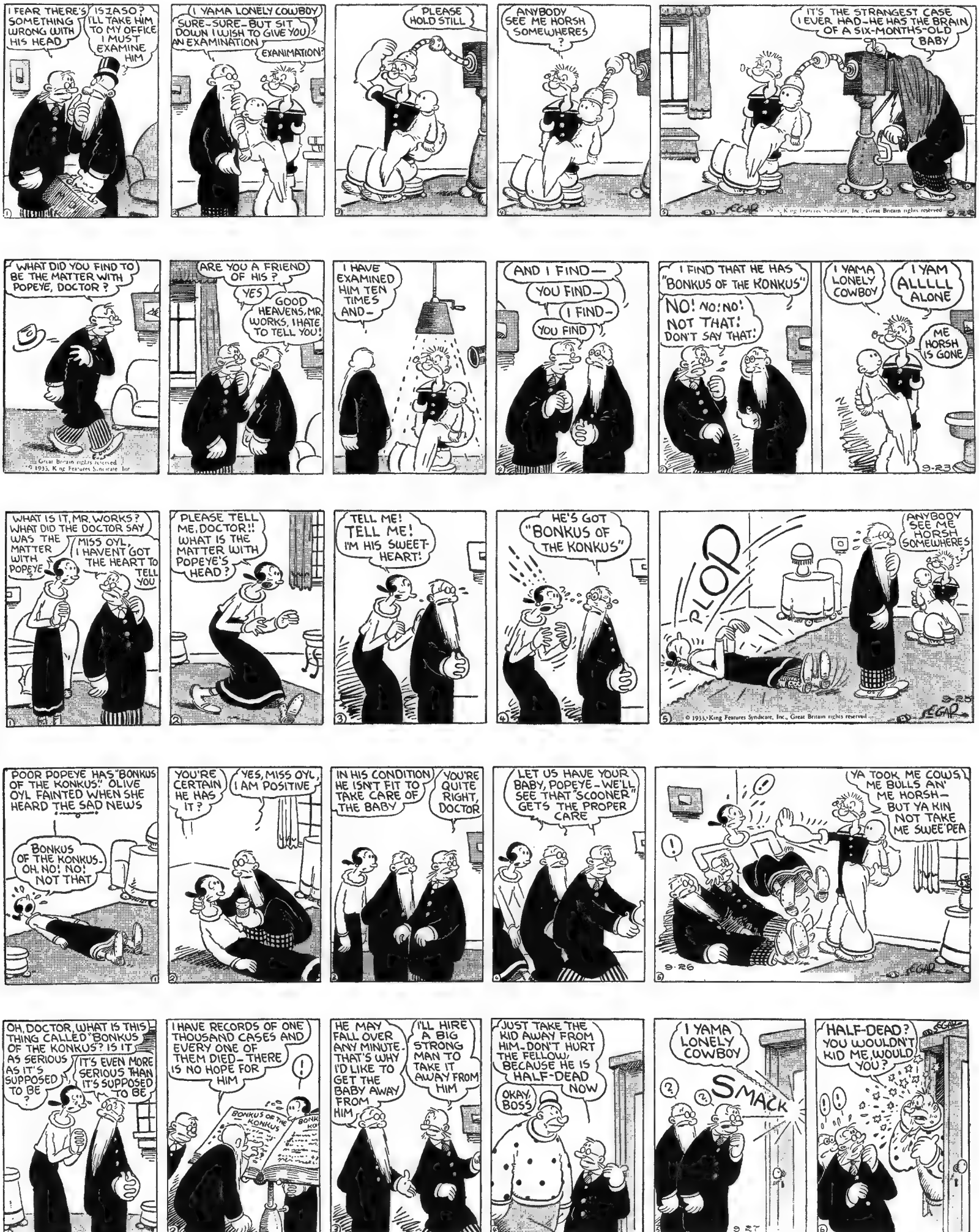


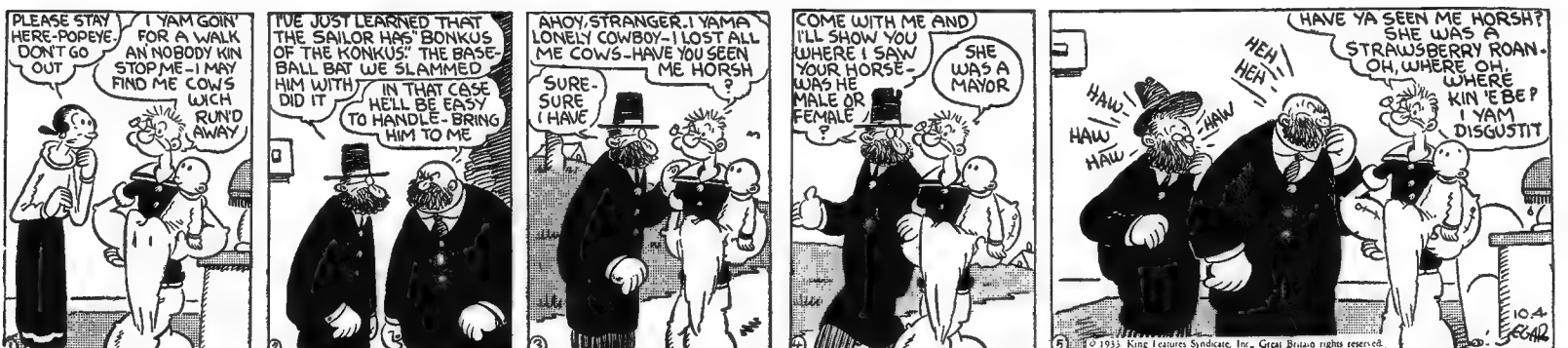
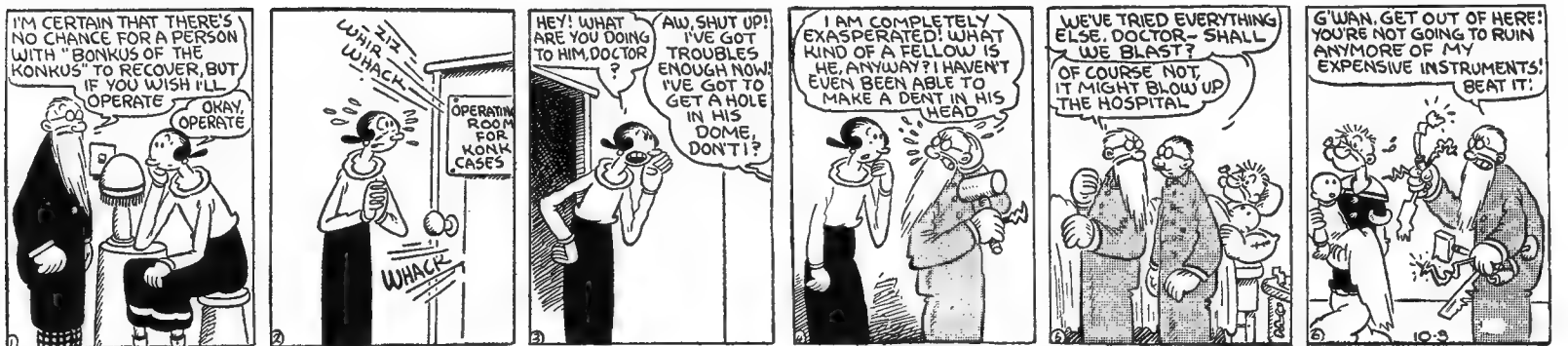
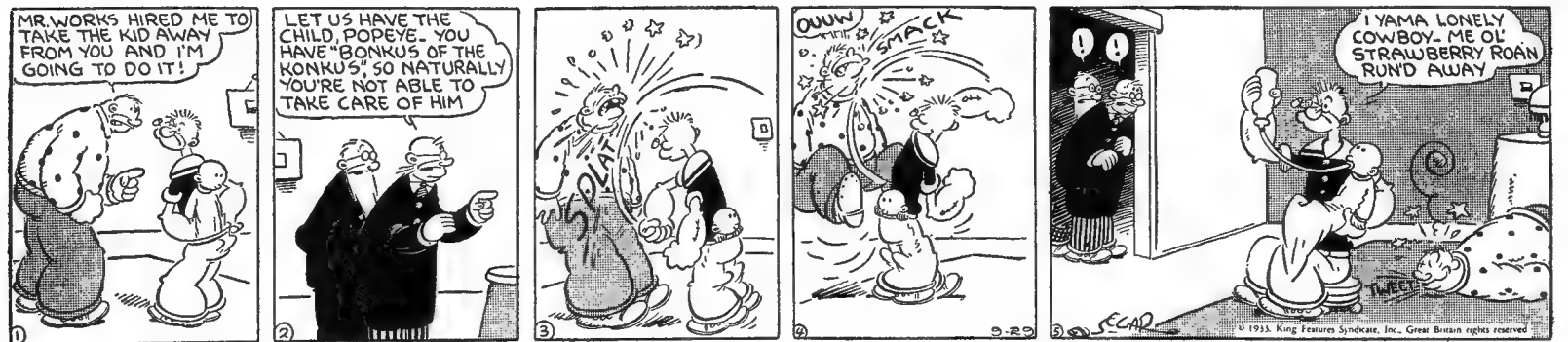
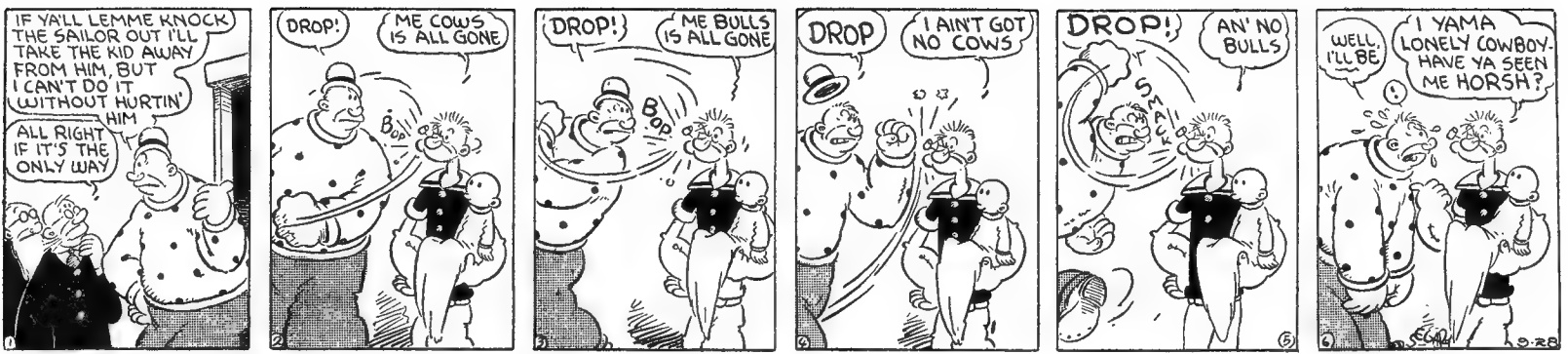


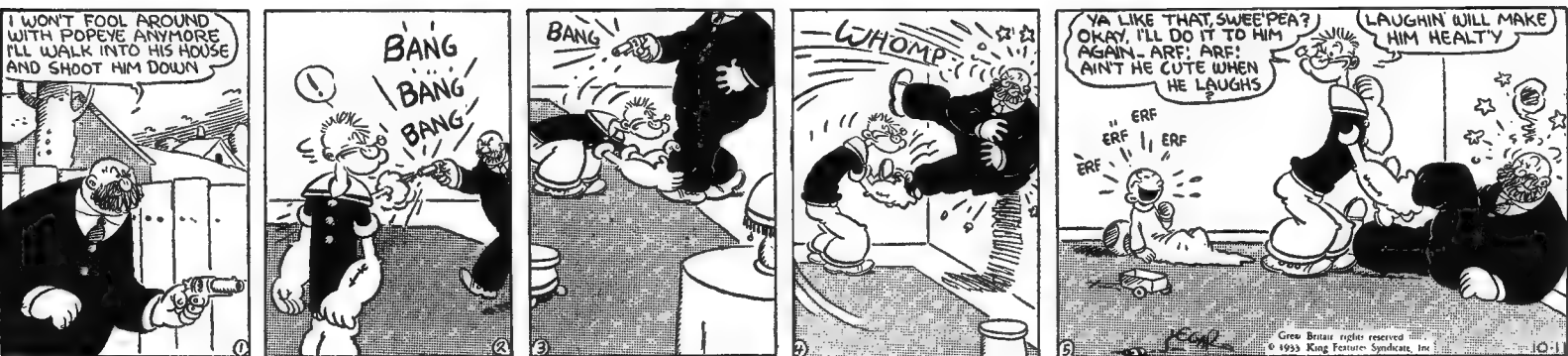
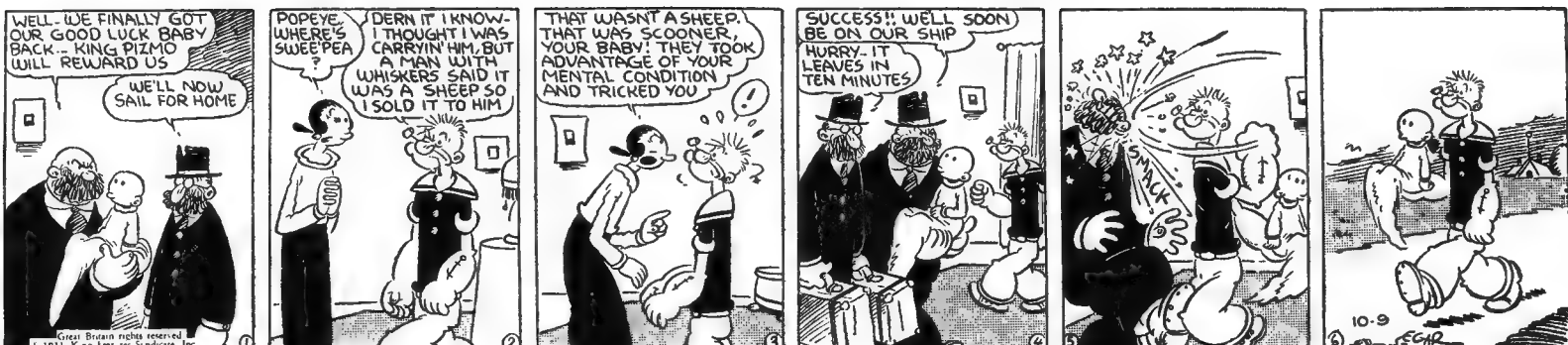
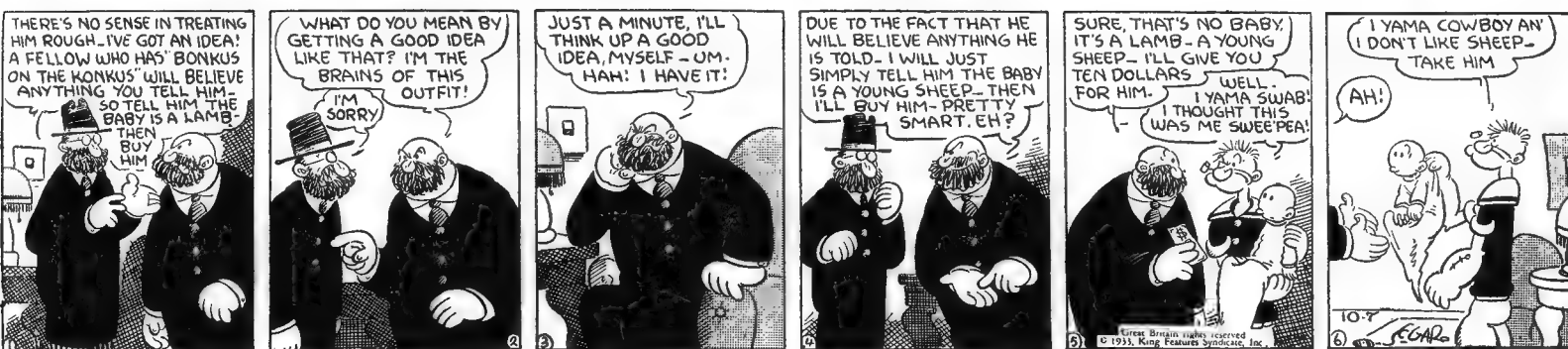


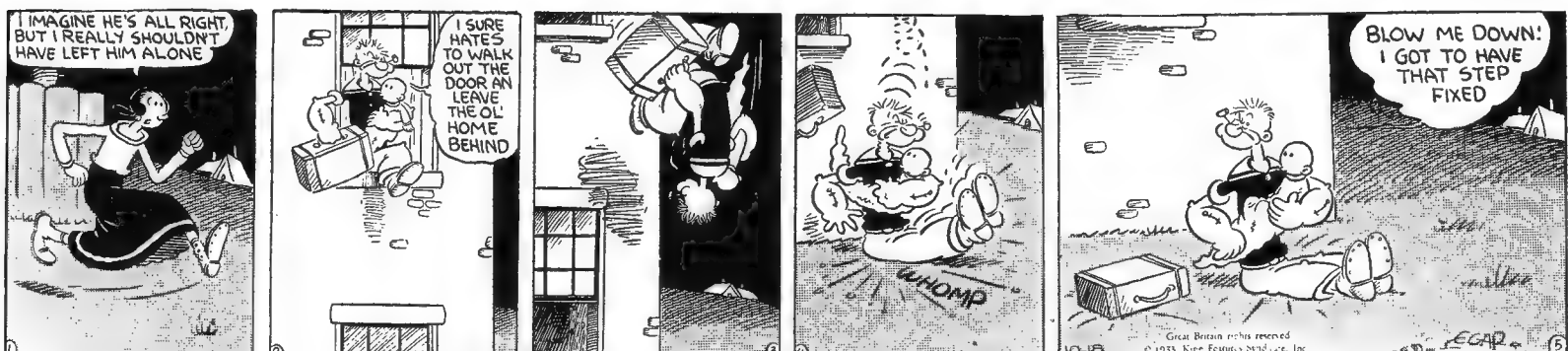
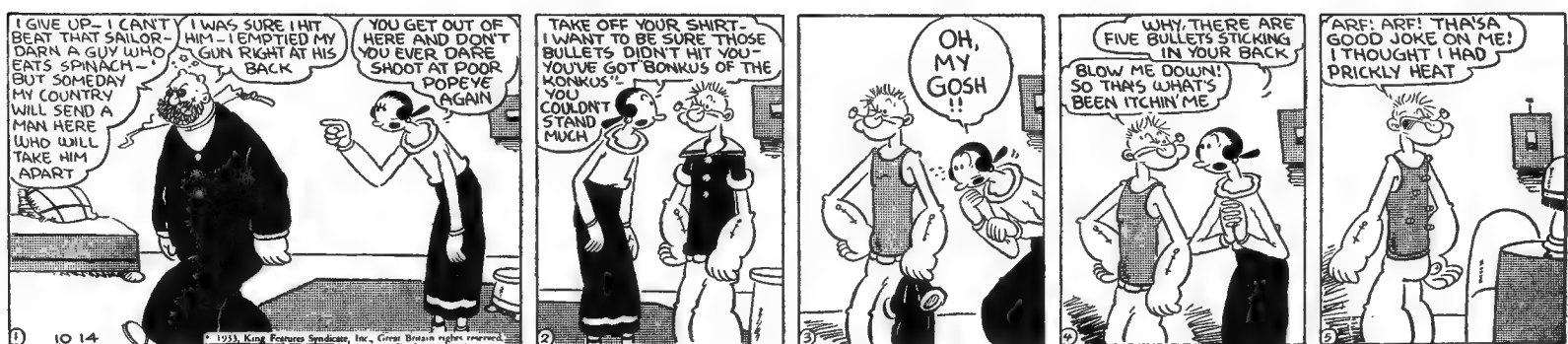
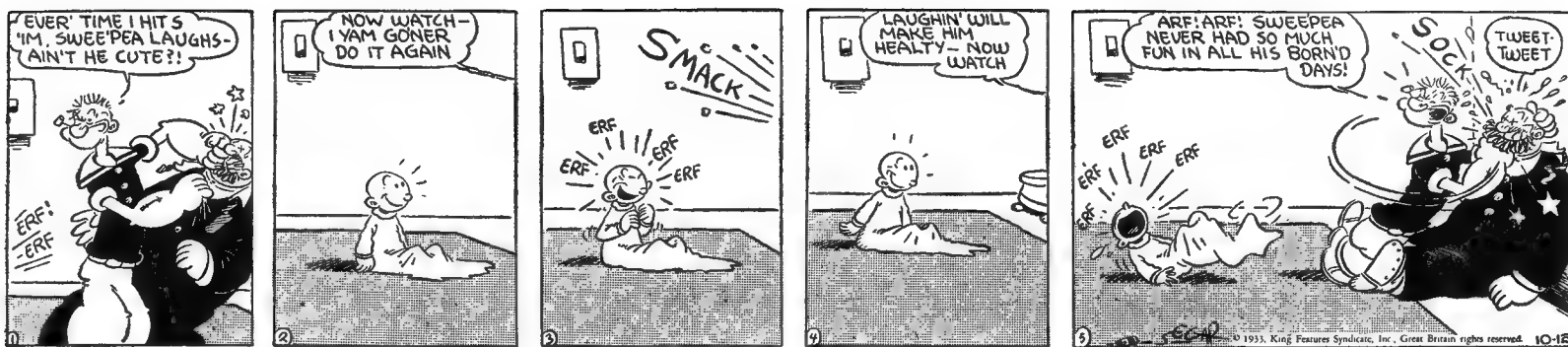


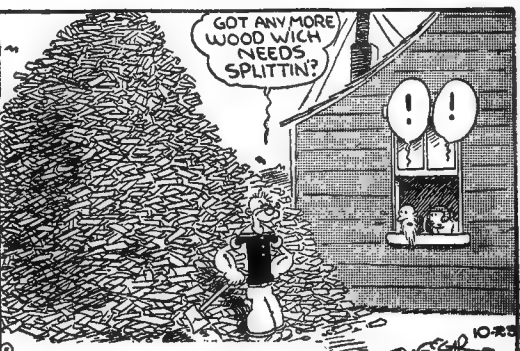
CHAPTER XII: BONKUS OF THE KONKUS

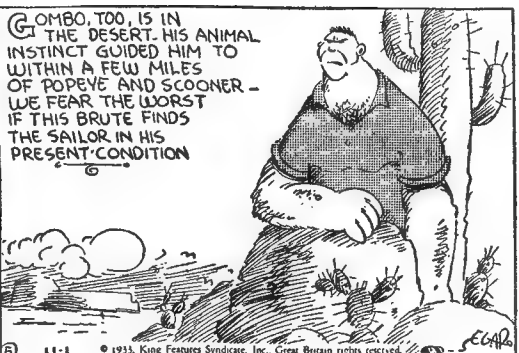
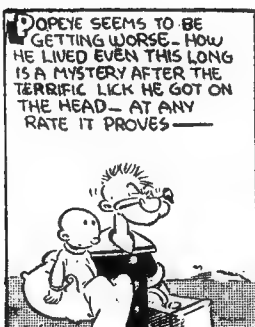
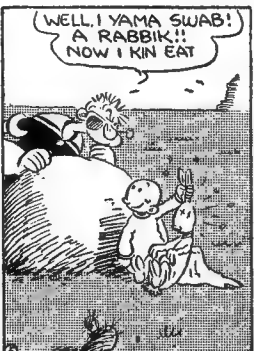
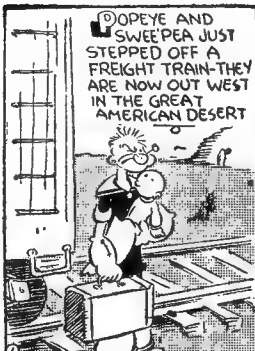
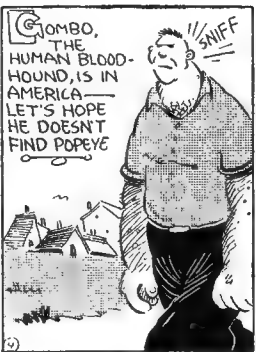
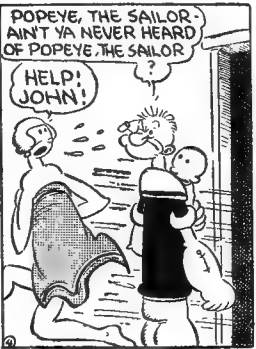
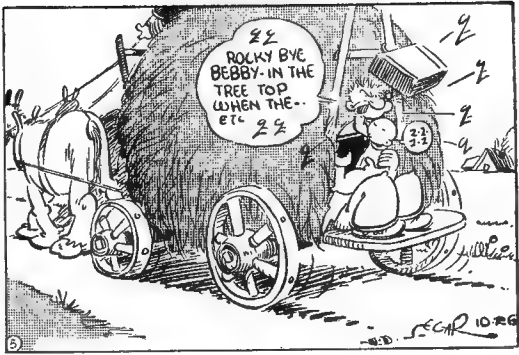
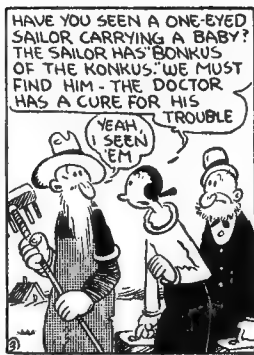


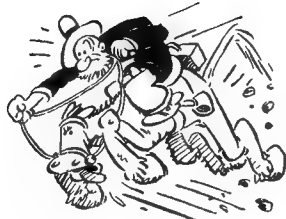




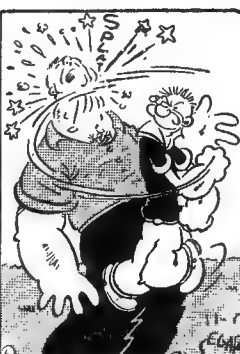
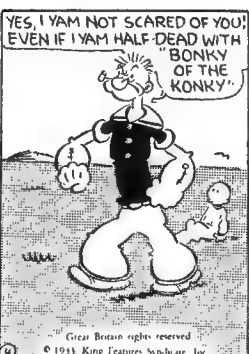
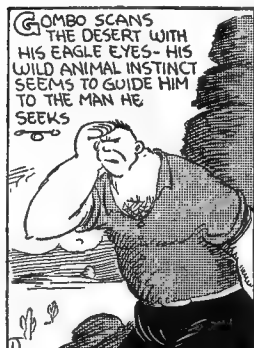


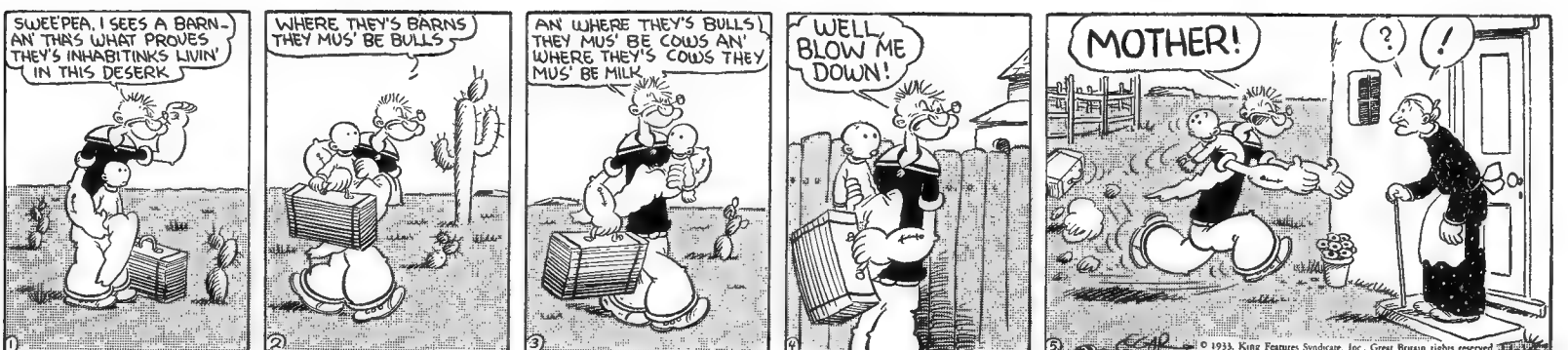
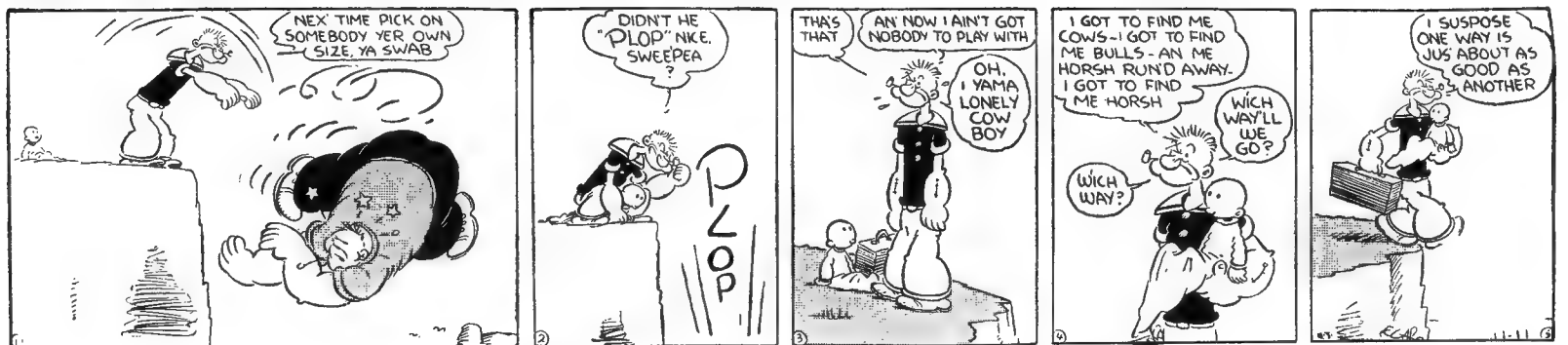
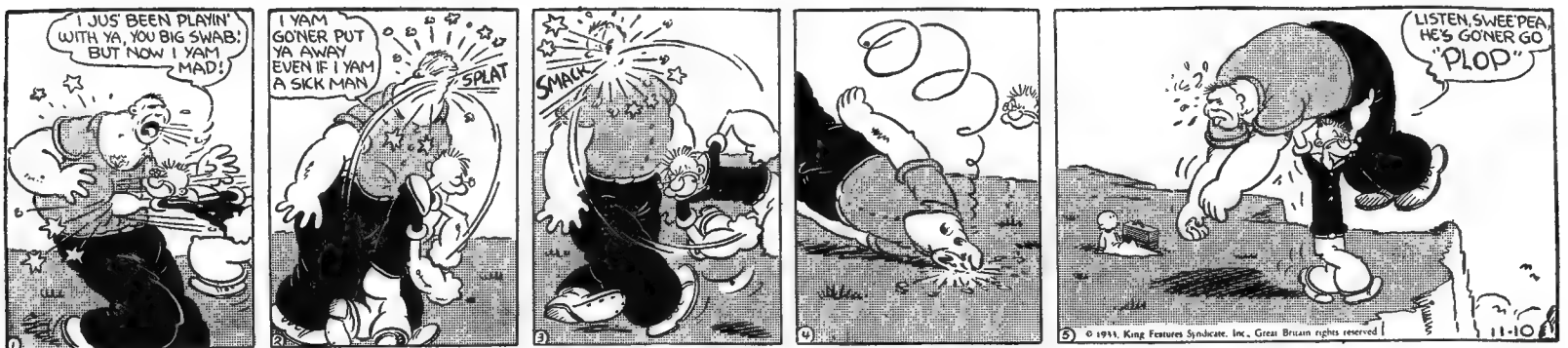
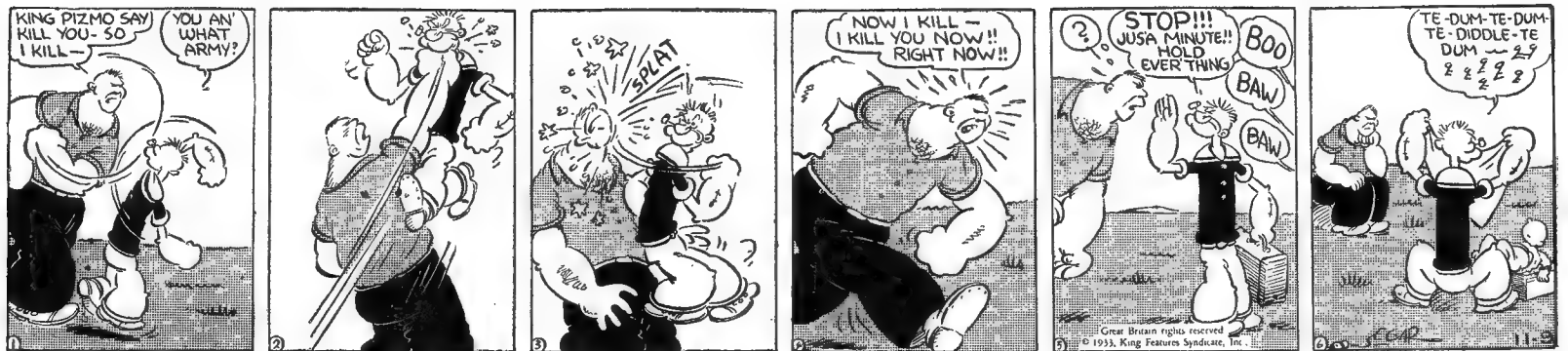
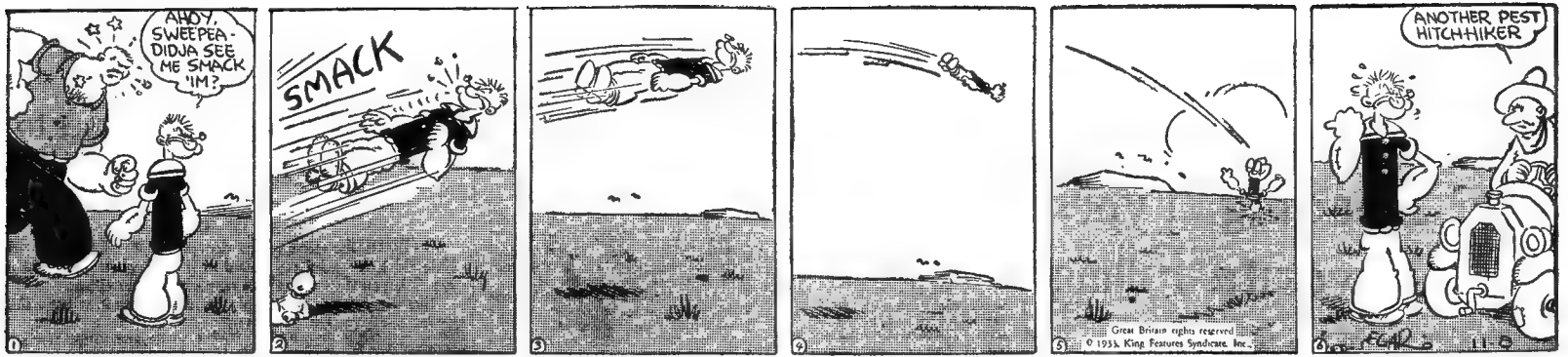


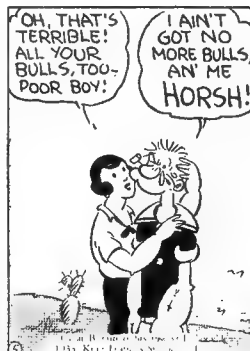
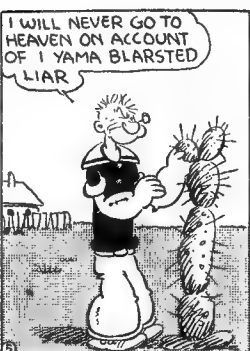
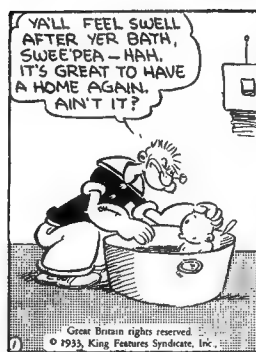


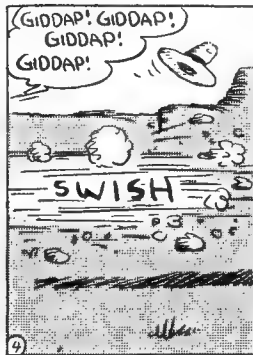
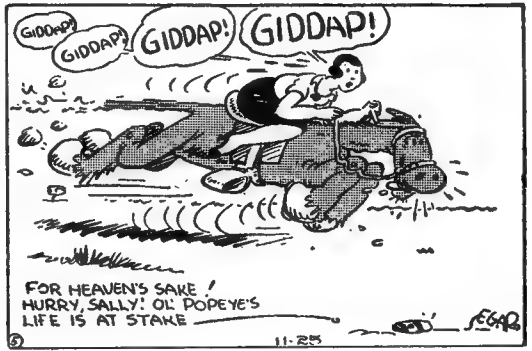
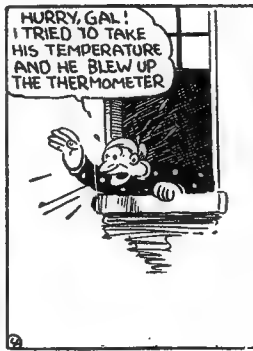
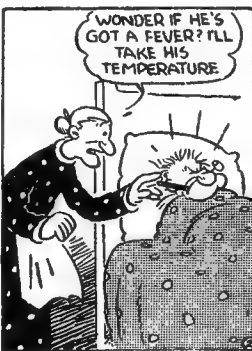
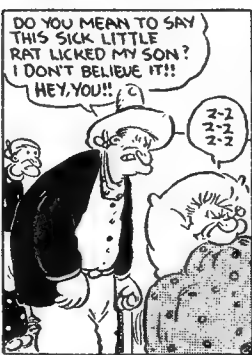


CHAPTER XIII:
POPEYE'S CURE

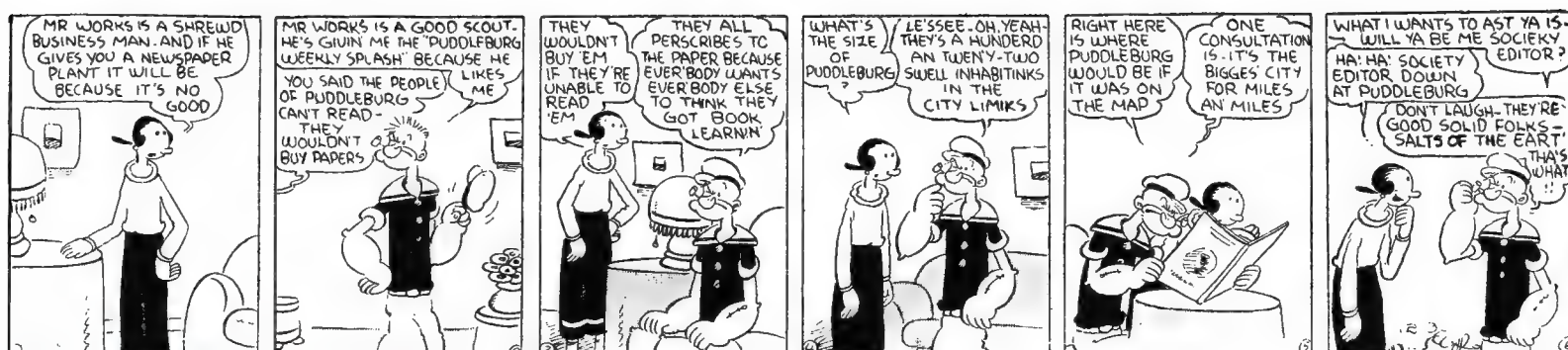




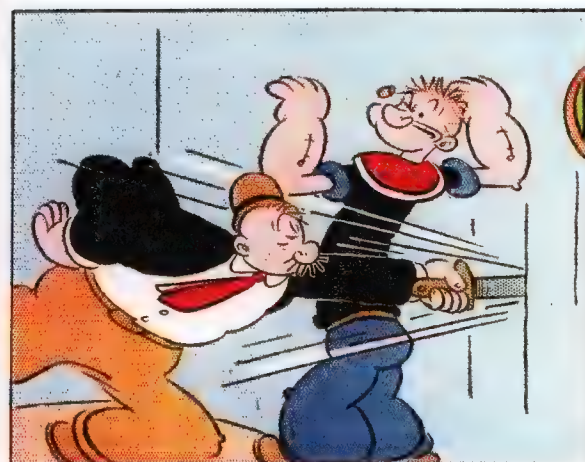






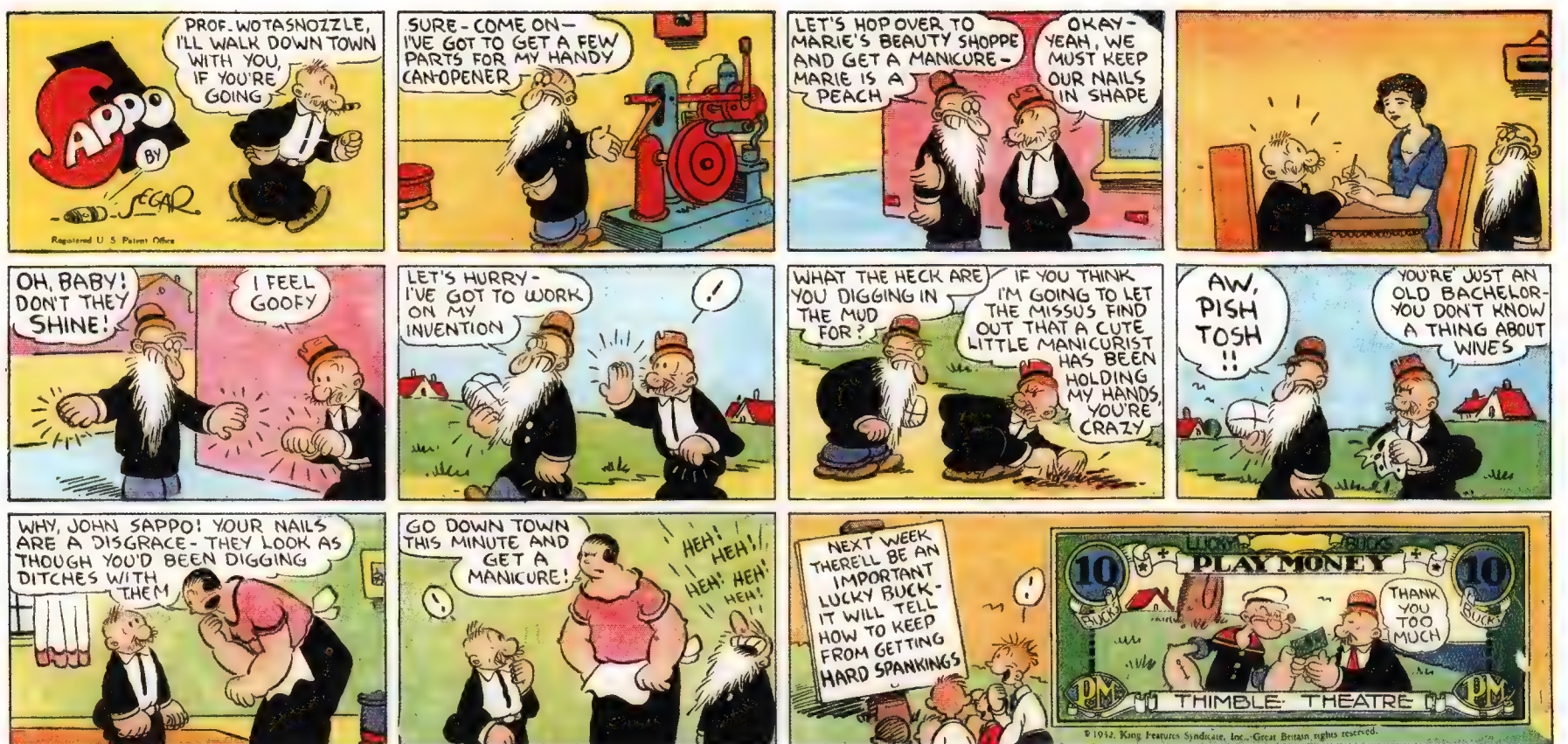
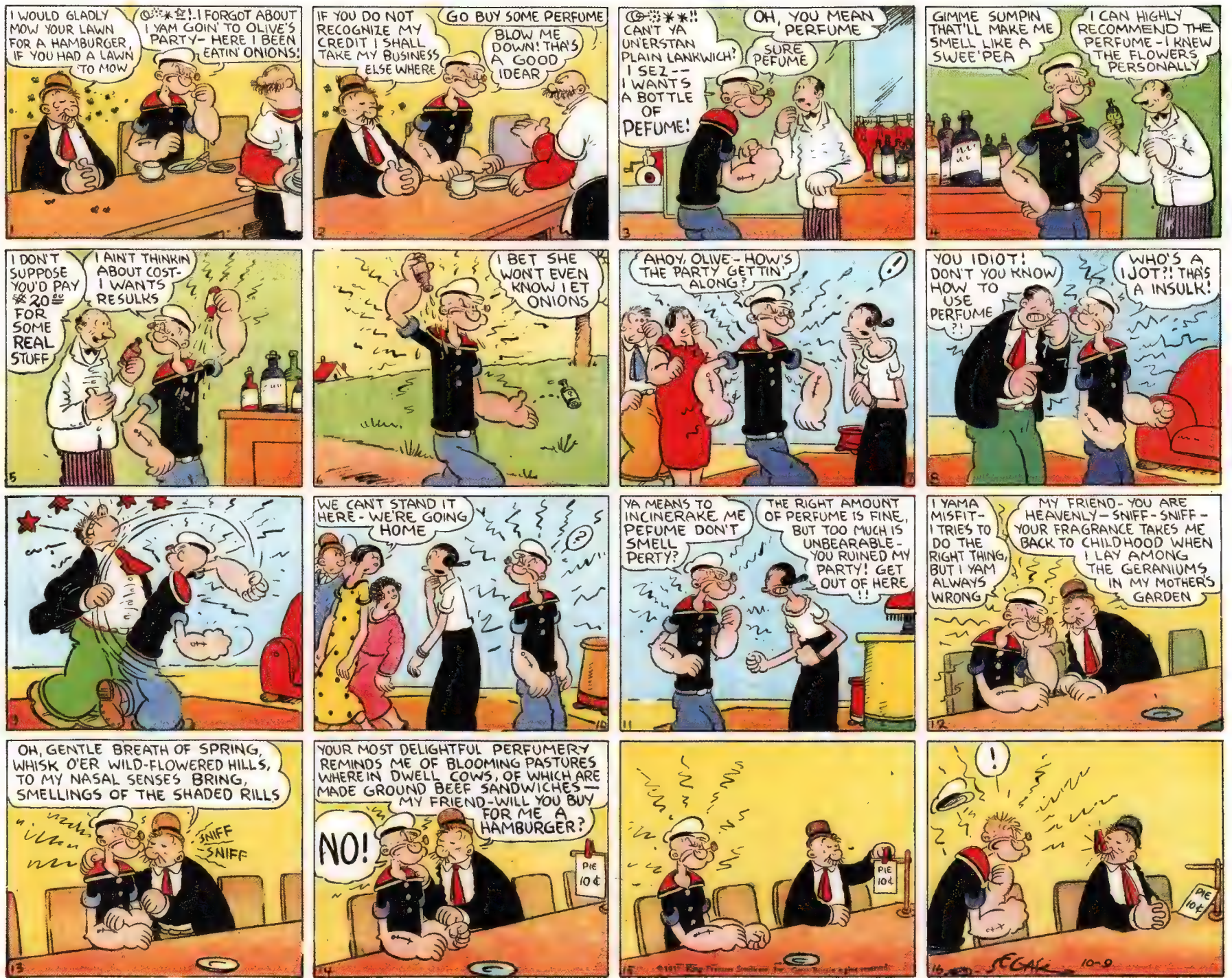


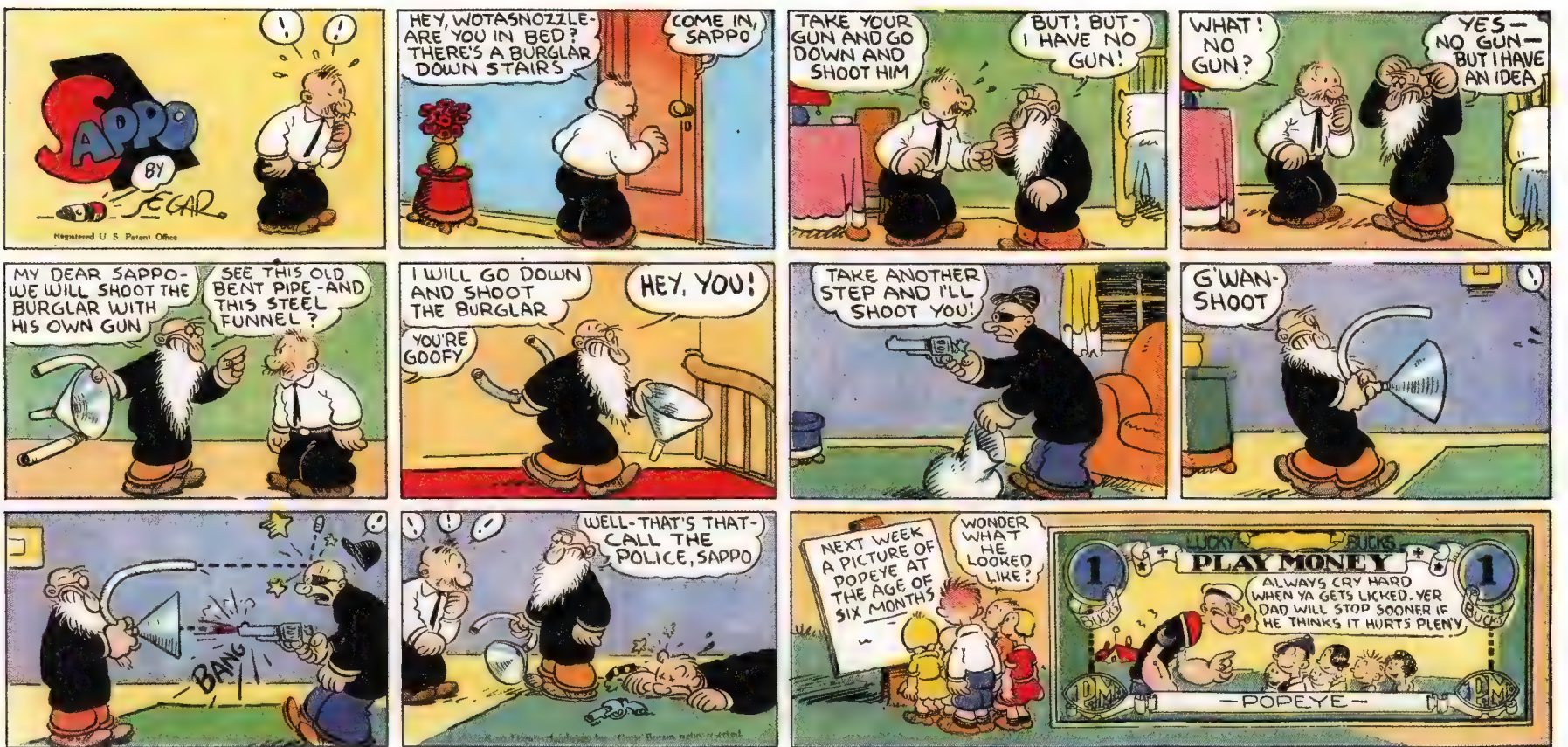
IN OUR NEXT VOLUME COMING IN FALL 2009

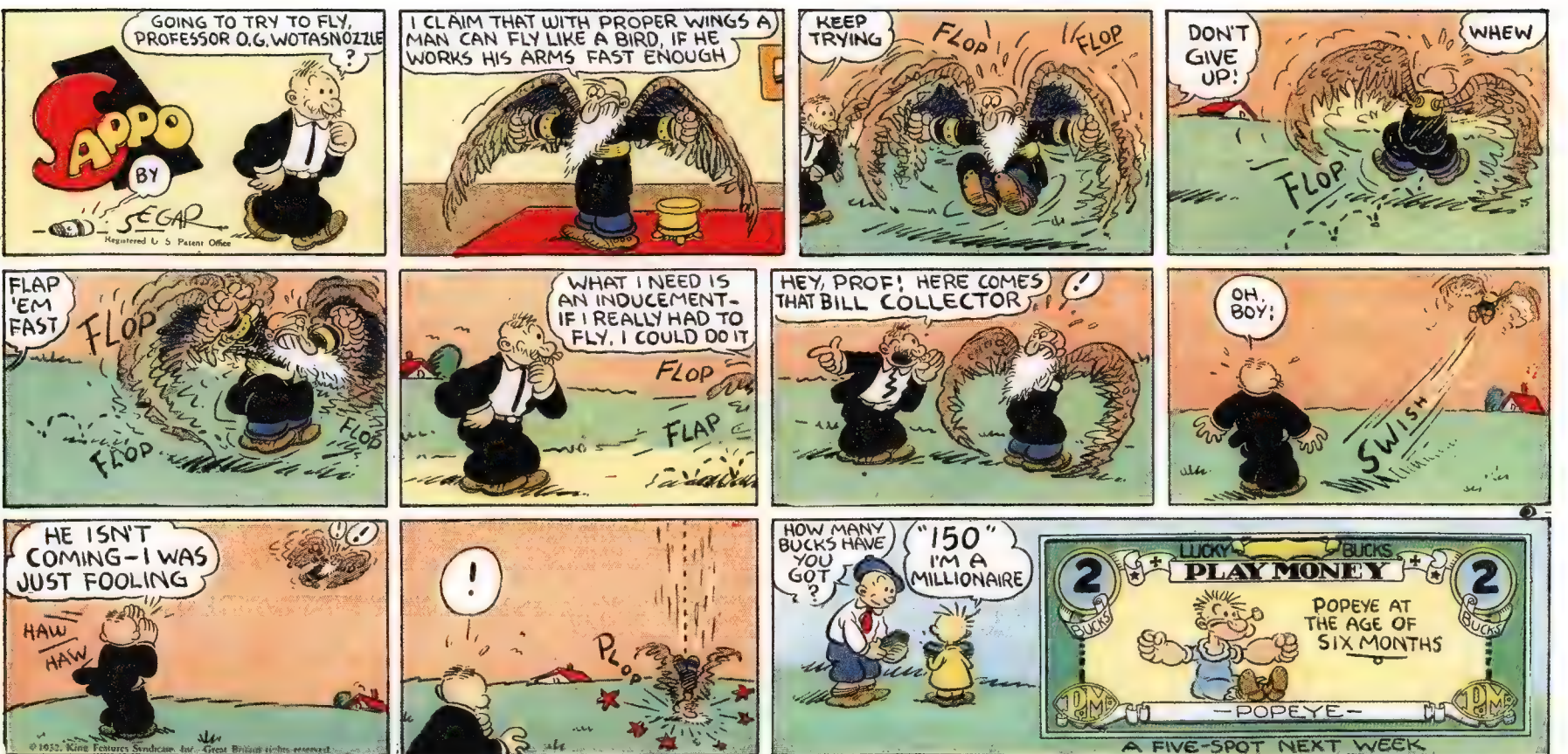
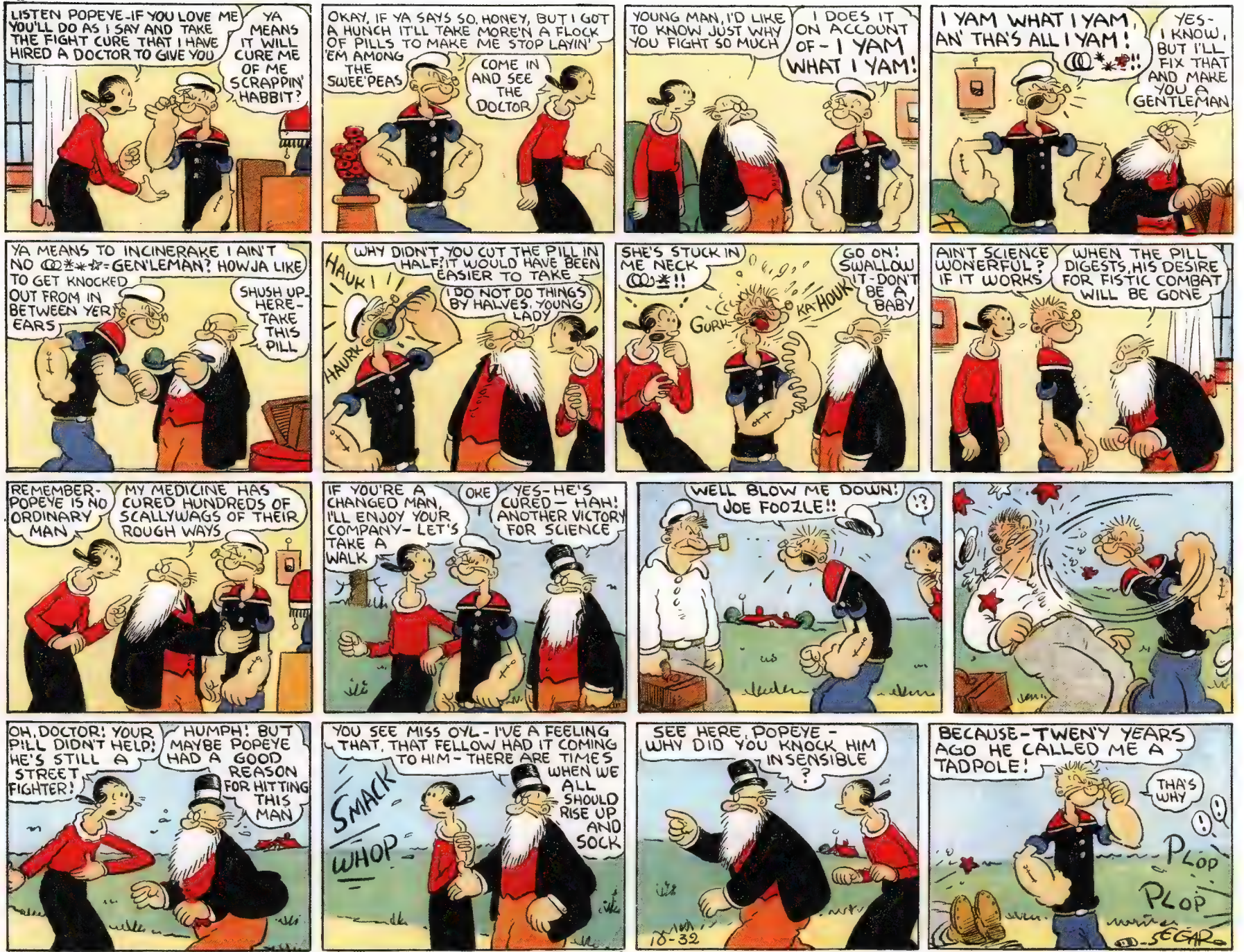


For the first time anywhere, the entire, uncut, full-color saga of "PlunderIsland"

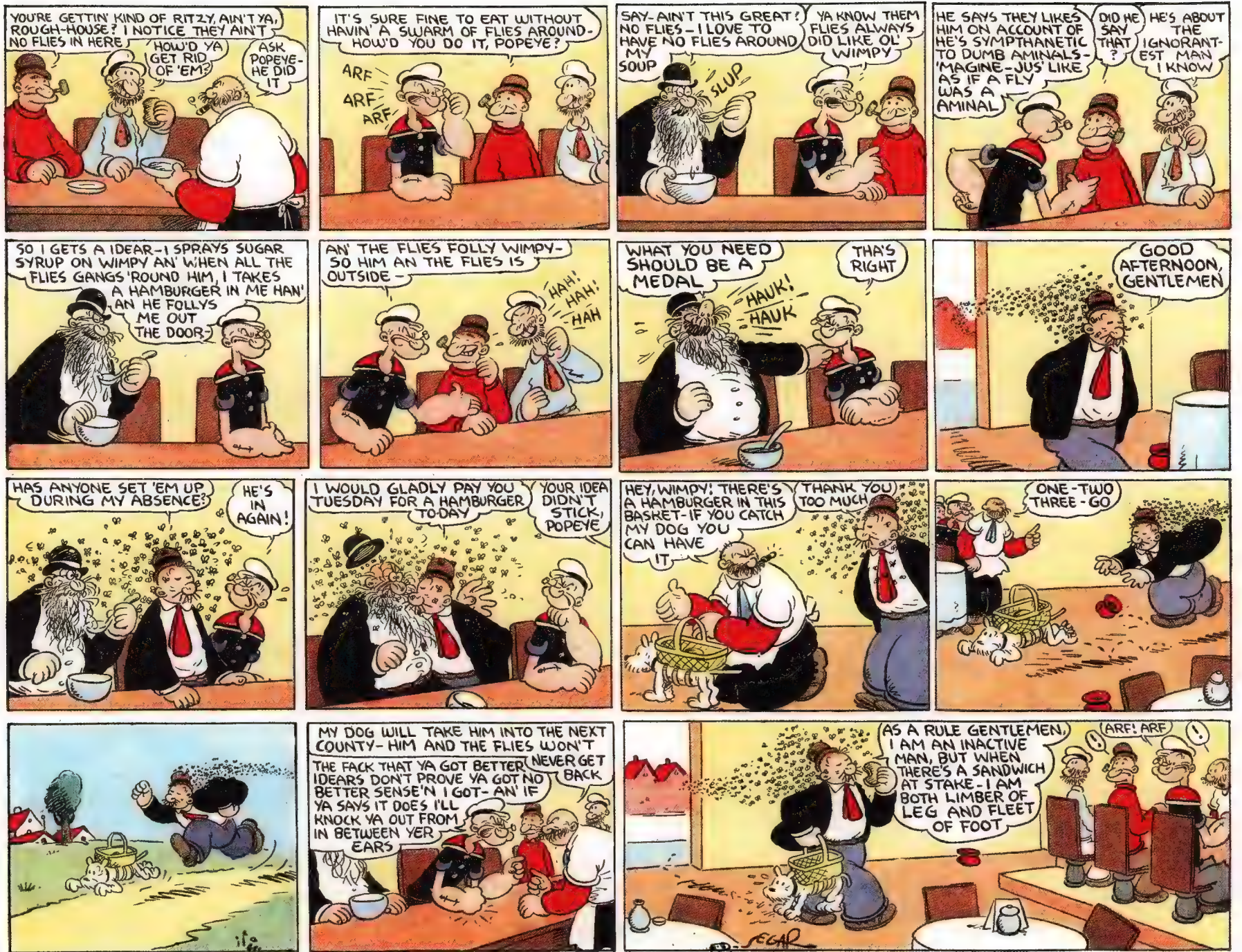
PLUS these classic Popeye adventures from 1934 and 1935: Puddleburg; Romance and Riches; Unifruit (featuring King Blozo); the western Black Valley (with Popeye in drag); The Pool of Youth (featuring the return of the Sea Hag... and her sister!); and the beginning of the six-month-long epic Popeye's Ark!

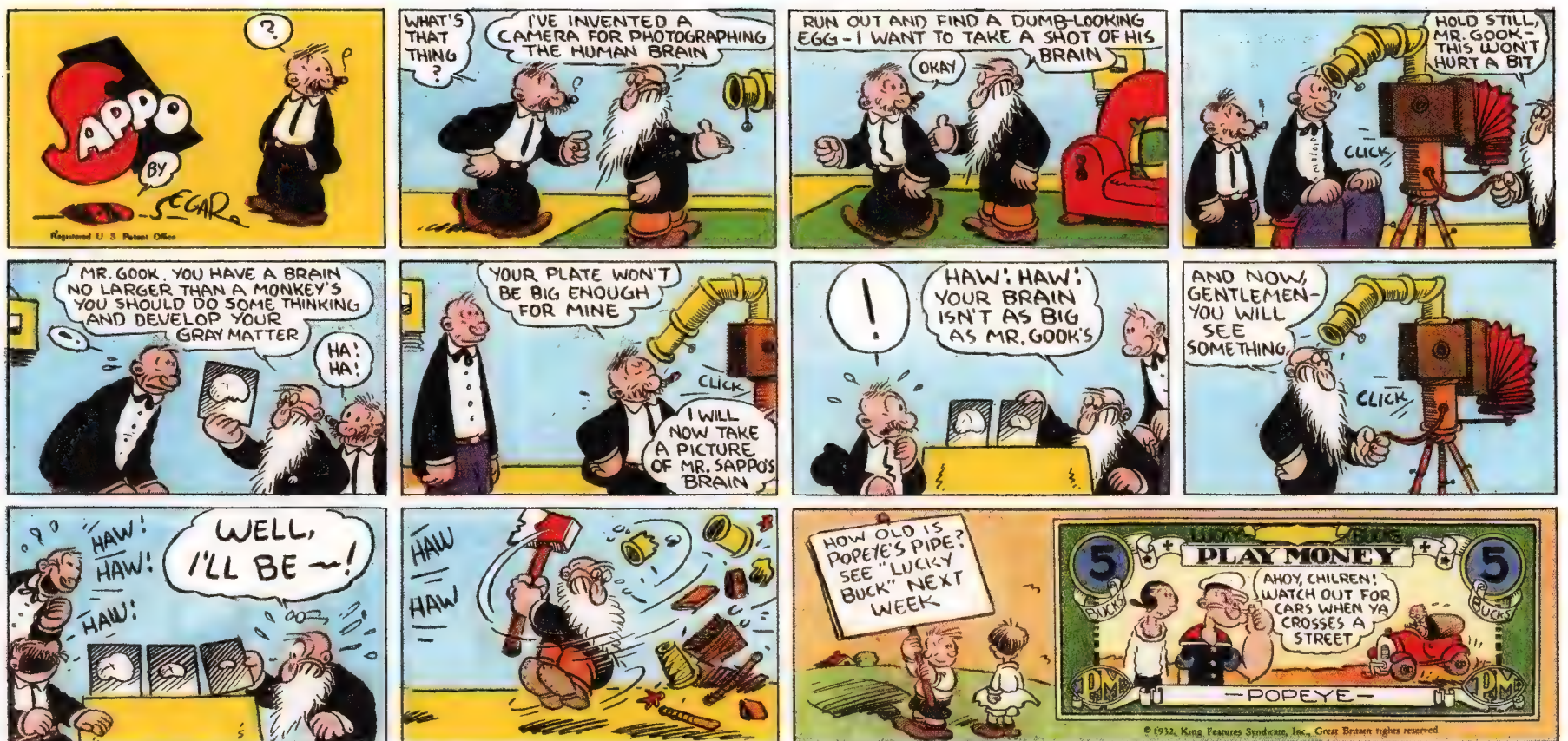
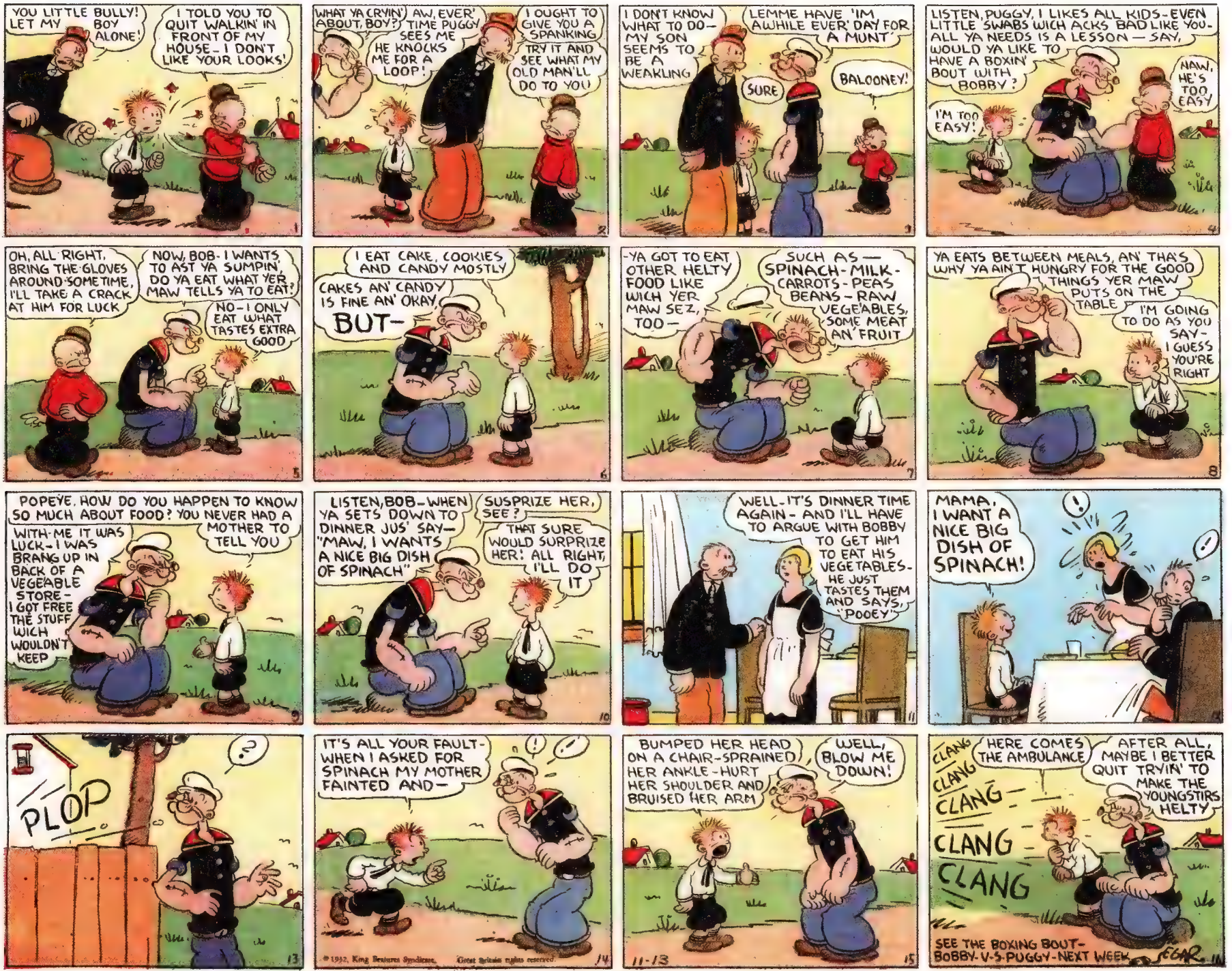


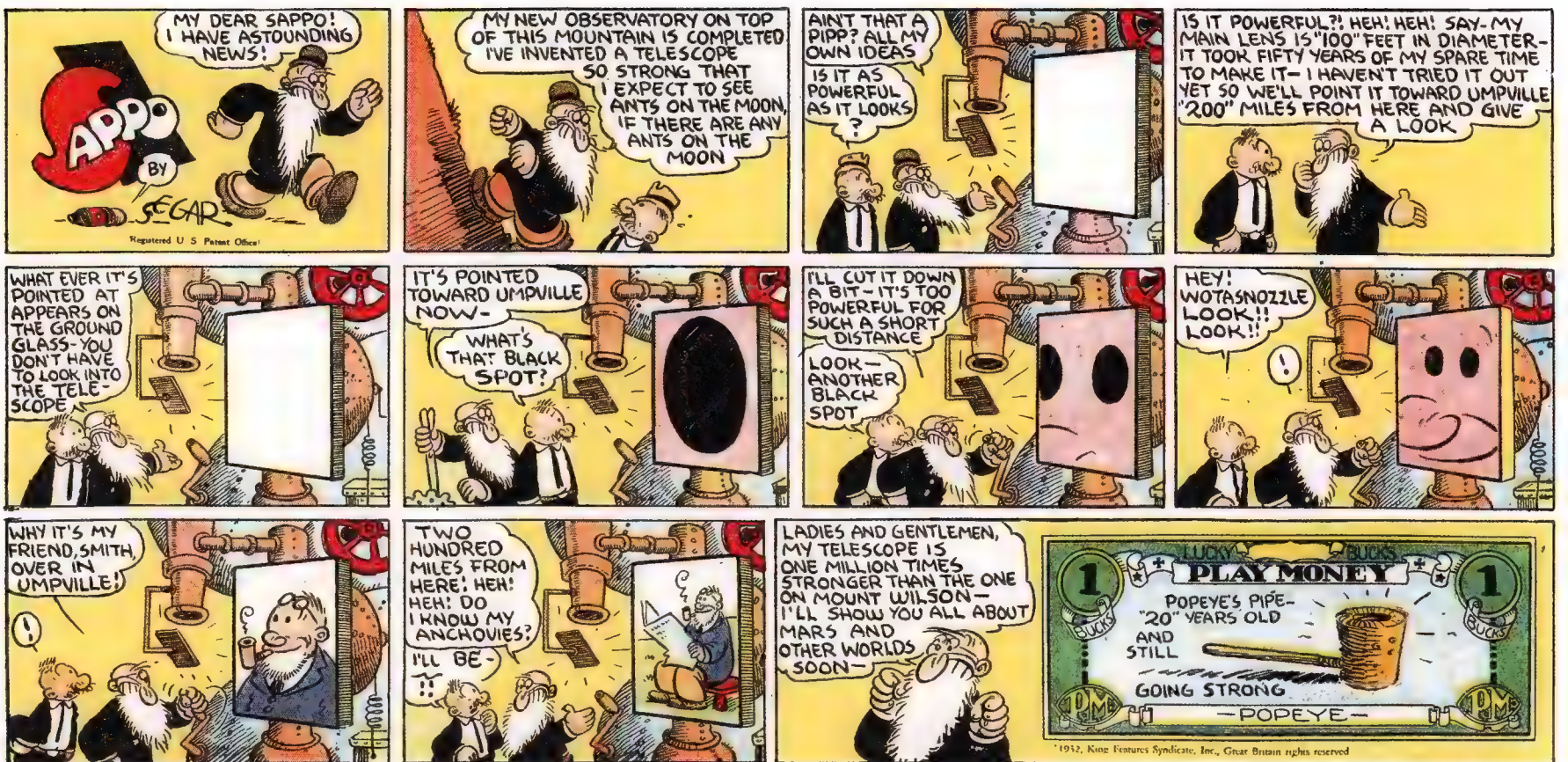
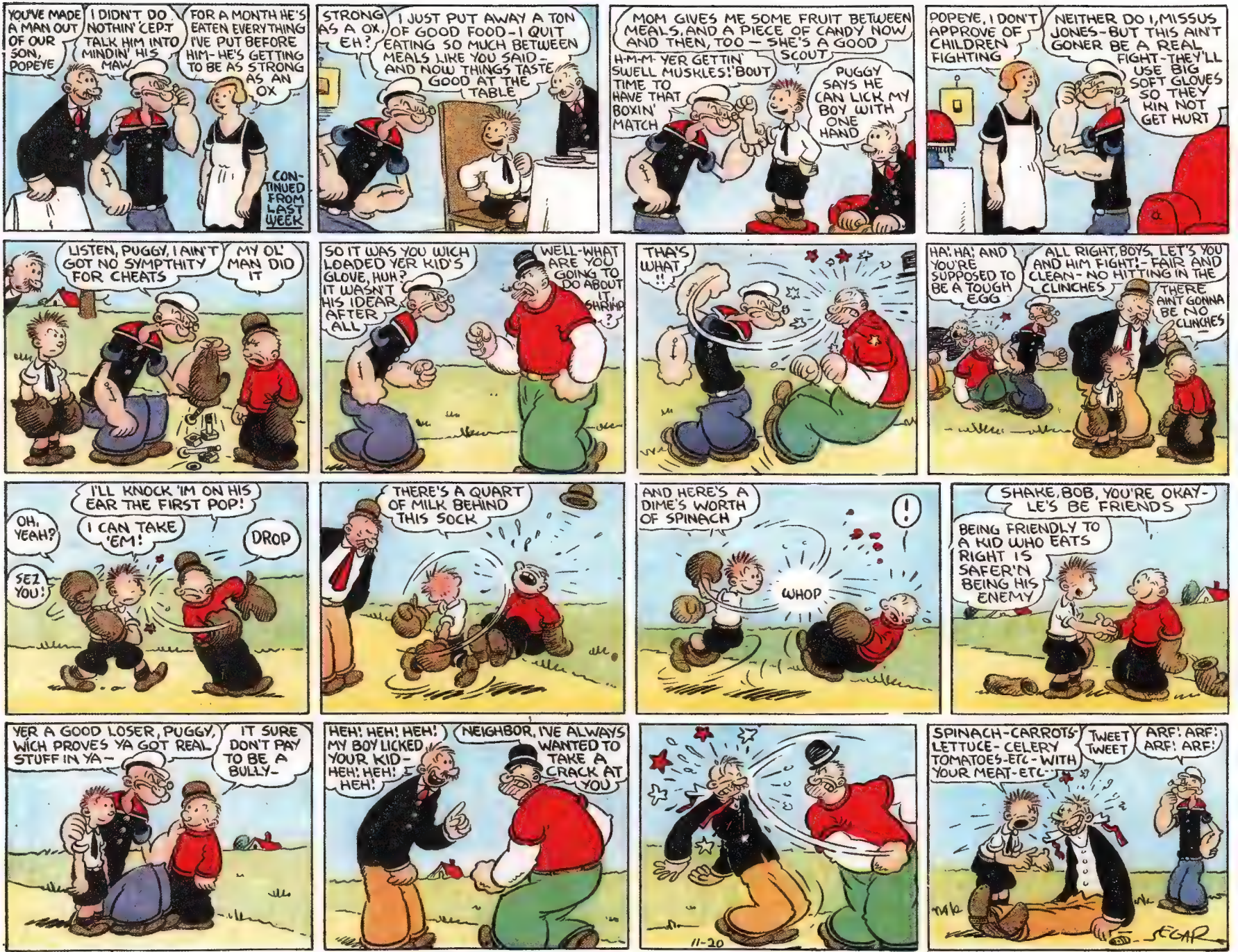


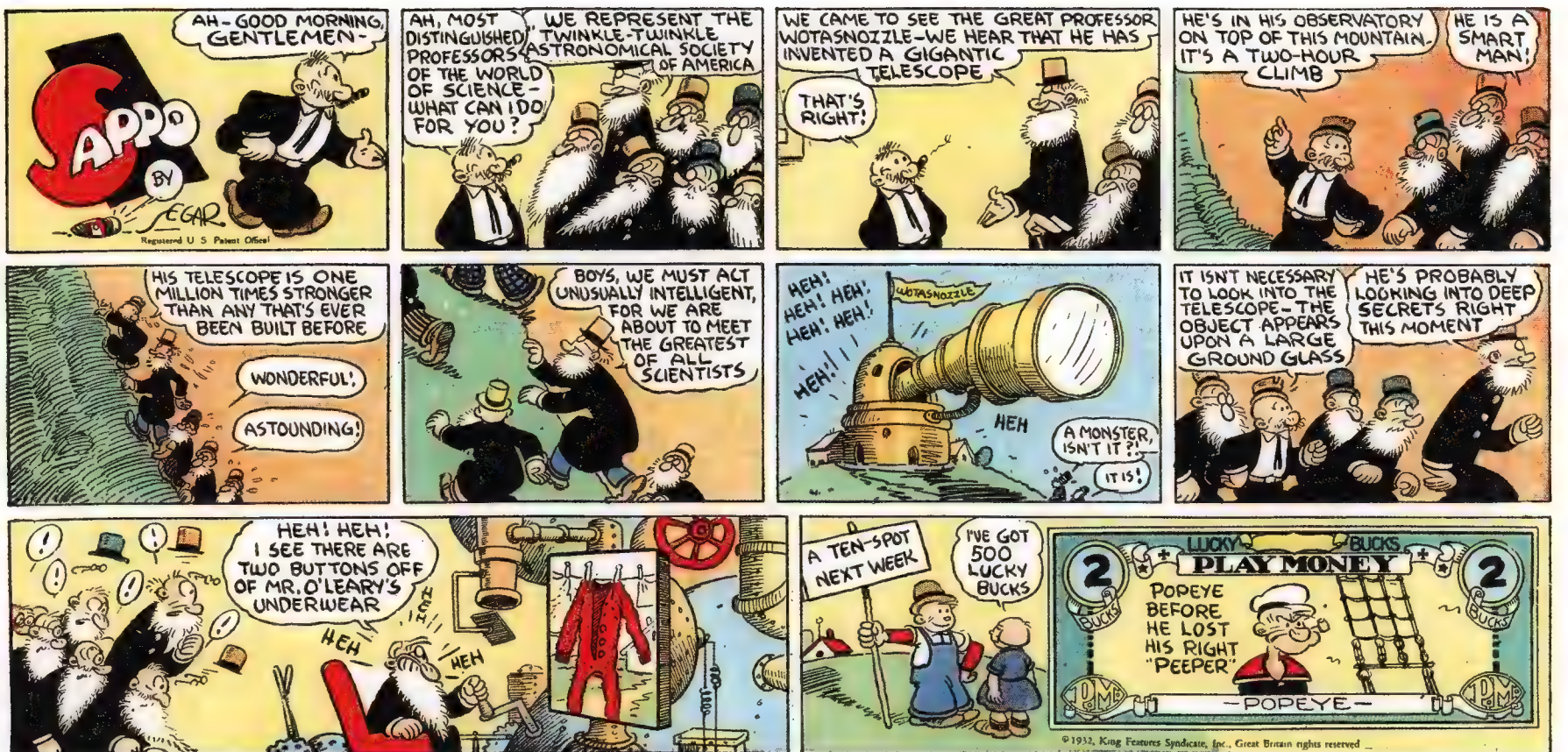




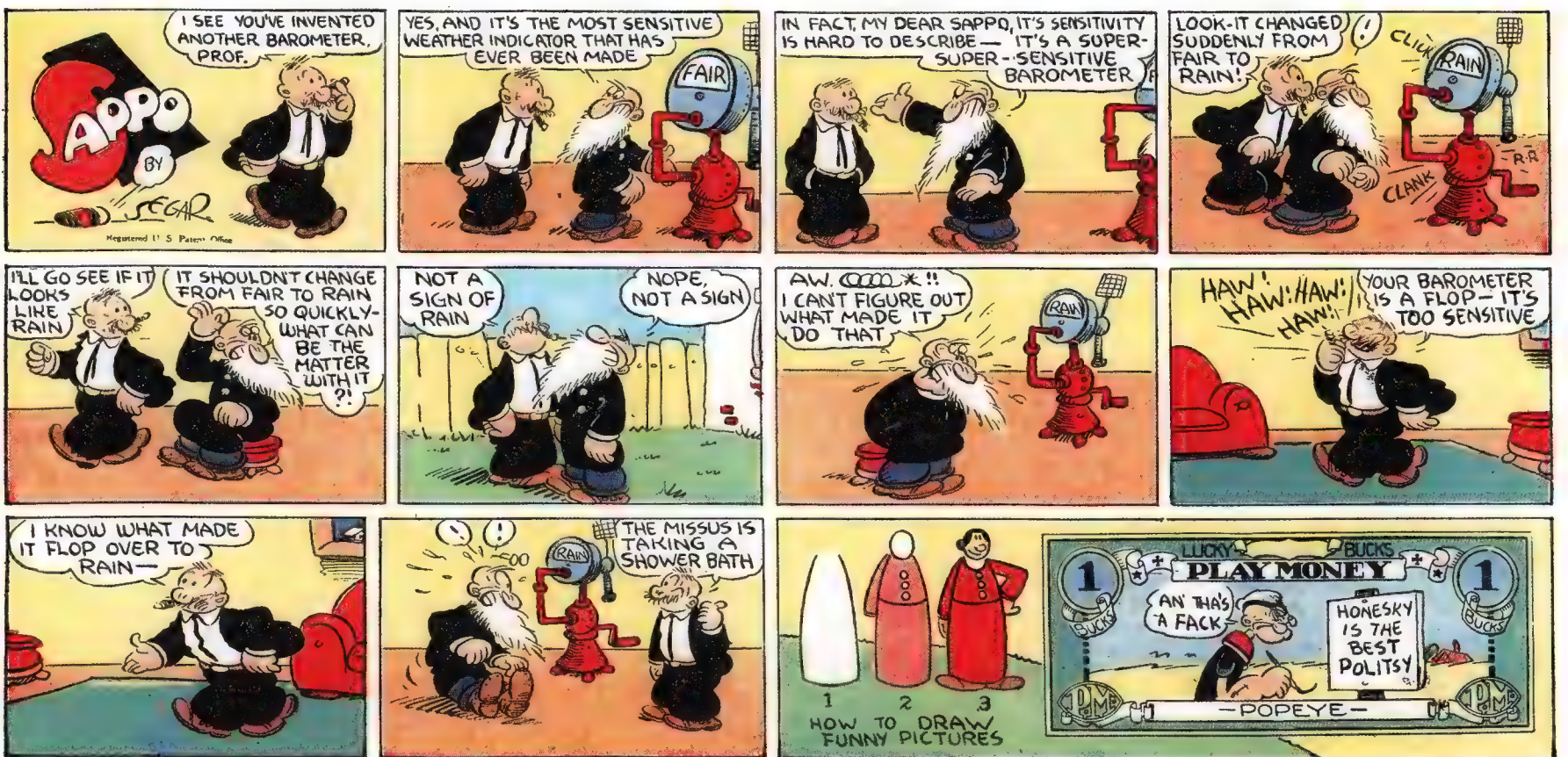


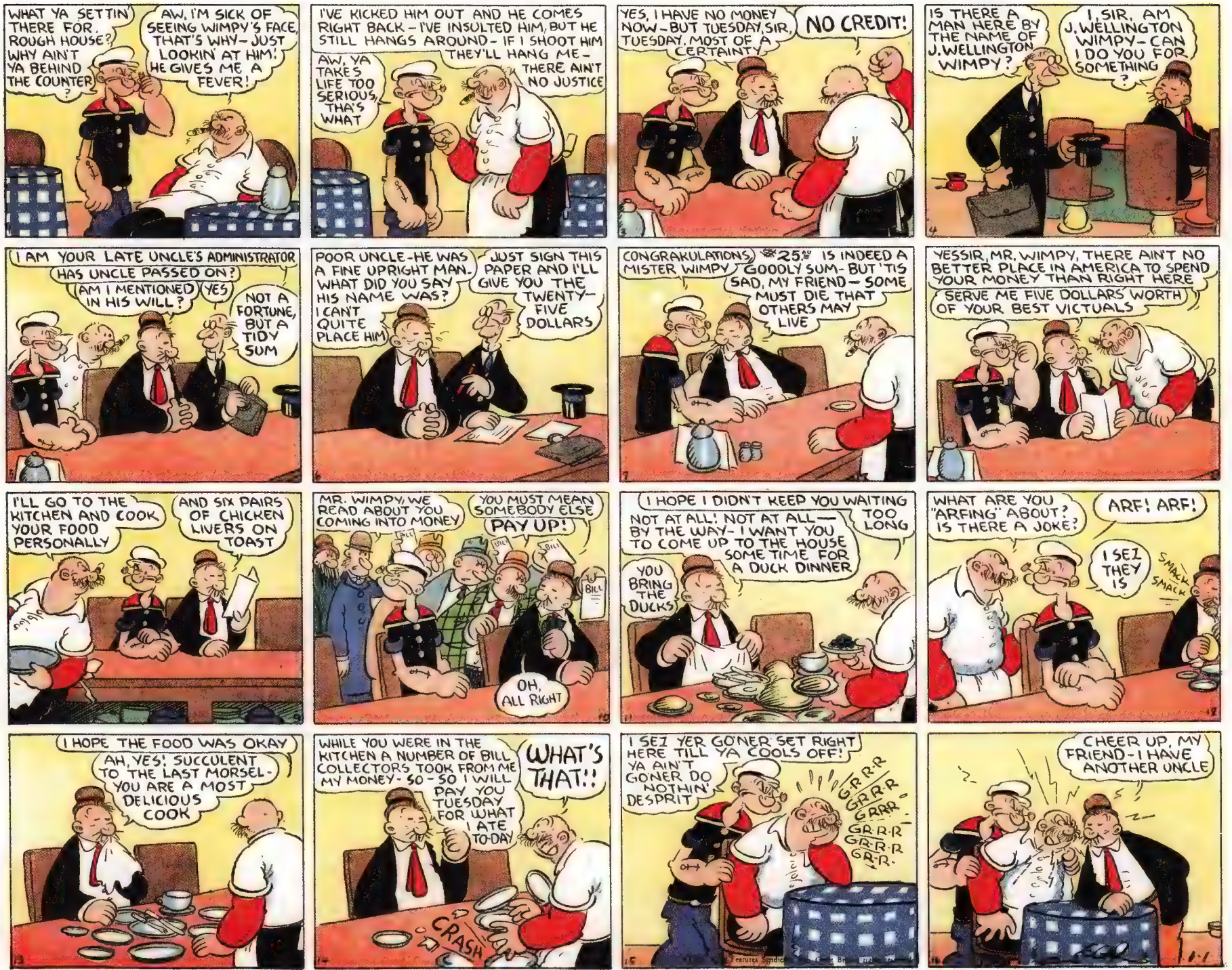


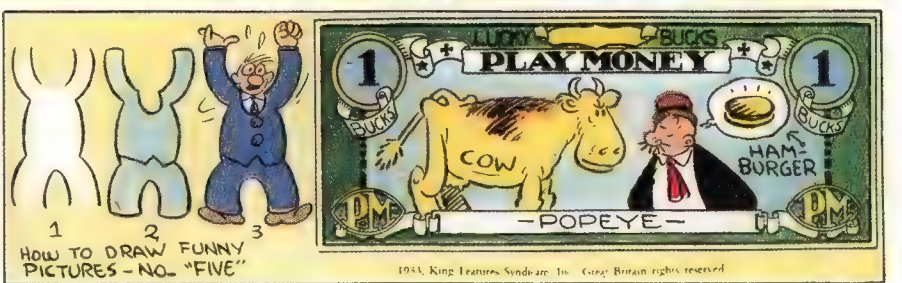
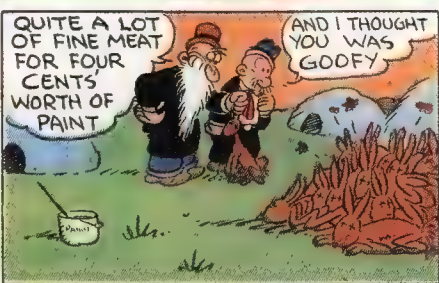
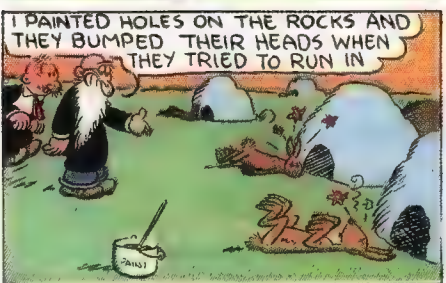
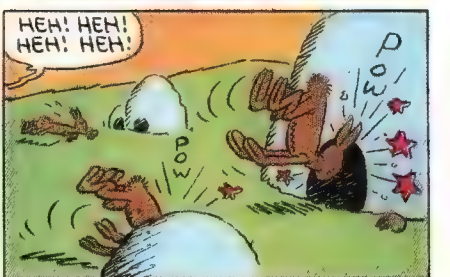
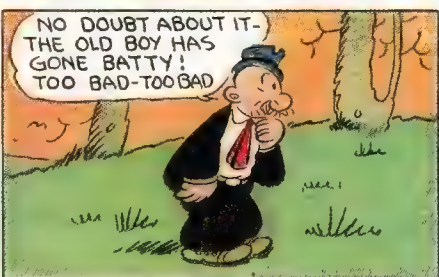
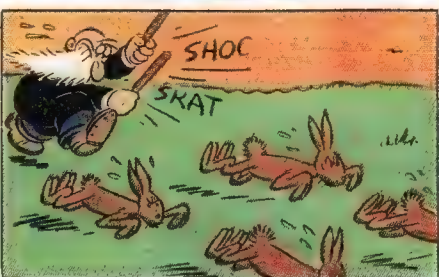
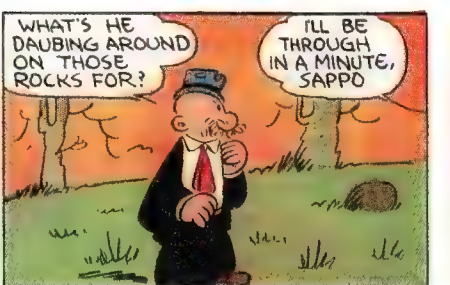
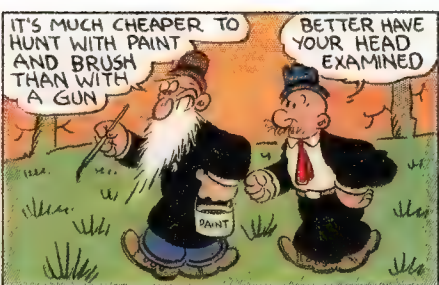
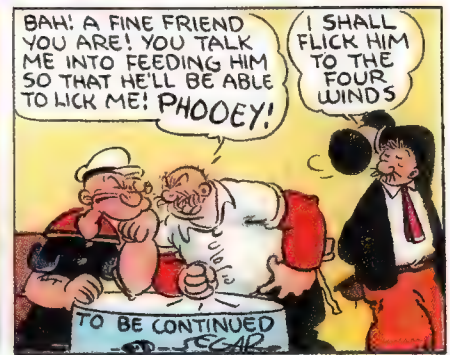
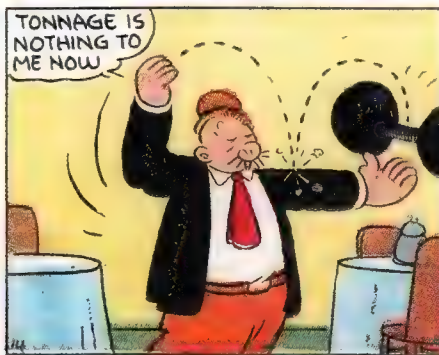
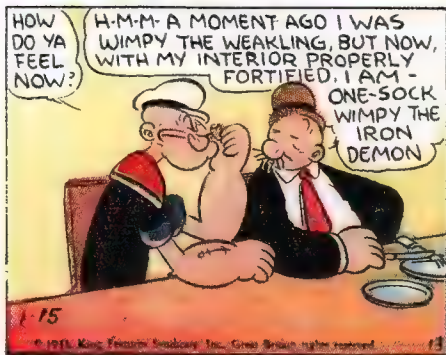
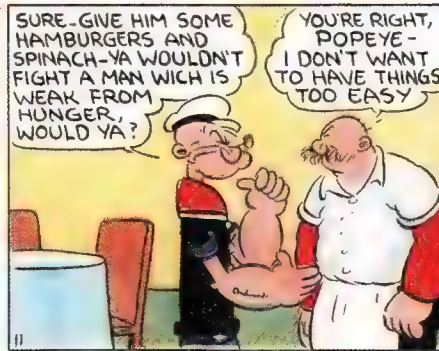
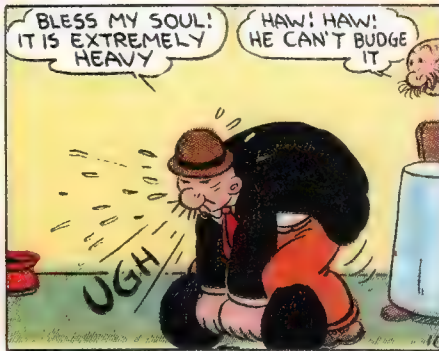
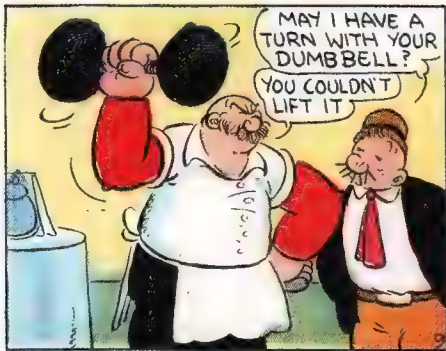
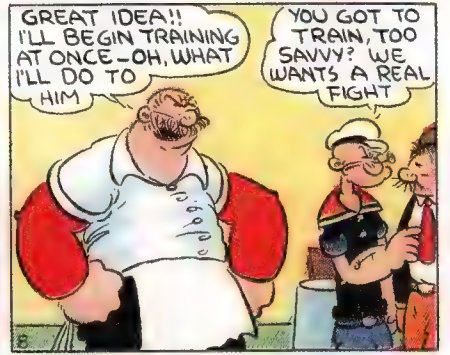
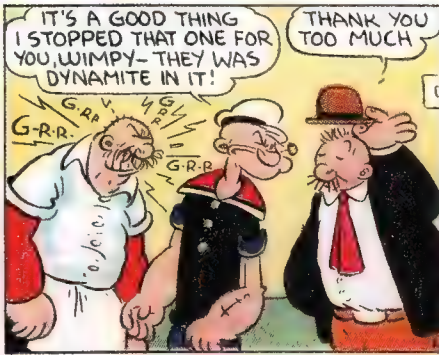
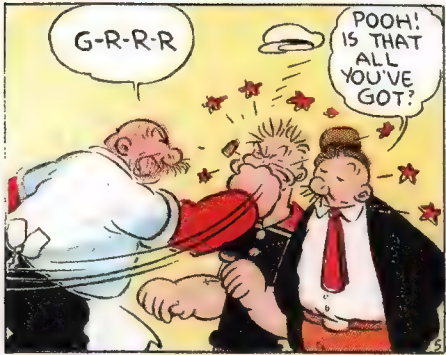
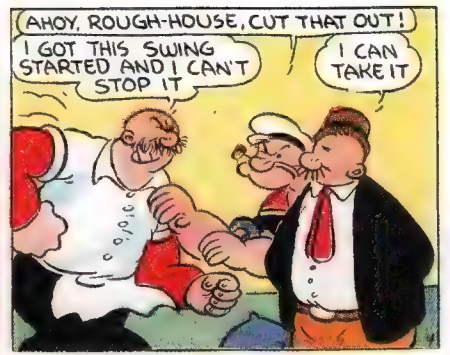
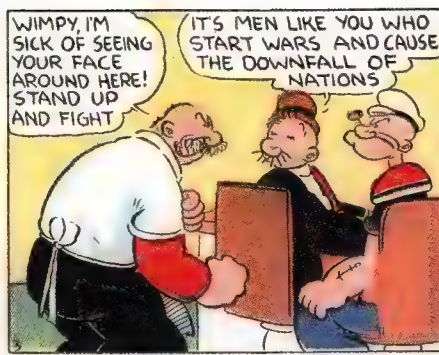
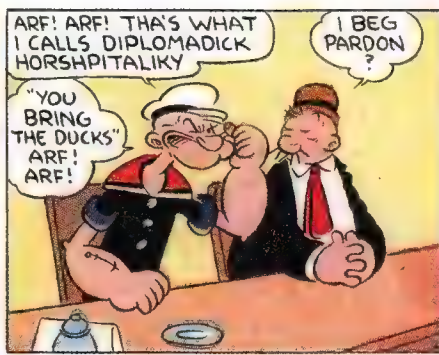
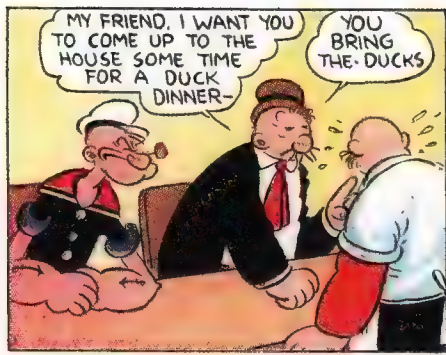


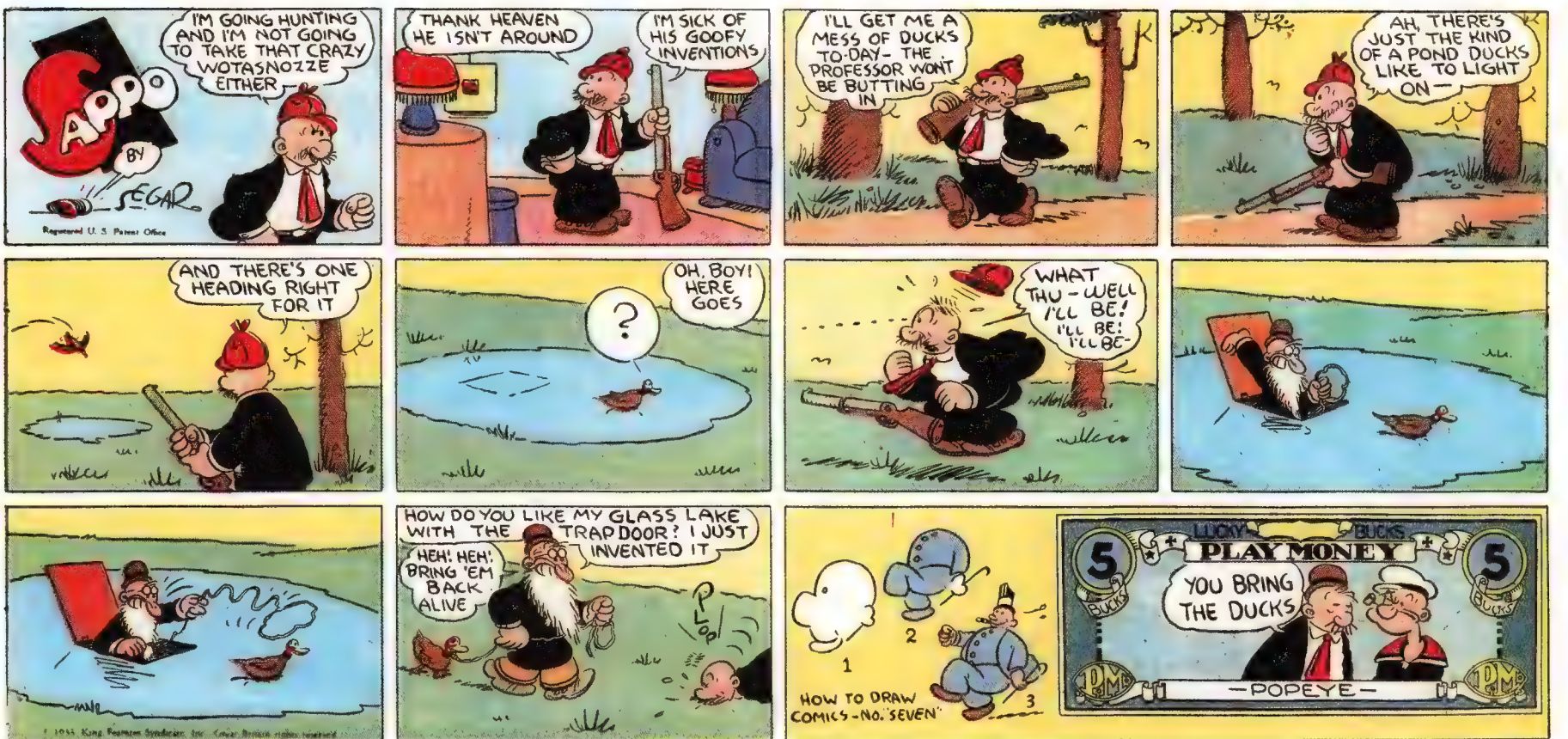
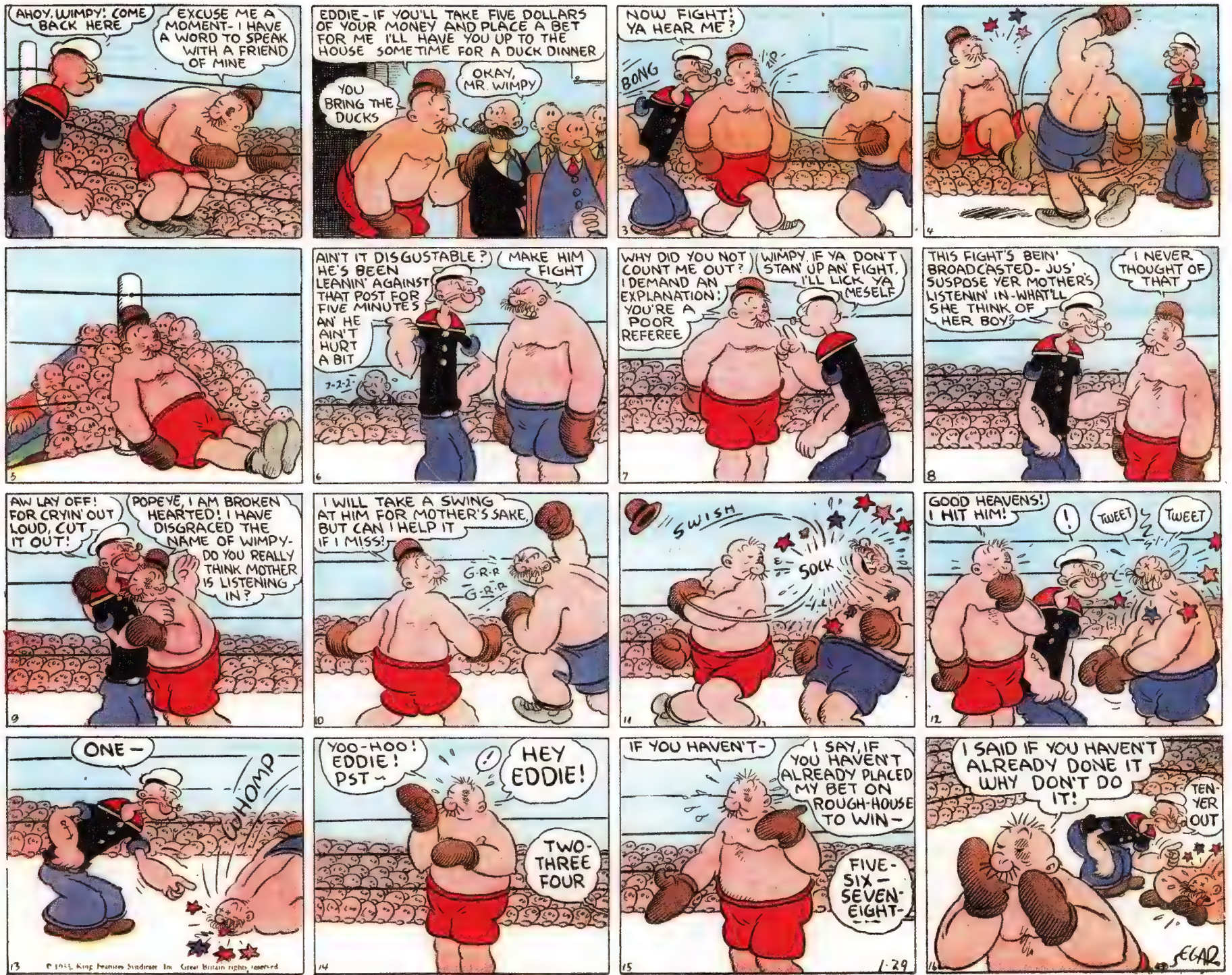


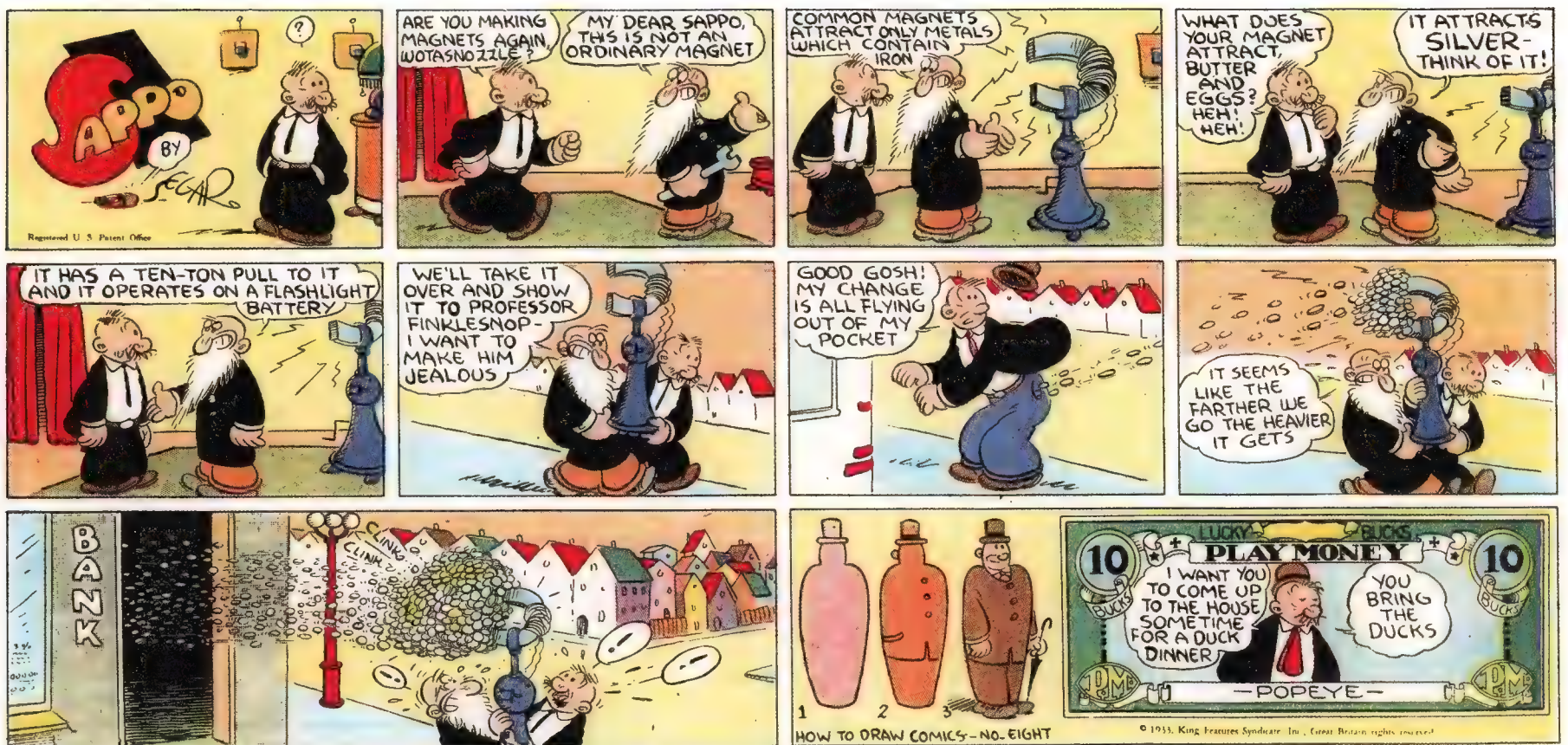


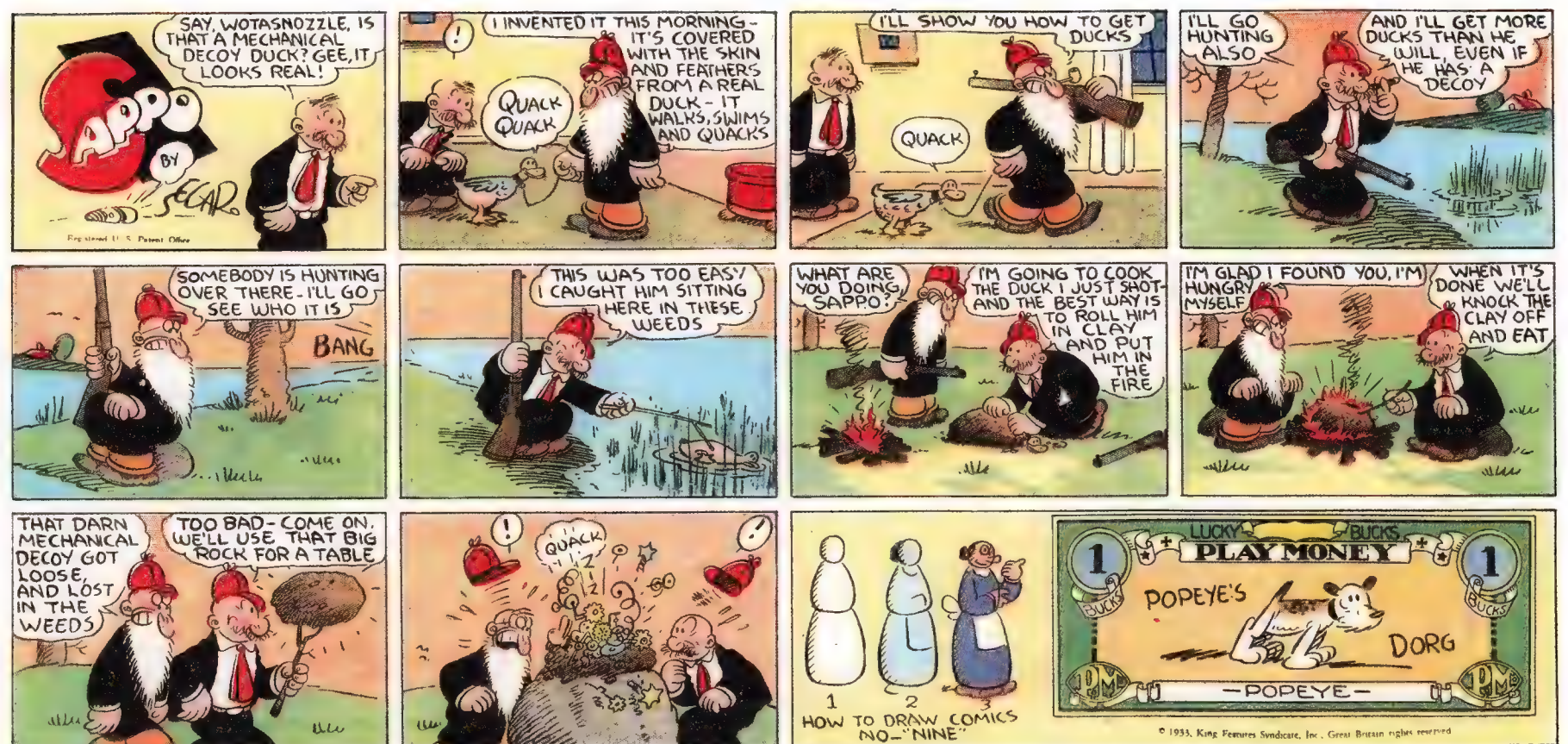
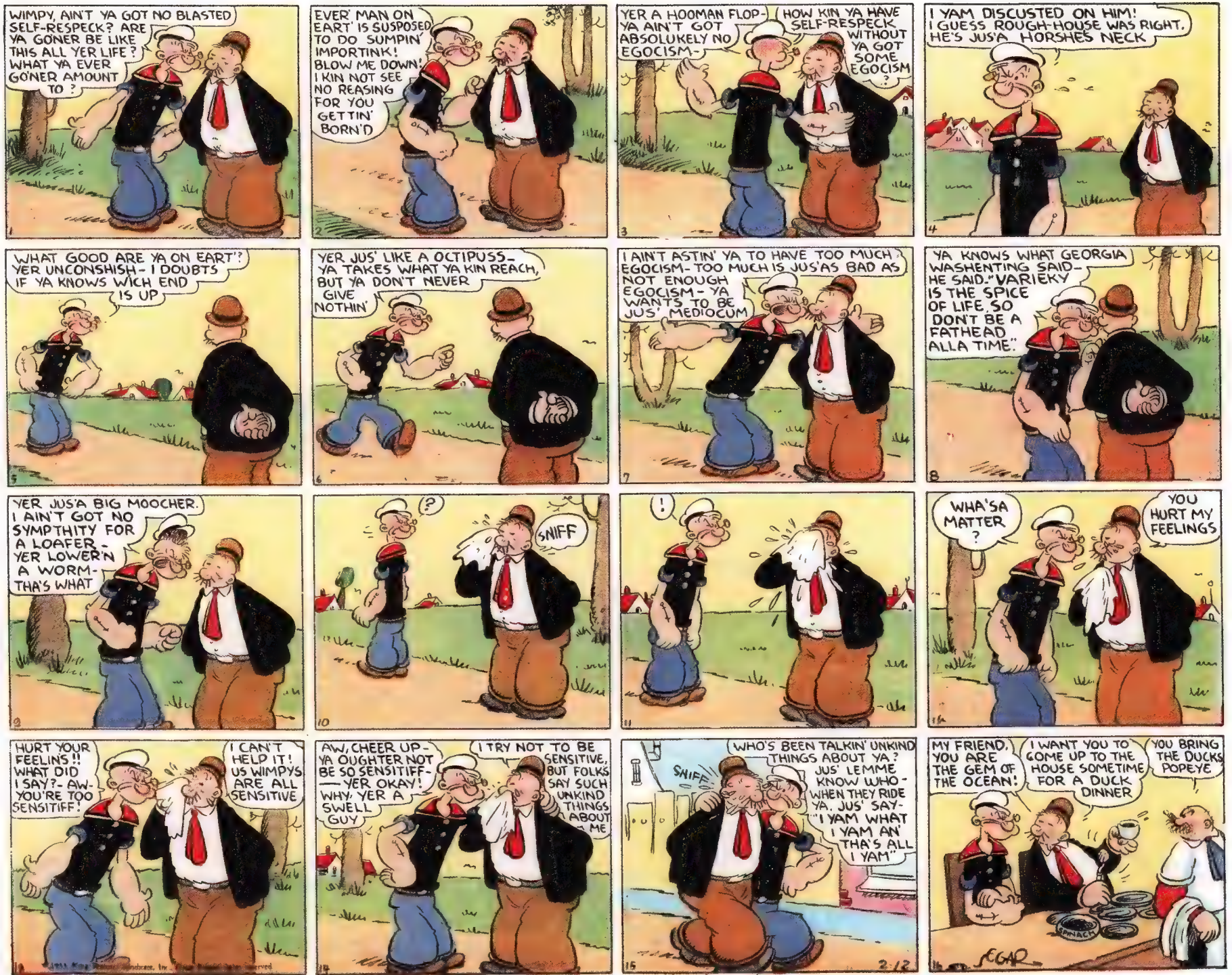












CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK -
MRS. WIMPY, OUR HAMBURGER-
EATER'S MOTHER, FOUND HER
LONG-LOST SON - SHE HAD
NOT SEEN HIM IN FIFTEEN
YEARS - POPEYE, WISHING TO
MAKE HER HAPPY, TELLS HER
THAT WELLINGTON IS A GOOD,
SOLID CITIZEN - EVEN ROUGH-
HOUSE BOOSTS WIMPY TO HER -
OL' WIMPY, THE MOST COMPLETE
LOAFER THAT EVER LIVED.

IT'S PATHETIC, POPEYE,
SHE LOST HER HOME
AND SHE EXPECTS
HER SON TO SUPPORT
HER - HE COULDN'T
SUPPORT A
CANARY

I AIN'T GOT THE
HEART TO TELL HER
HE'S A NO COUNT
LOAFER - IT WOULD
BREAK 'ER UP
SUMPIN' AWFUL

WHAT WILL POOR MOTHER THINK WHEN
SHE LEARNS I'VE AMOUNTED TO NOTHING

YA DONT WANT TO
LET HER KNOW WHAT
A TERRIBLE
FLOP YA
ARE

I BEG
PARDON

SURE -
EVERYTHING
WILL BE
ALL RIGHT

YA KIN NOT TAKE HER TO THAT
DUMP OF A ROOM WHERE YA SLEEPS -
BRING 'ER UP TO OLIVE OYLS HOUSE -
I'LL FIX IT SO'S IT'LL
BE OKAY

THANK YOU
TOO MUCH

DONT
WORRY,
MRS.
WIMPY

I SUSPOSE YER TIRED OUT AFTER
A LITTLE TIRED, BUT HAPPY YER TRIP
BECAUSE I'M WITH MY
BOY

YEAH, I'LL PAY YA FOR KEEPIN' 'EM -
AN' YA GOT TO ACK LIKE AS IF WIMPY'S
A GREAT GUY, AN' -
MAKE HER
FEEL CUMF'TABLE
WIMPY IS
SUSPOSED TO
BE LIVIN'
WITH YA
PERMANENT

MERCY! EVERYONE IS
SO KIND TO ME!

HOW'S ALL
THE FOLKS?

WELCOME,
MRS. WIMPY
HAVE A
CHAIR

IT'S SPLENDID
TO KNOW
THAT
WELLINGTON
IS SO WELL
LIKED

HE'S A SWELL GUY, ON
ACCOUNT OF HE'S GOT
SUCH GOOD QUALIKIES

SURE, HE'S ME BEST PAL - I LIKES
HIM BECAUSE HE'S EXTER HONEST -
WHY, BLOW ME DOWN! I'D TRUSK
HIM WITH ANYTHING I GOT

PAL, OL' PAL, LET ME HAVE
FIVE DOLLARS UNTIL TUESDAY -
I LOST MY WALLET
AND THE BANKS
ARE CLOSED

THANK YOU TOO MUCH, OLD
PAL - YOU ARE THE GEM
OF THE OCEAN

BLOW ME DOWN!
IF HE WENT TO
ROUGH-HOUSE'S TO
SPEN' THAT MONEY,
I YAM GONER
WALLOP HIM

IT JUS' SEEMS
LIKE AS IF HE
AIN'T GOT NO
RESPECT FOR
NOTHIN' OR NOBODY

NICE
WEATHER.
ISN'T IT,
WE'RE HAVING?

I'LL MAKE A MAN
OUT OF HIM FOR
HIS MOTHER'S
SAKE OR BUST
HIS BLASTED
HEAD

HEY! HE BOUGHT
FLOWERS WITH
\$4.20 AND
SPENT THE DIME CHANGE
FOR A SANDWICH

HERE'S THE
DAISIES YOU
ORDERED

YOU OUGHT TO BE
ASHAMED OF
YOURSELF

NAW, I DIDN'T KNOW YA
WAS BUYIN' FLOWERS
FOR YER MOTHER -
I THOUGHT YA
WAS SPENDIN'
IT ON YER
APPRETTITE -
ARE ARE -
THAT'S A GOOD
JOKE ON
ME!

TO BE
CONTINUED -
REGAR

MY EXPLOSIVE INSECT
AND RODENT FOOD
IS DOING ITS WORK
WELL

BAM
POP

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

IT EXPLODES WHEN IT
COMES IN CONTACT WITH
MOISTURE - TEN MINUTES
AFTER AN INSECT EATS
A CRUMB OF IT, HE IS
BLOWN TO BITS

POW
BANG

I'M GOING
TO SCATTER
SOME AROUND
THE DINING-
ROOM

BAM
POP

YOU'LL BE RID OF
MOTHS, FLIES AND
EVERY OTHER
SORT OF BUG

POW
BANG

LISTEN TO 'EM
EXPLODE IN THERE

BAM
POP
BAM
POP

MY EXPLOSIVE FOOD SMELLS SO GOOD
THAT EVEN HUMANS WILL EAT IT -
I HOPE YOU DIDN'T LEAVE THAT STUFF
WHERE YOUR WIFE CAN GET IT - SHE
JUST NOW
CAME IN THE
BACK
DOOR

I LEFT IT
ON THE DINING-
ROOM
TABLE

FOOL! QUICK - WE MUST
GET IT! IF SHE SMELLS IT
SHE'LL EAT A HUNK -
AND THEN -

TOO
LATE!

BANG

POOR MYRTLE

SNIFF

SAPPO, OLD MAN,
YOU HAVE MY
DEEPEST SYMPATHY

I'LL GO GET
THE DUST PAN

POOR MYRTLE

JOHN, DID YOU HEAR
THE COAL TRUCK
BACK-FIRE IN OUR
DRIVEWAY? WASN'T
IT AWFUL?

WHY, JOHN!
WHAT ARE
YOU
KISSING
ME FOR

1
2
3

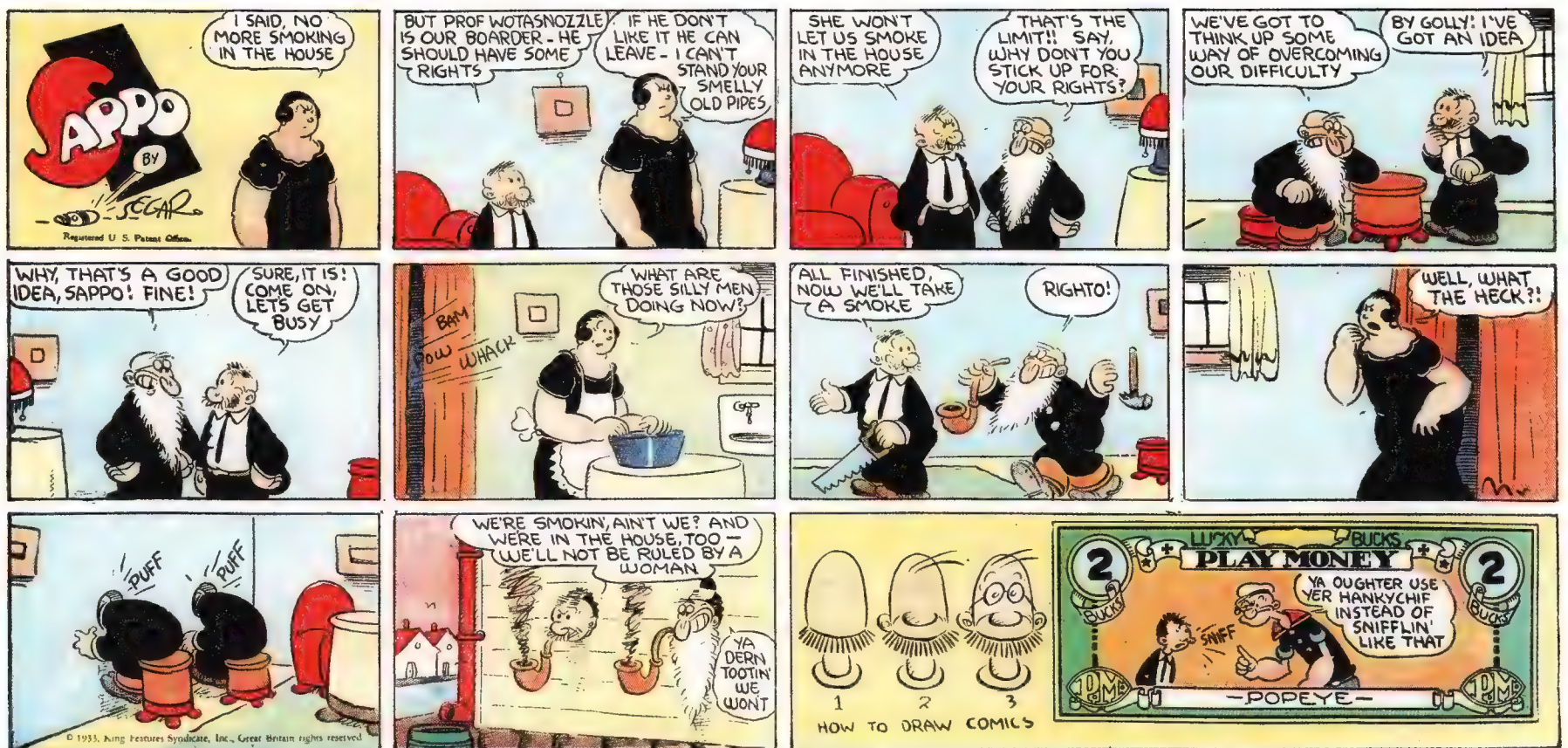
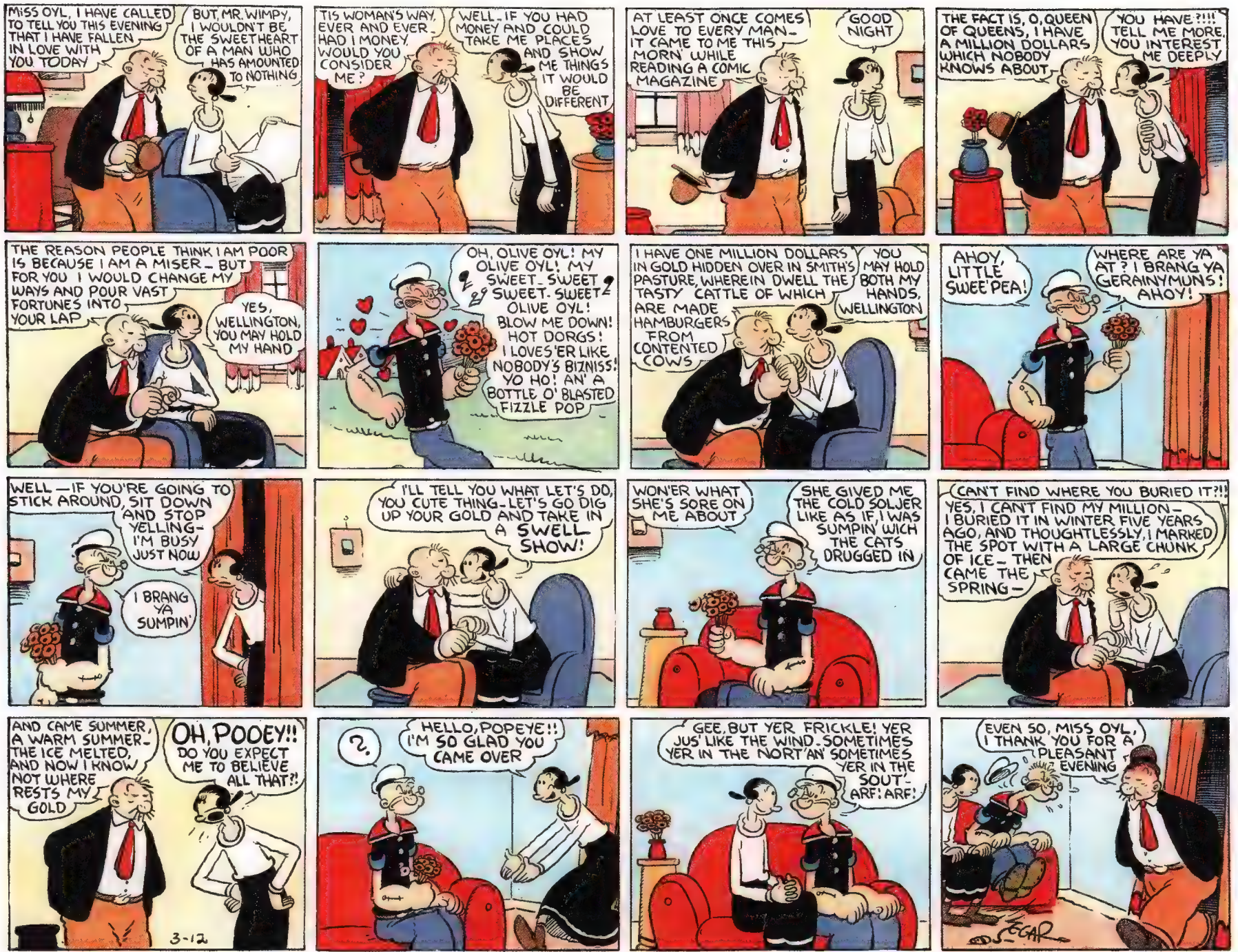
HOW TO DRAW COMICS
NO. ELEVEN

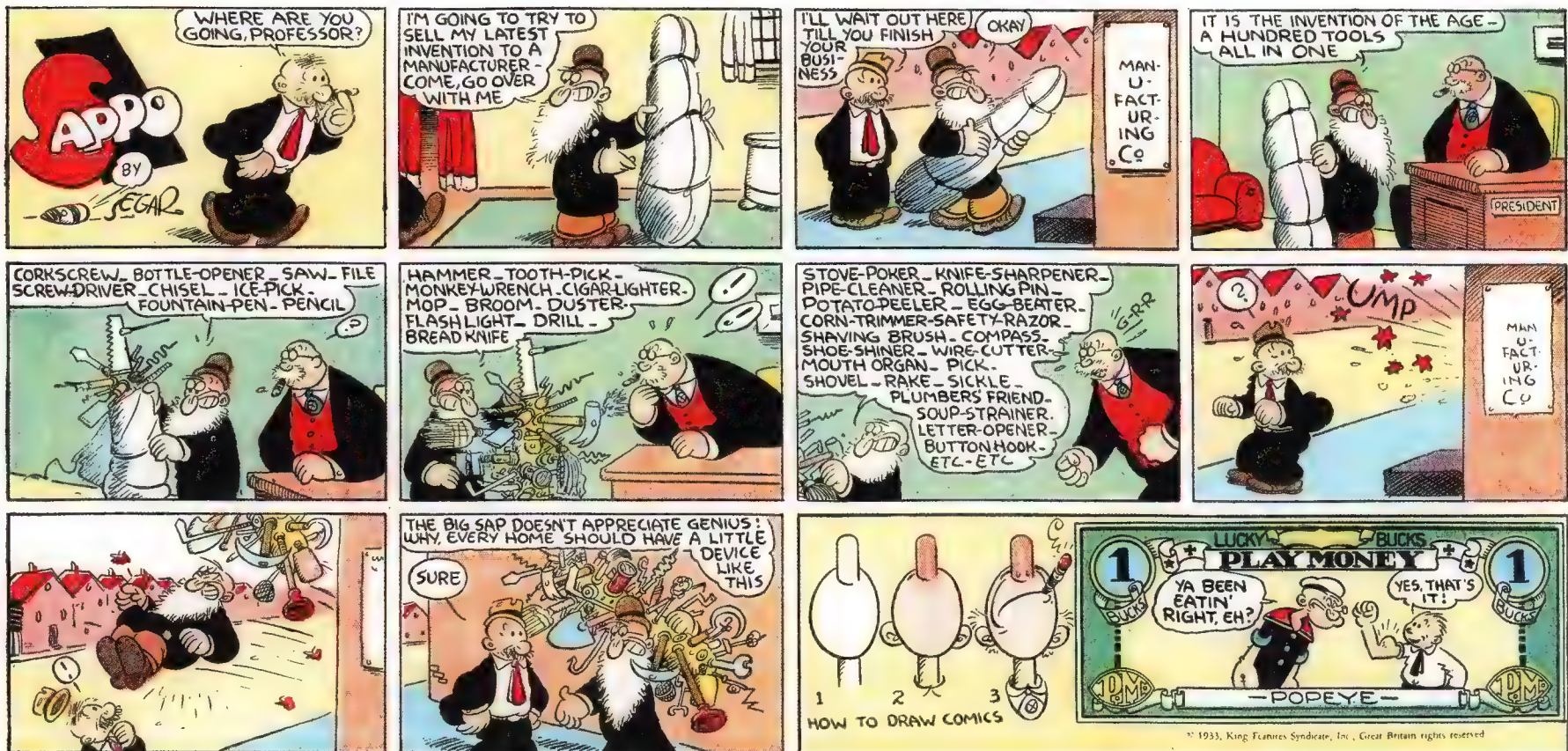
LUCKY BUCKS
PLAY MONEY

DONT RUN WITH
SHARP STICKS IN
YER HANDS, SON -
EYES DONT
GROW LIKE
WHISKERS

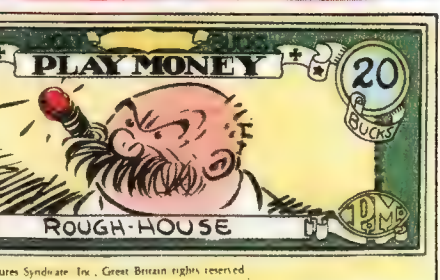
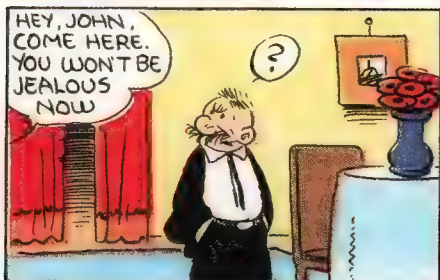
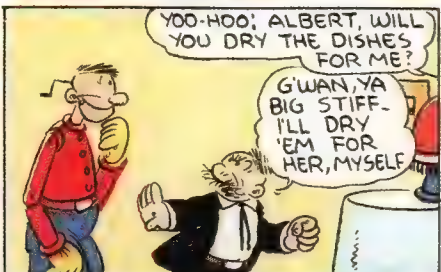
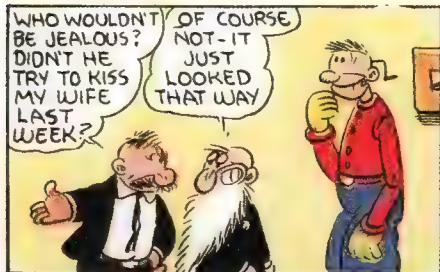
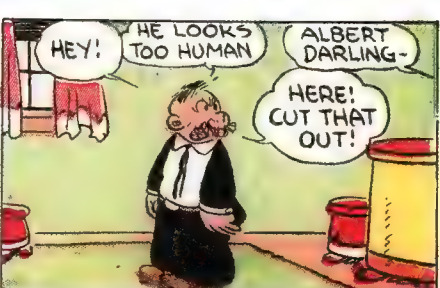
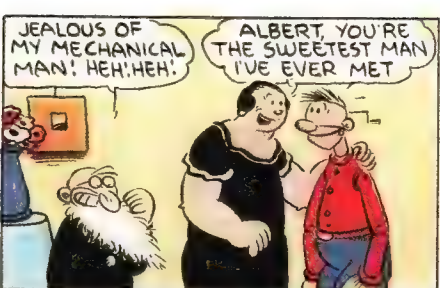
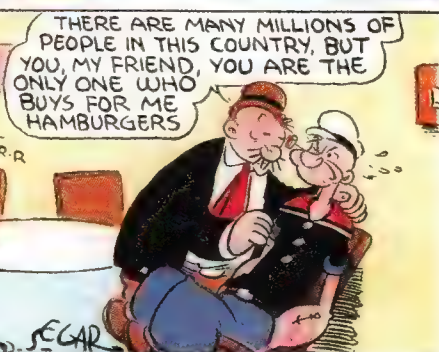
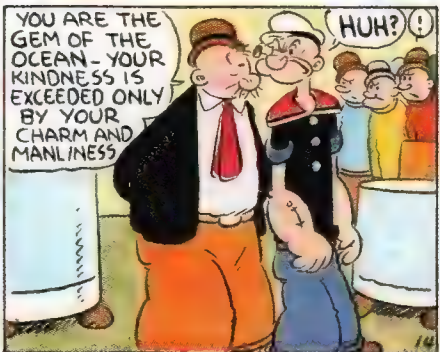
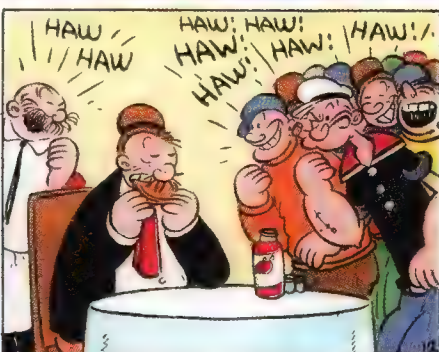
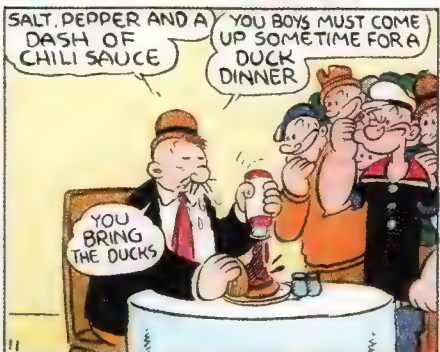
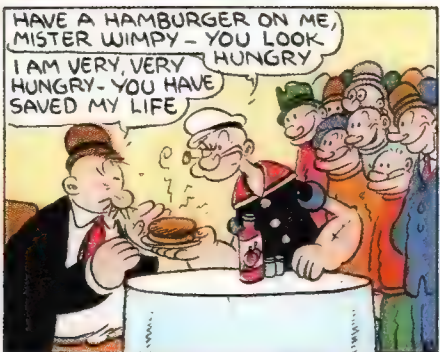
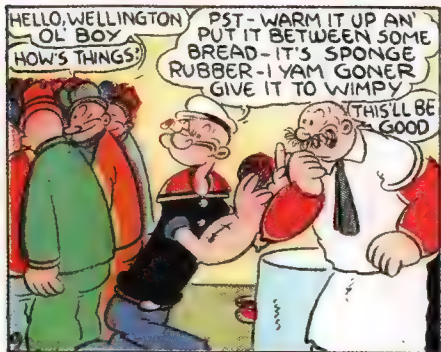
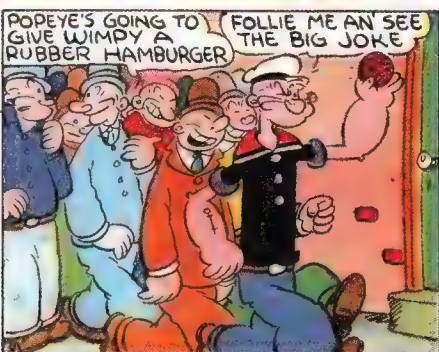
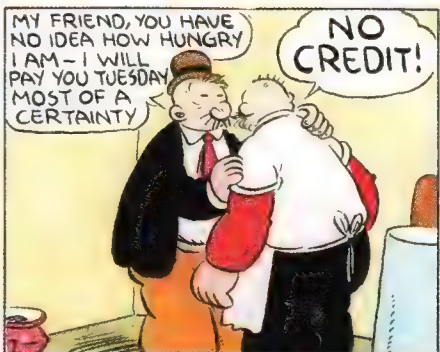
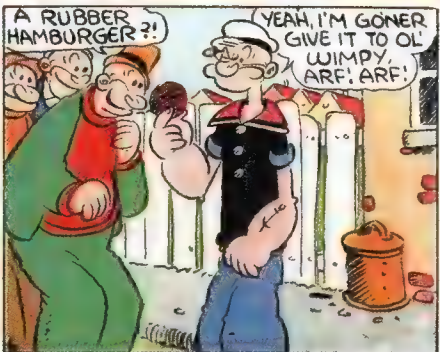
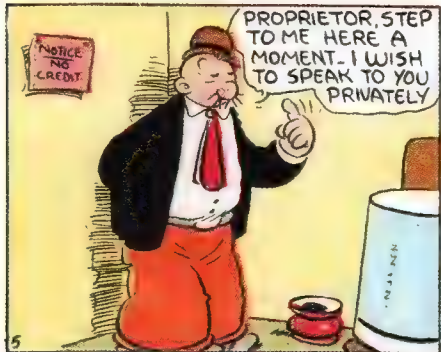
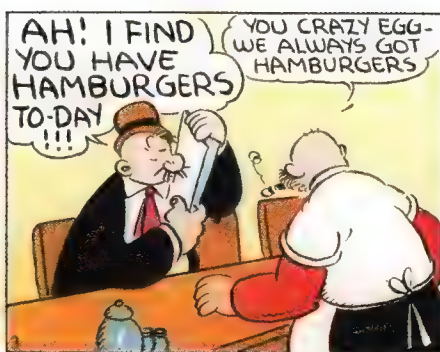
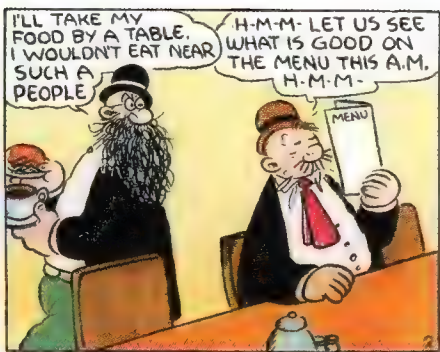
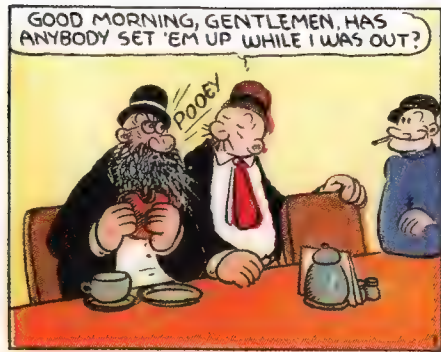
POPEYE

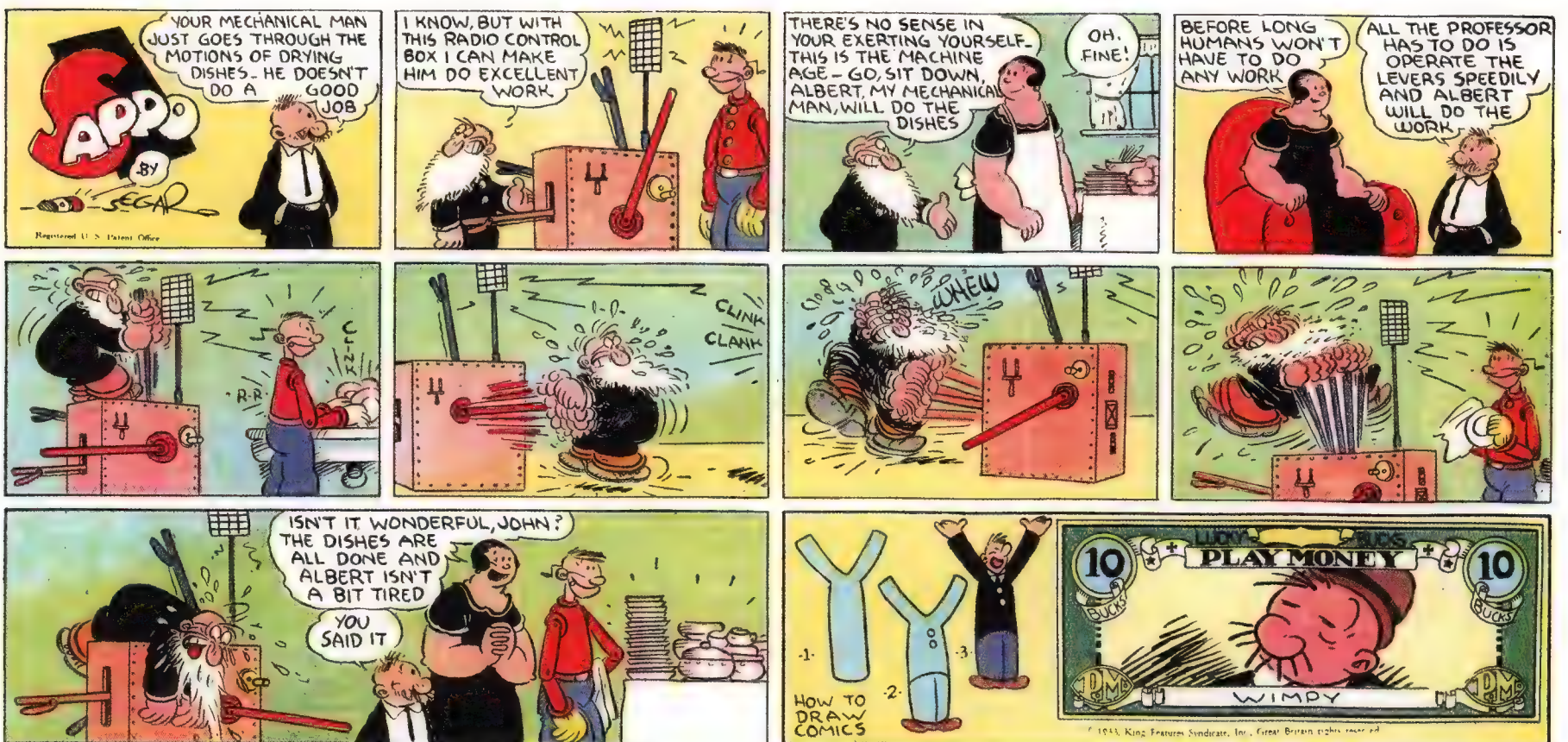


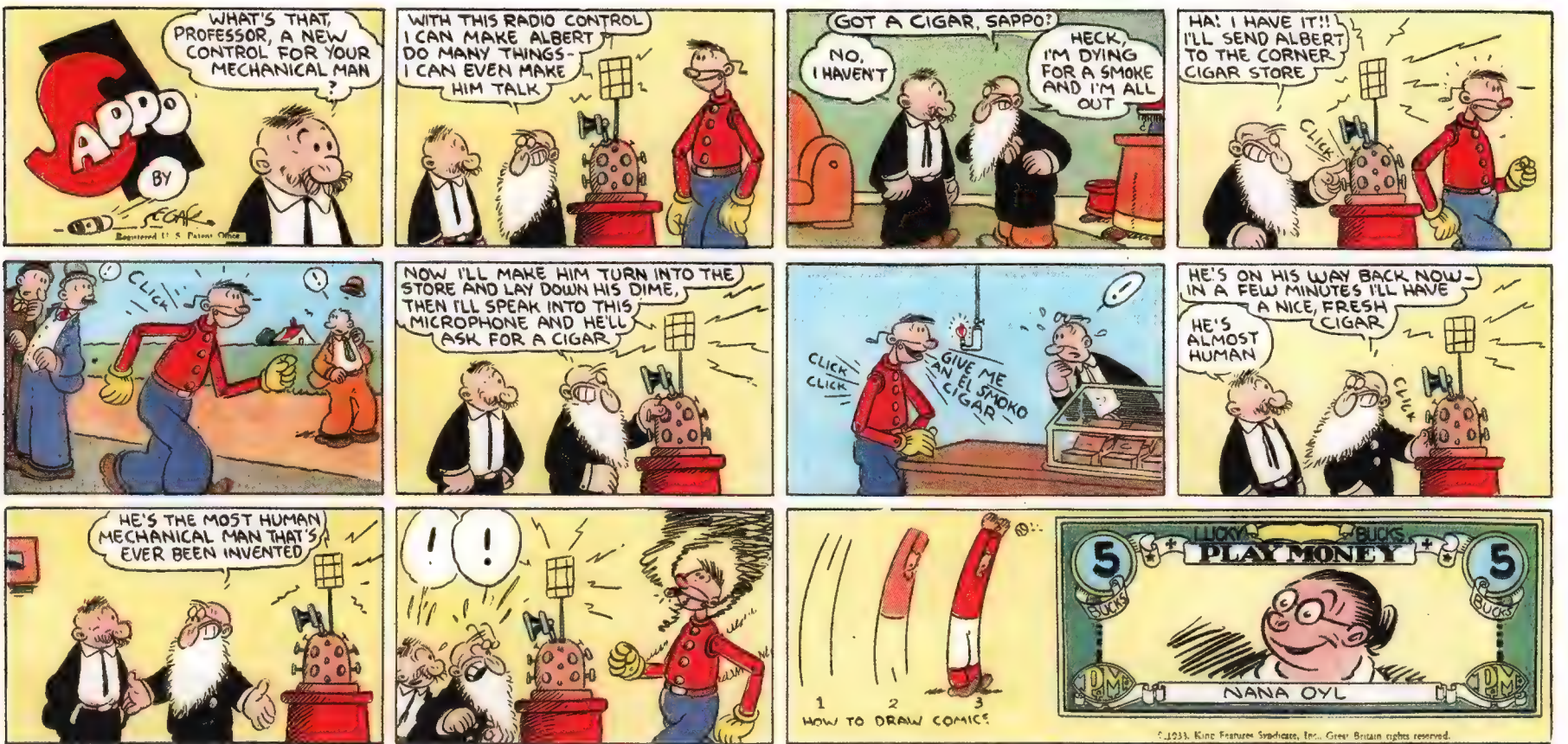


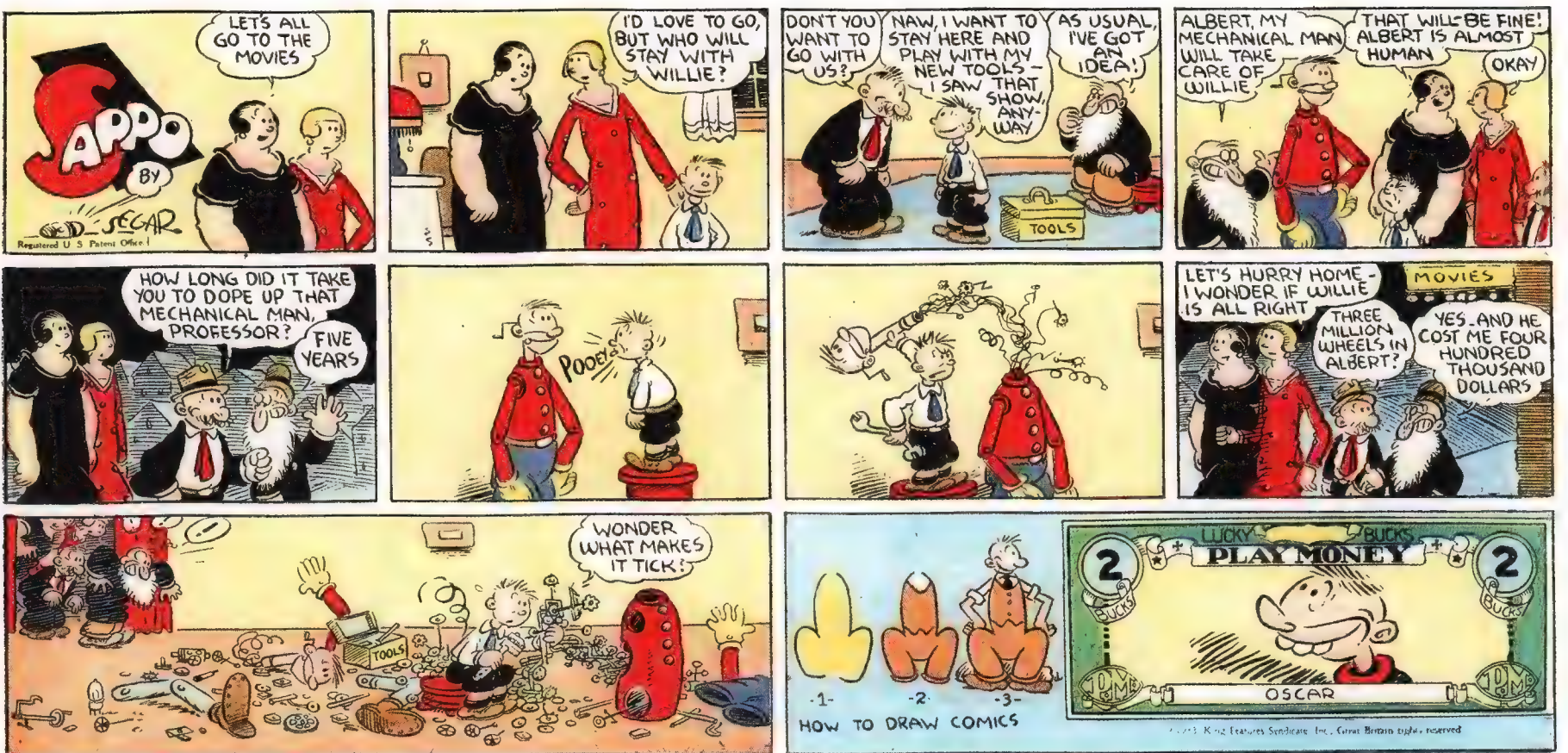


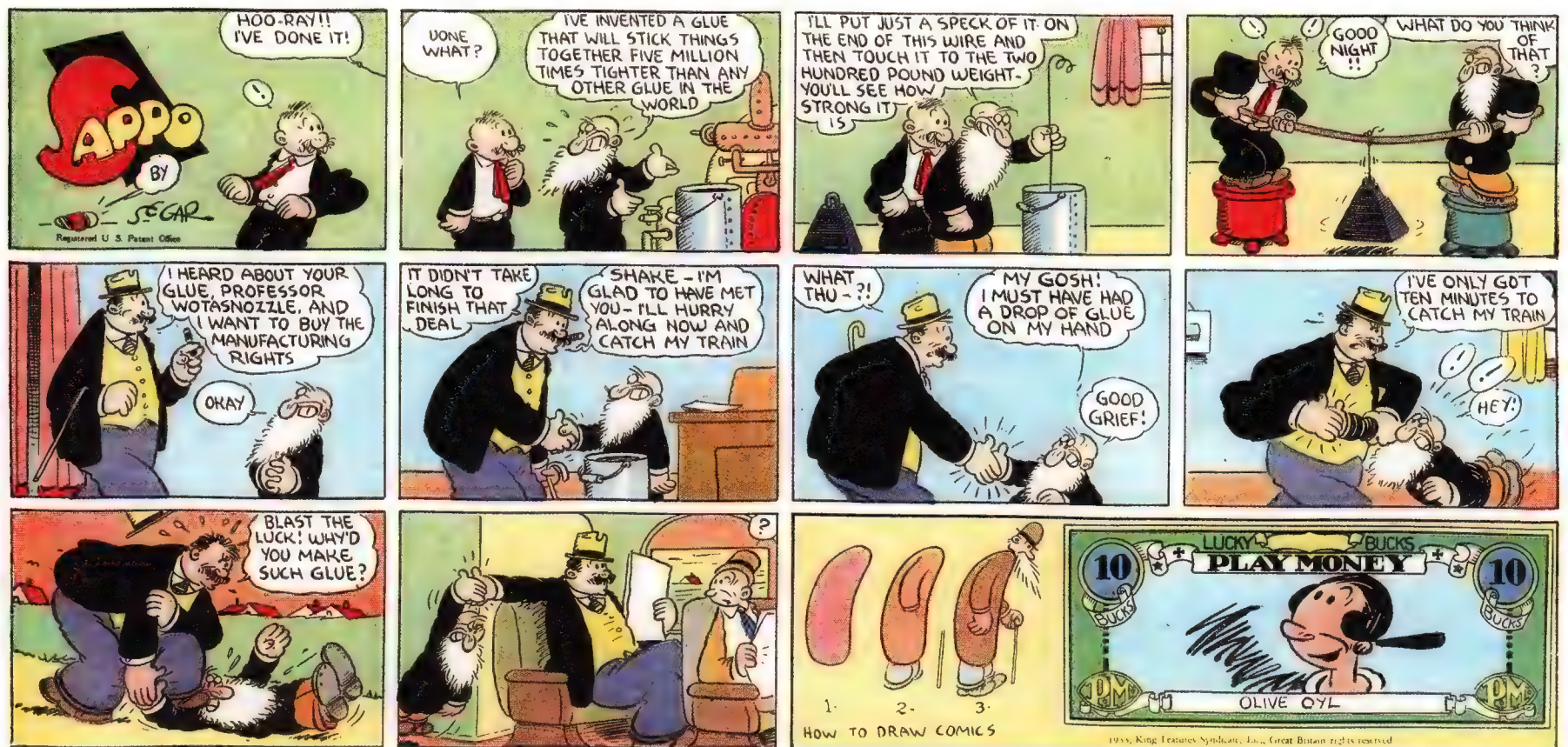


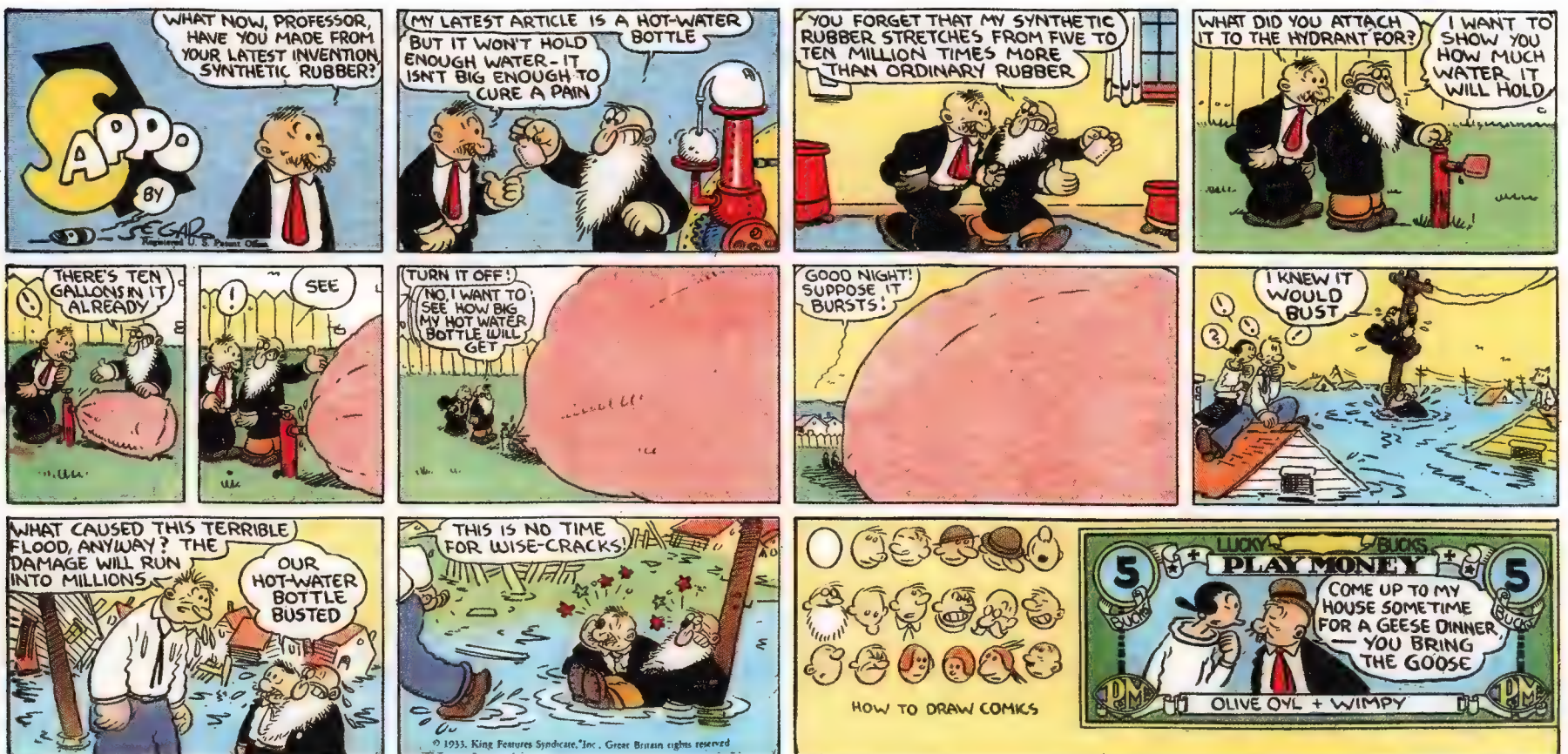


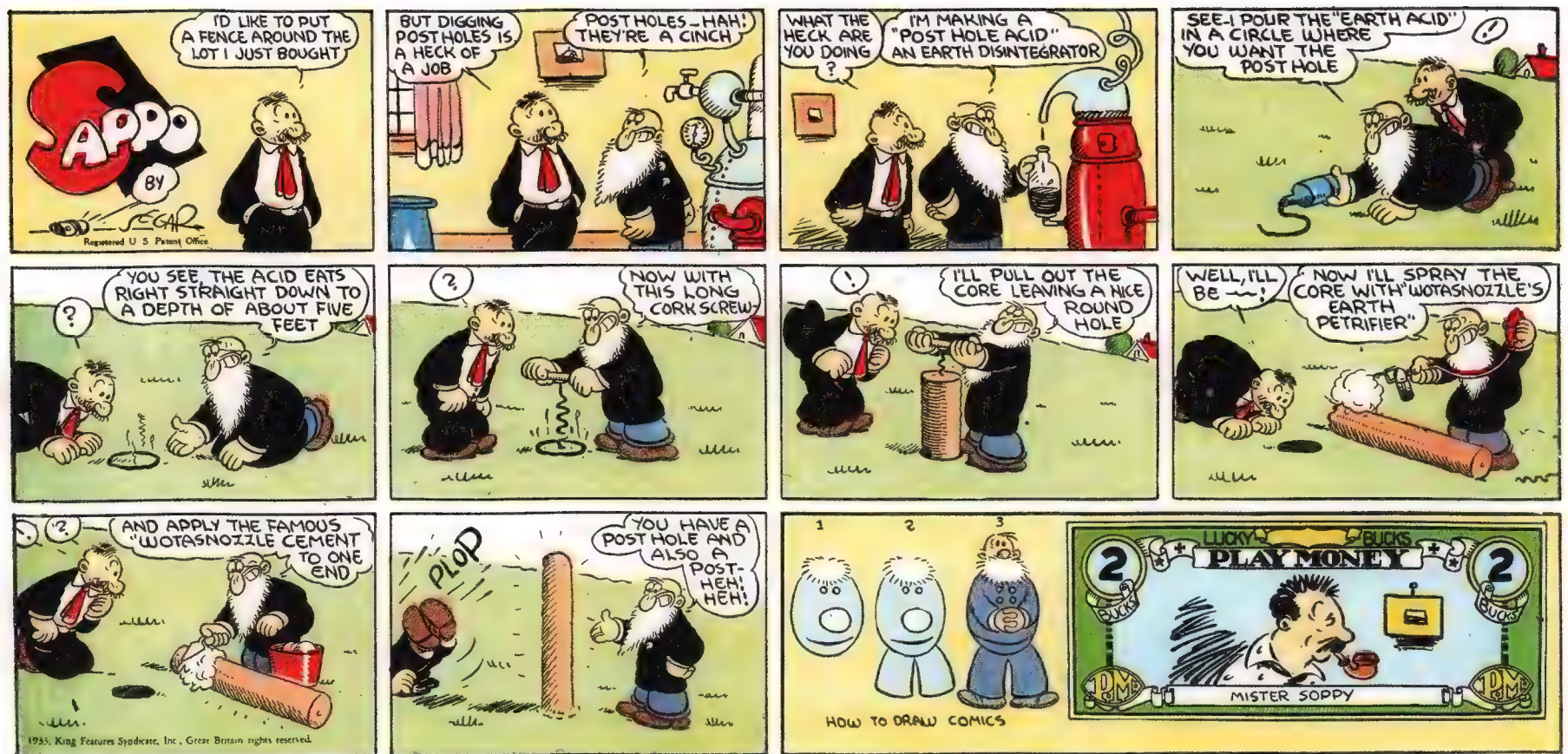


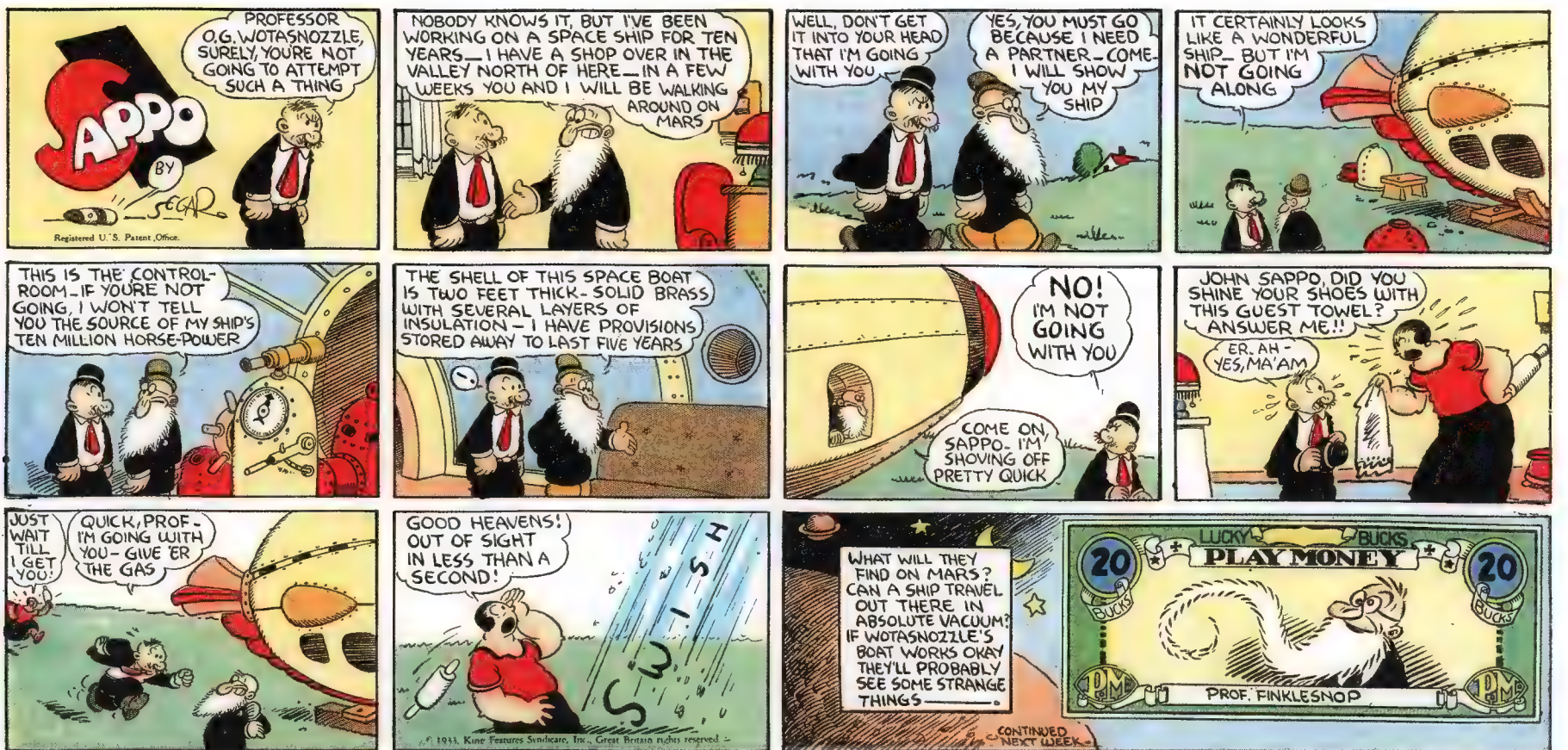
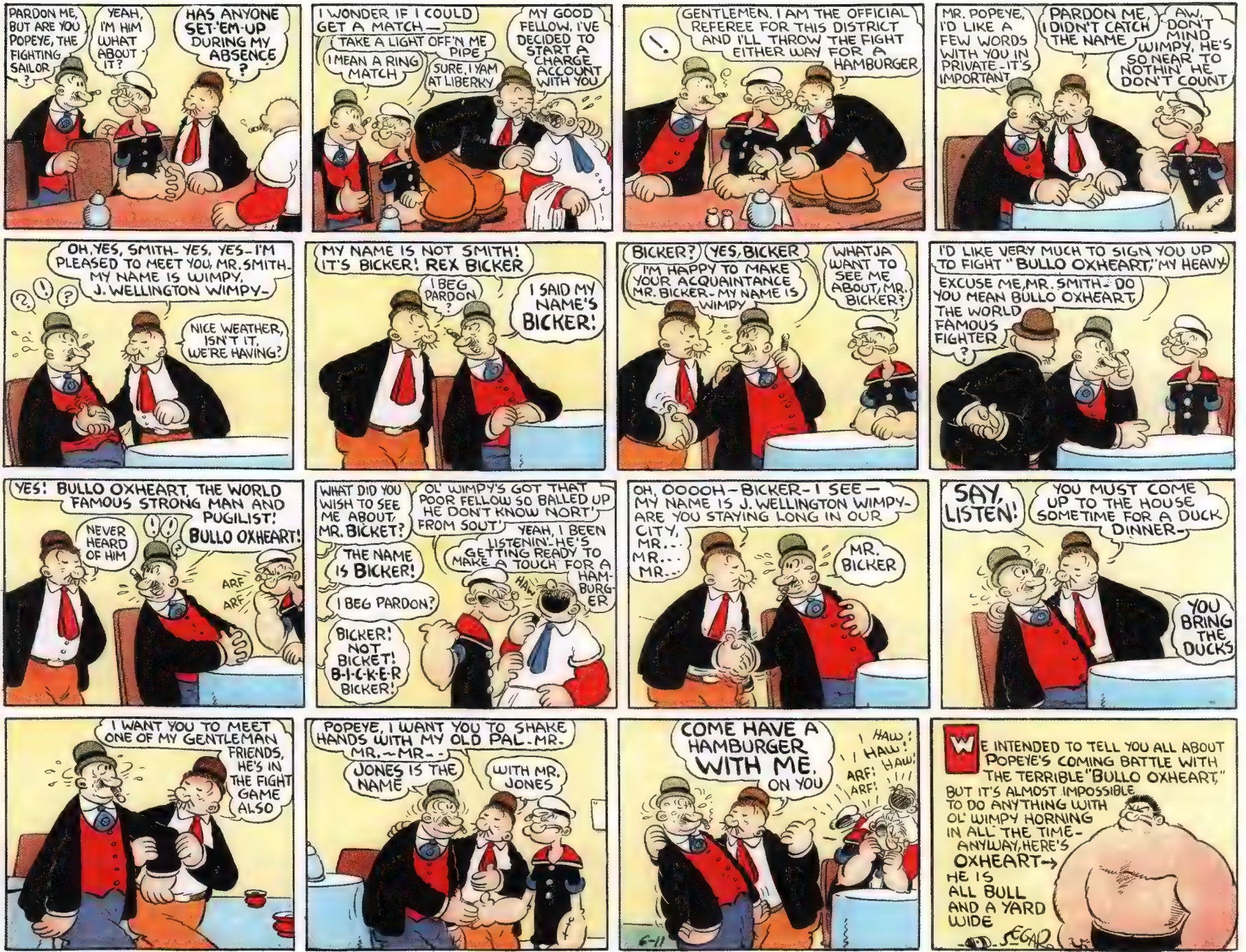


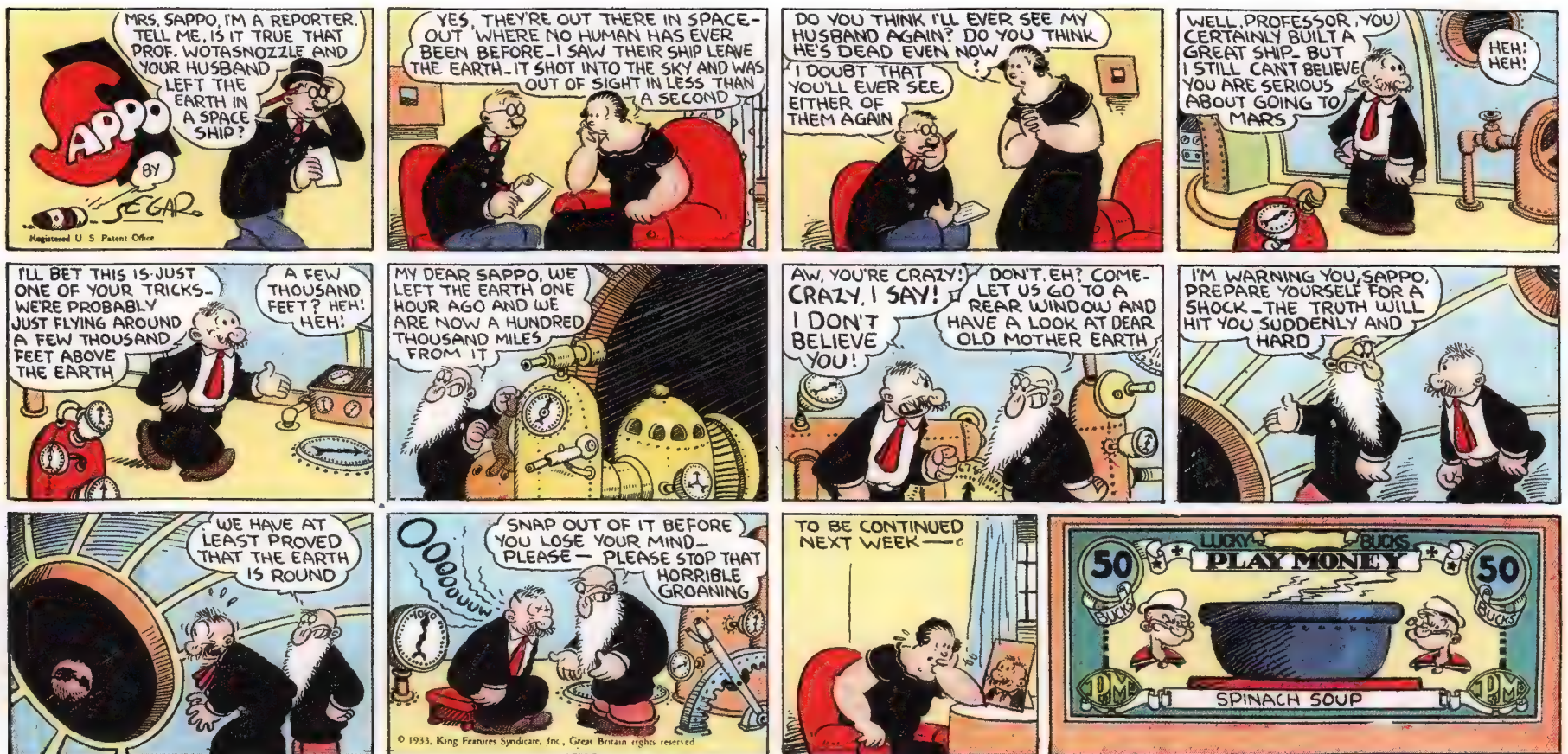
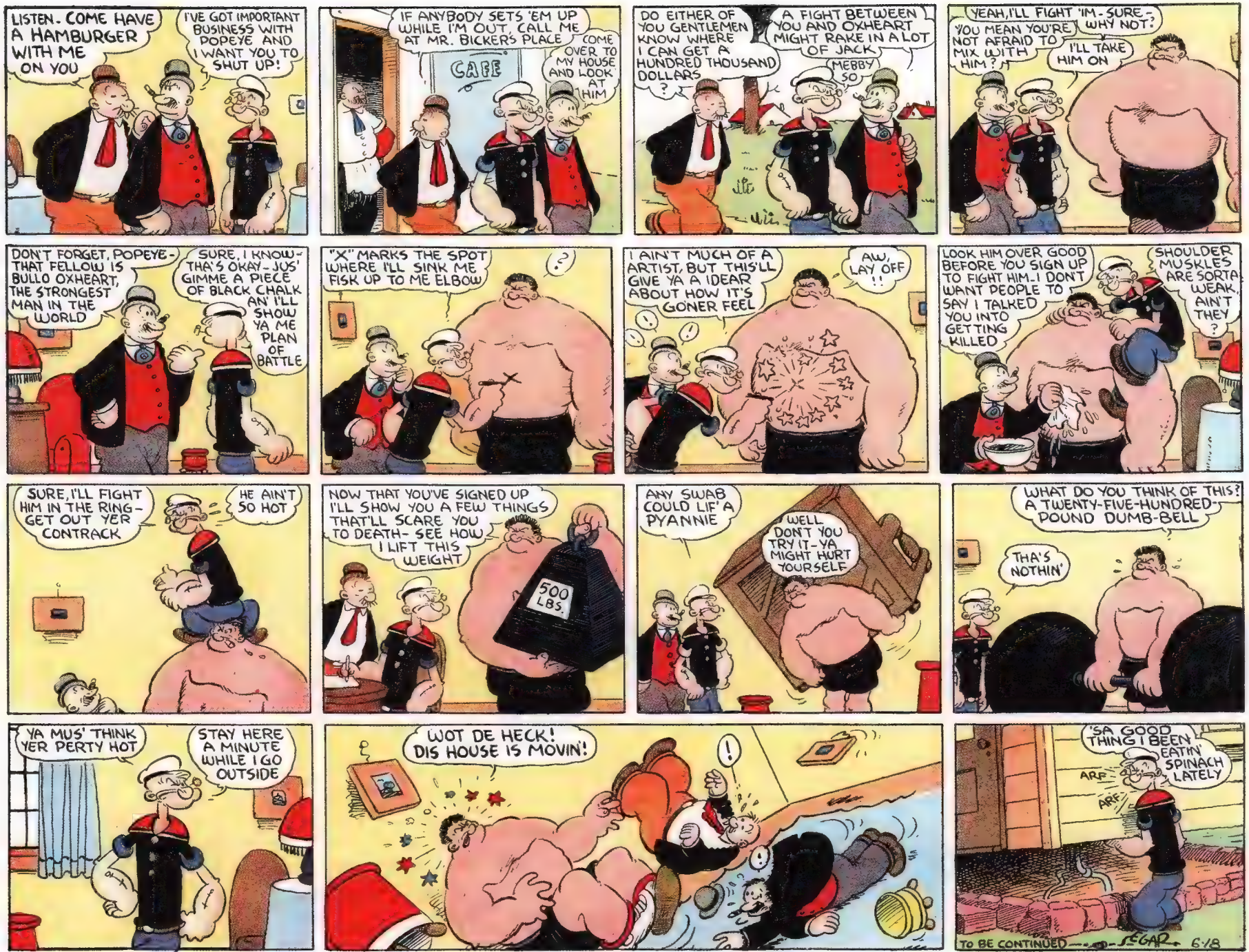


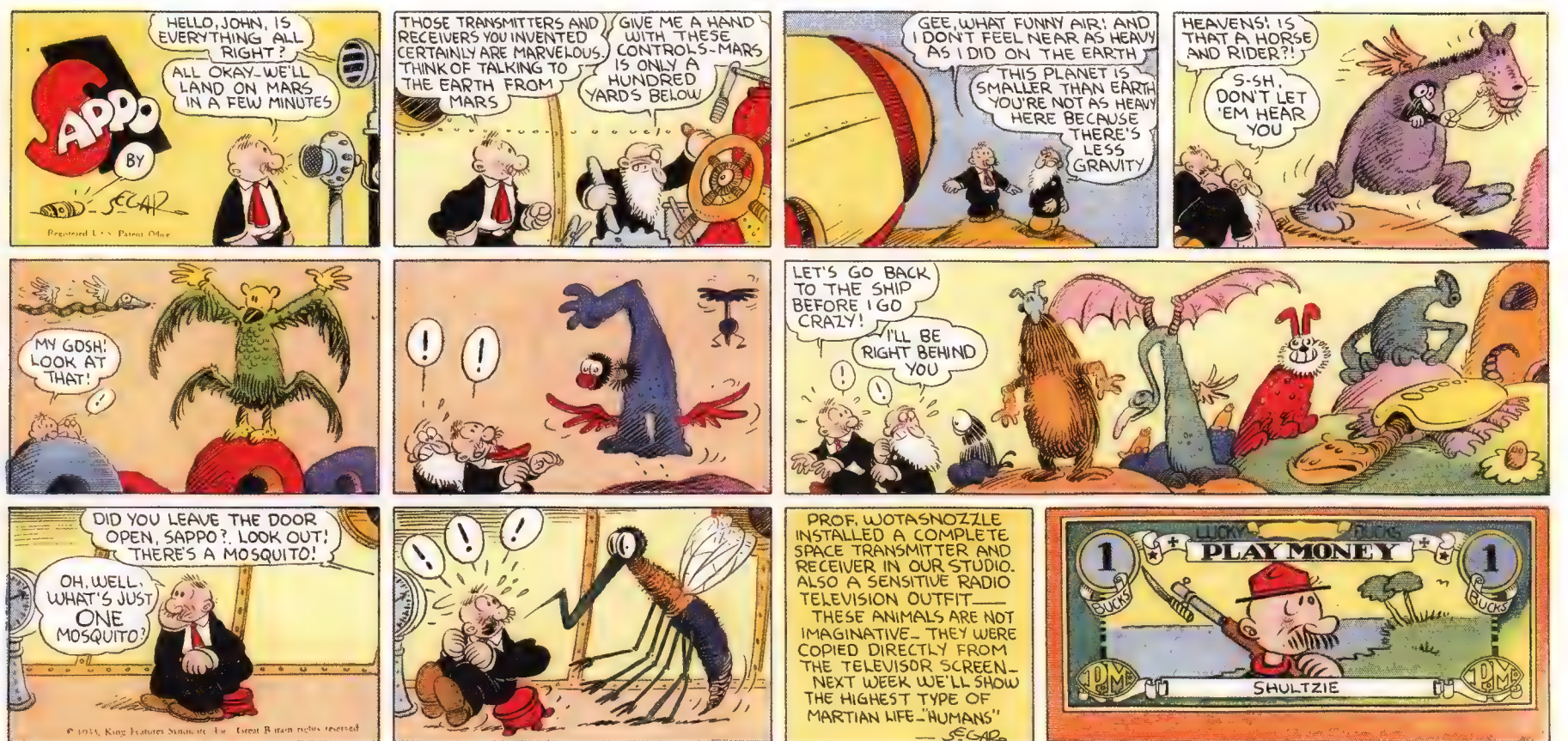
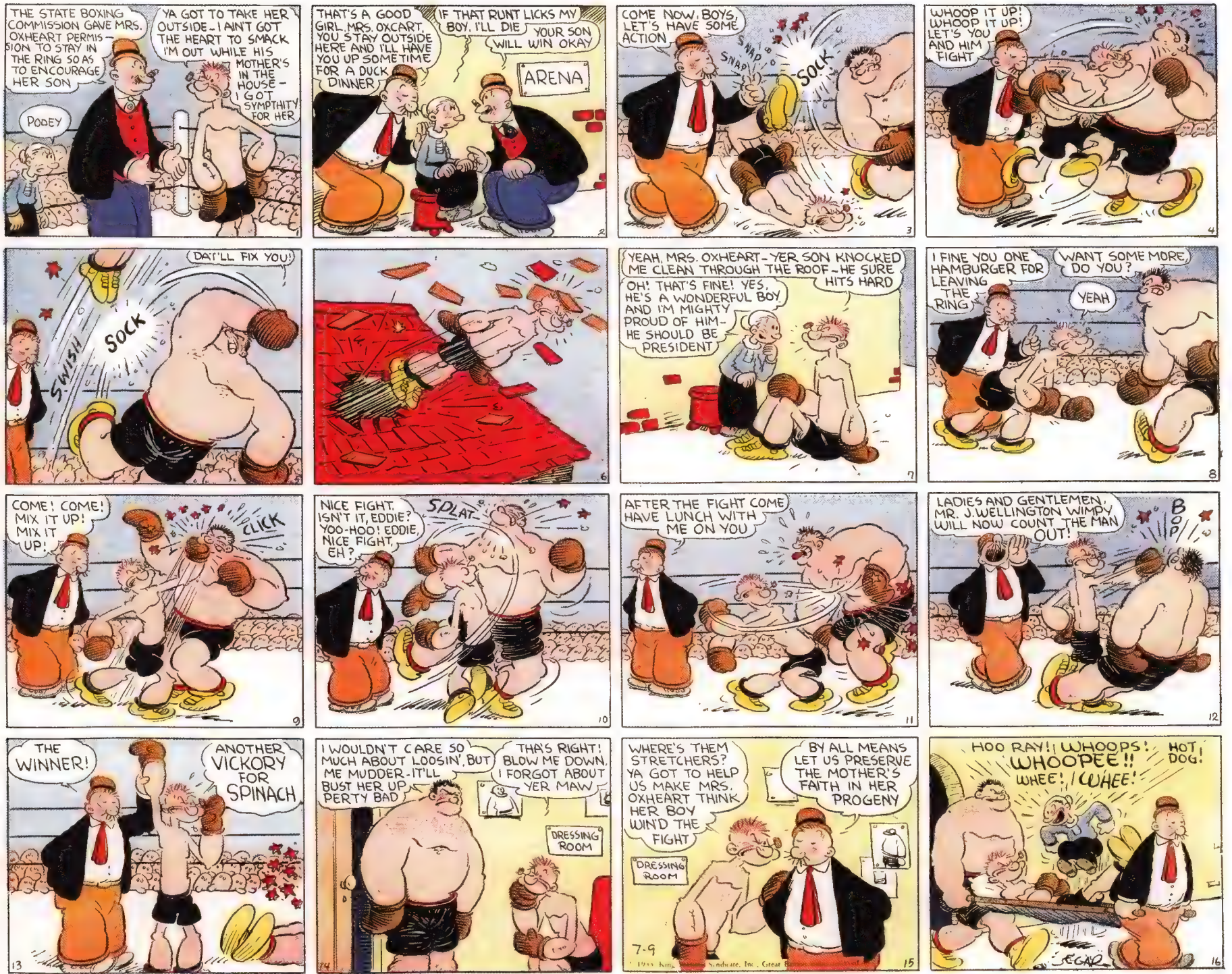




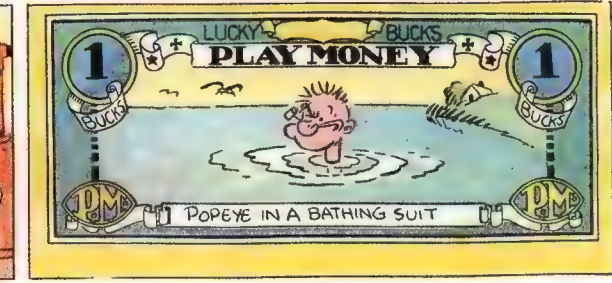
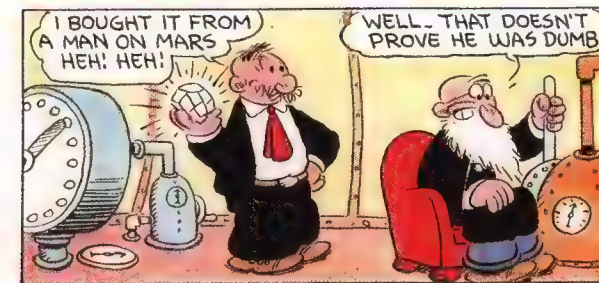
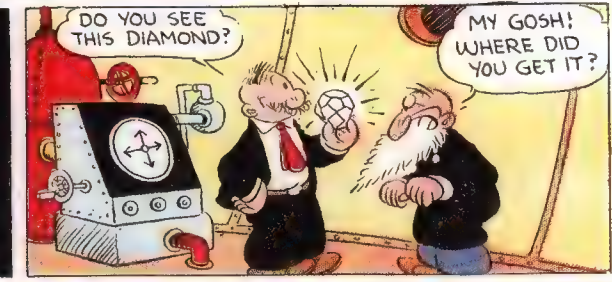
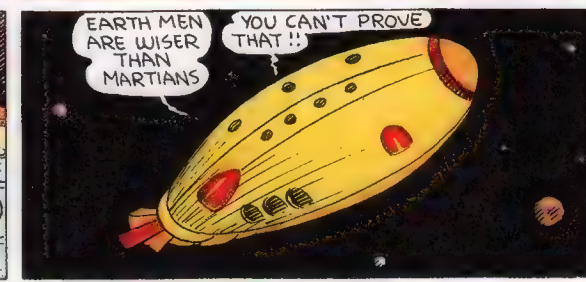
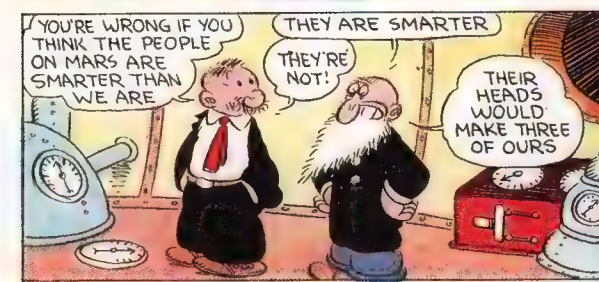
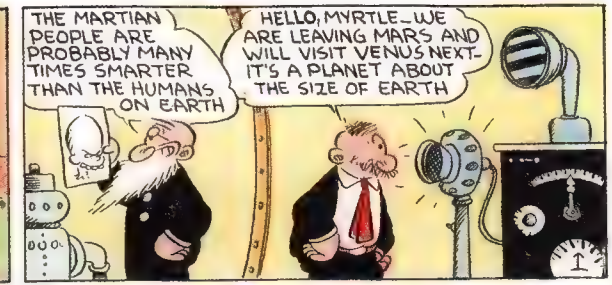
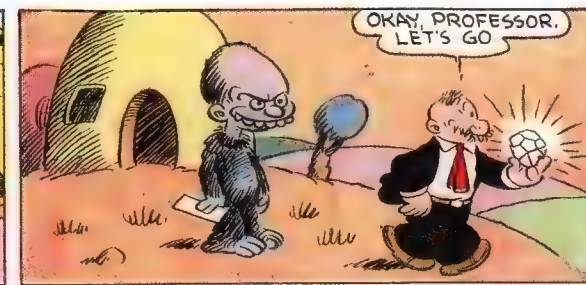
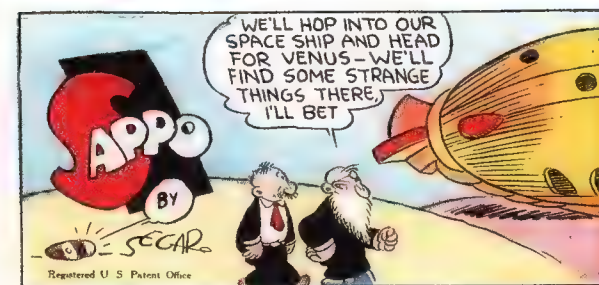
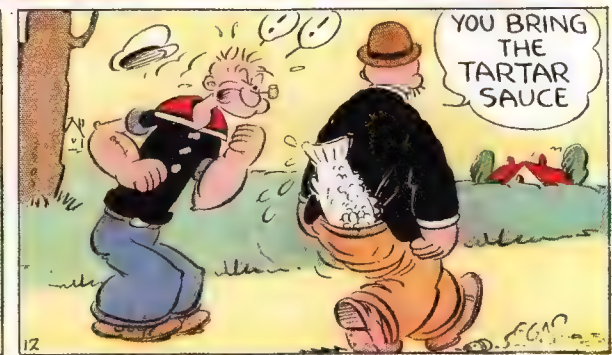
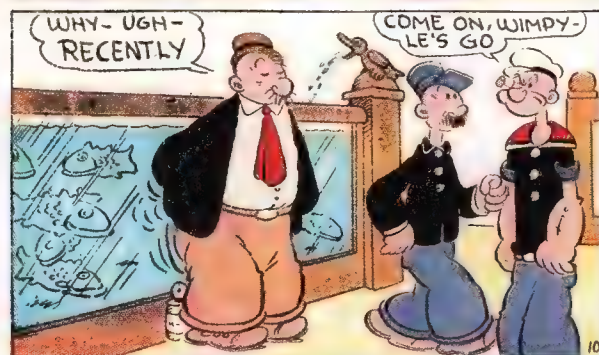
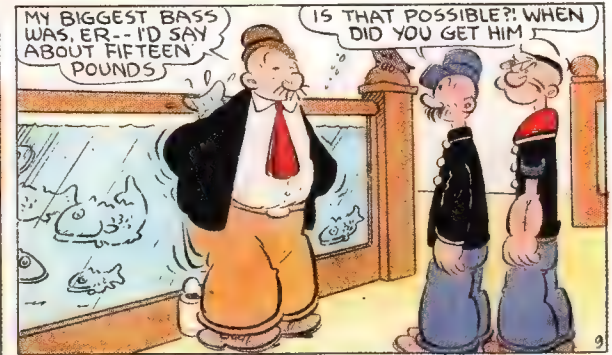
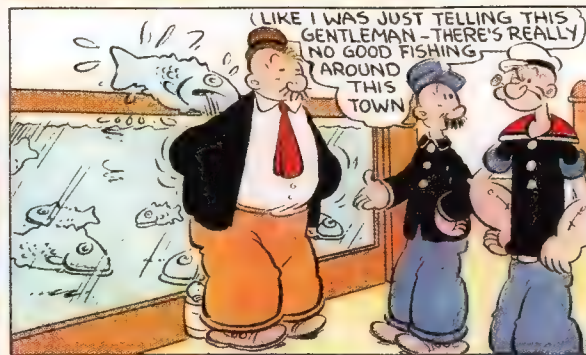
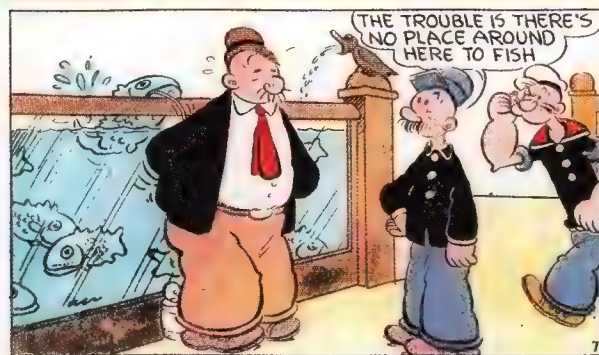
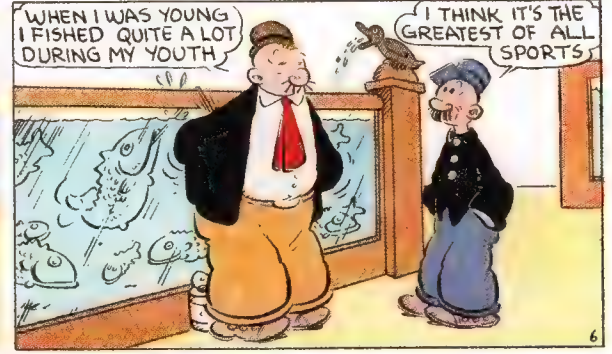
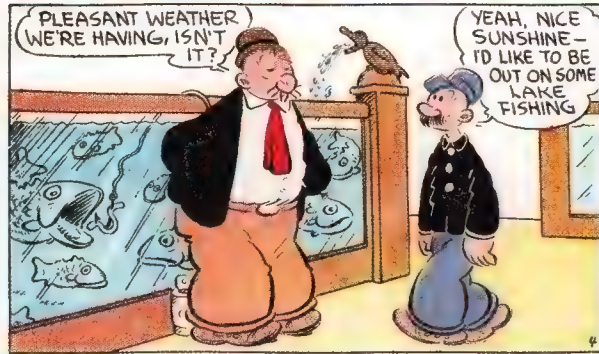
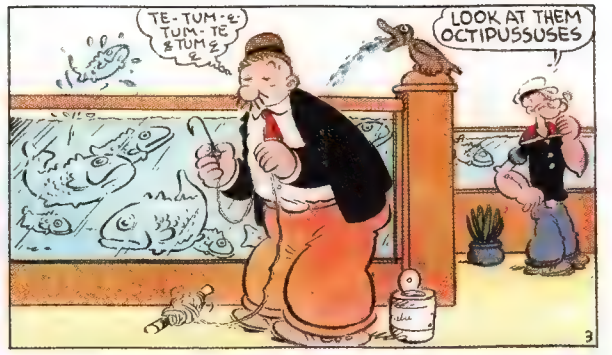
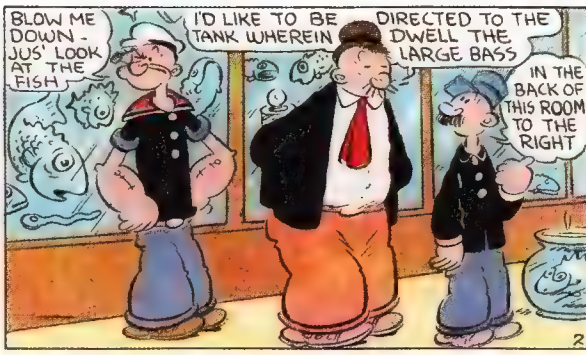
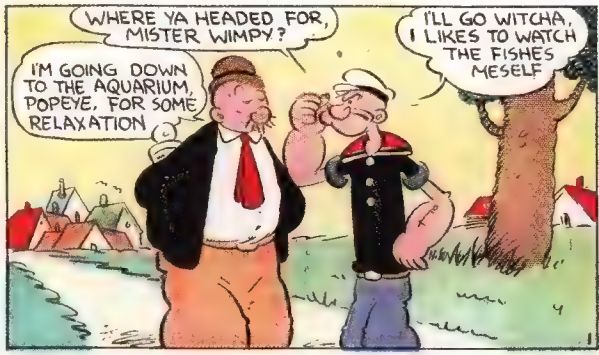


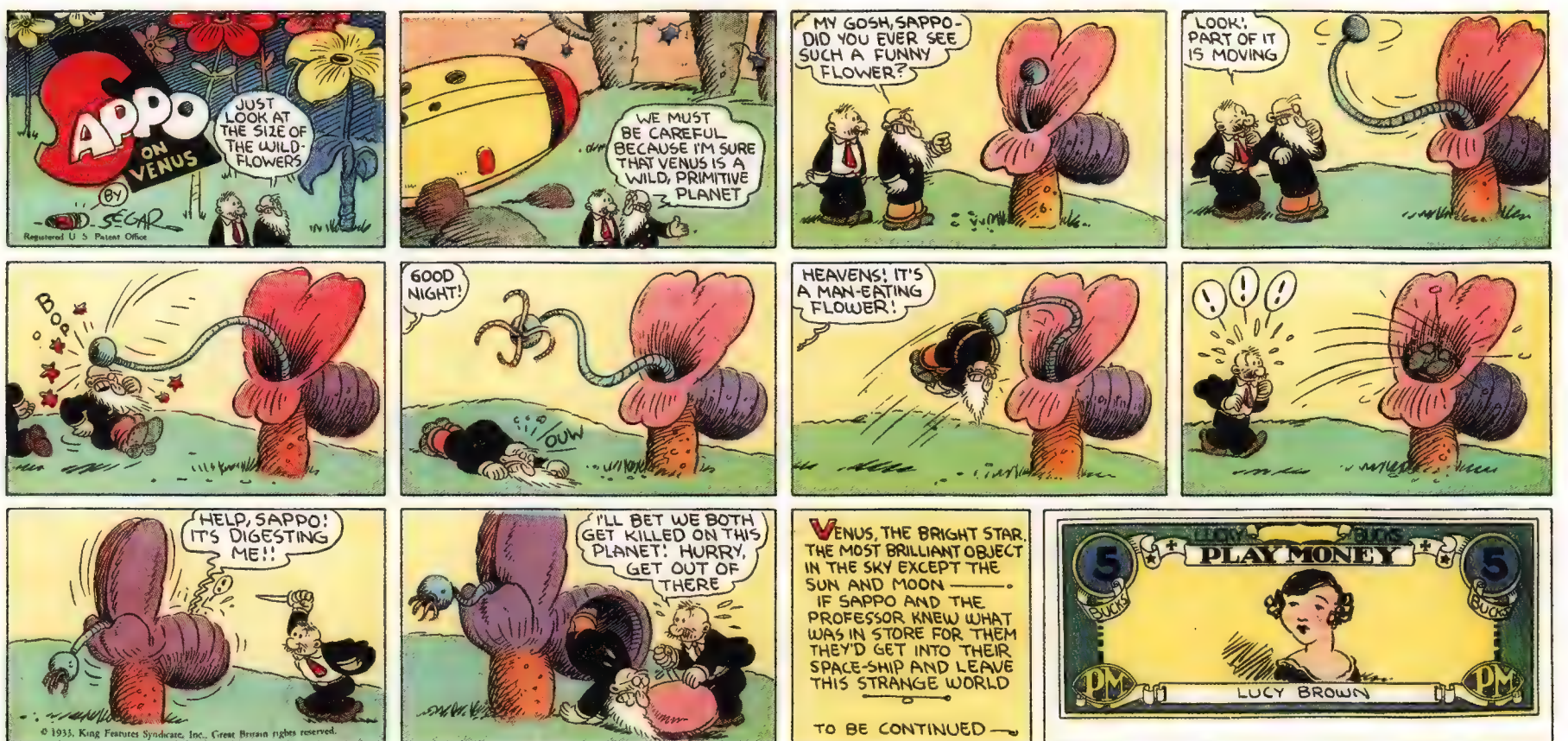


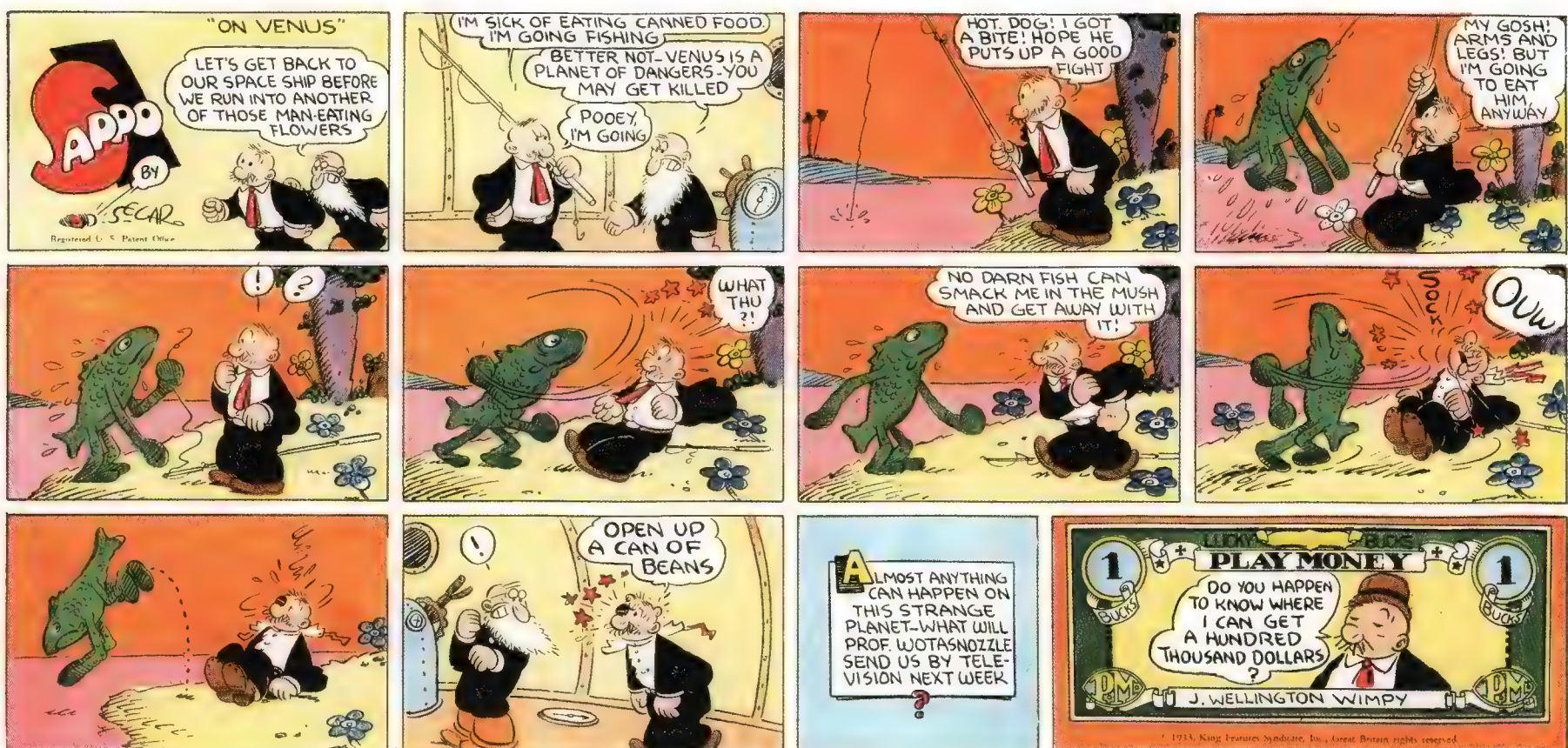


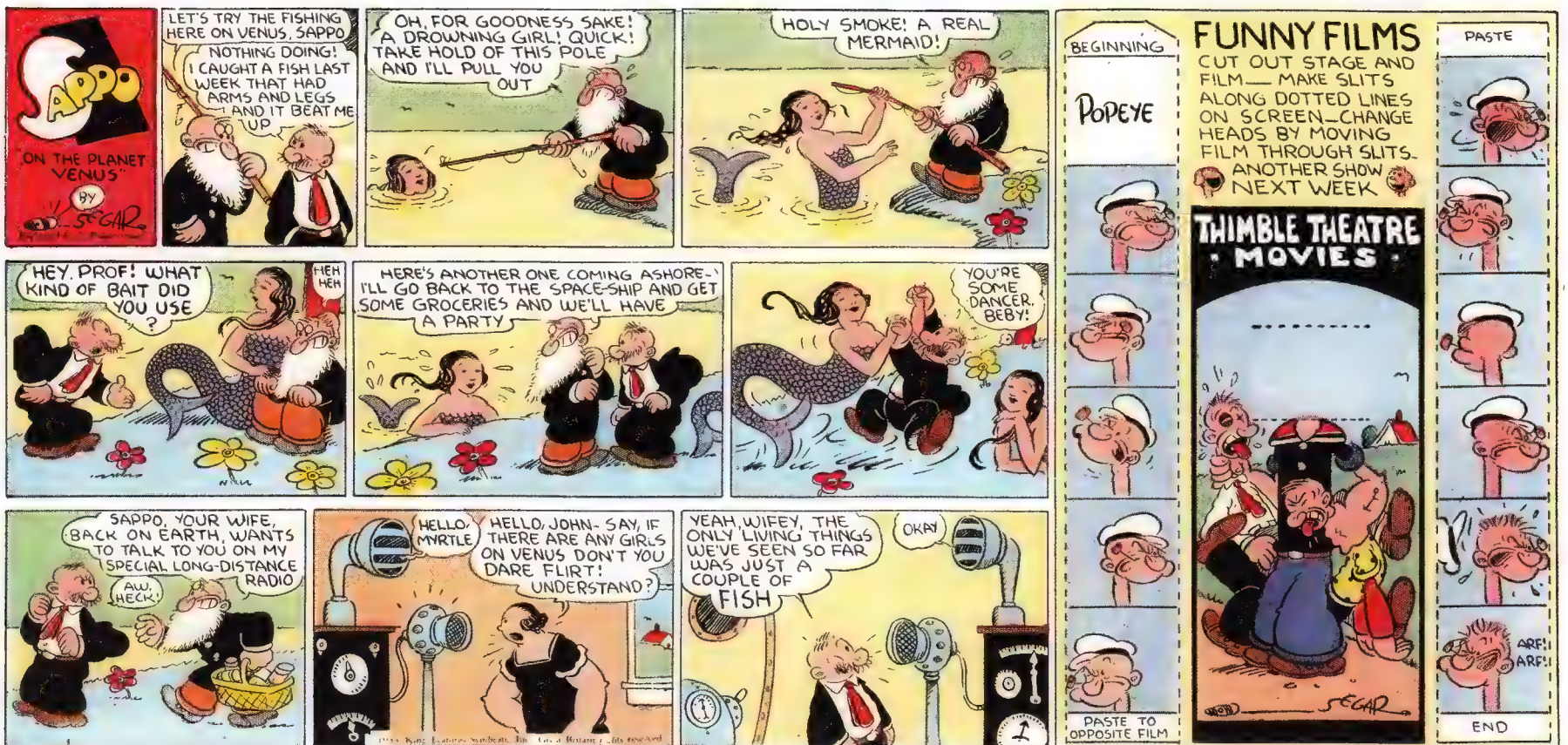


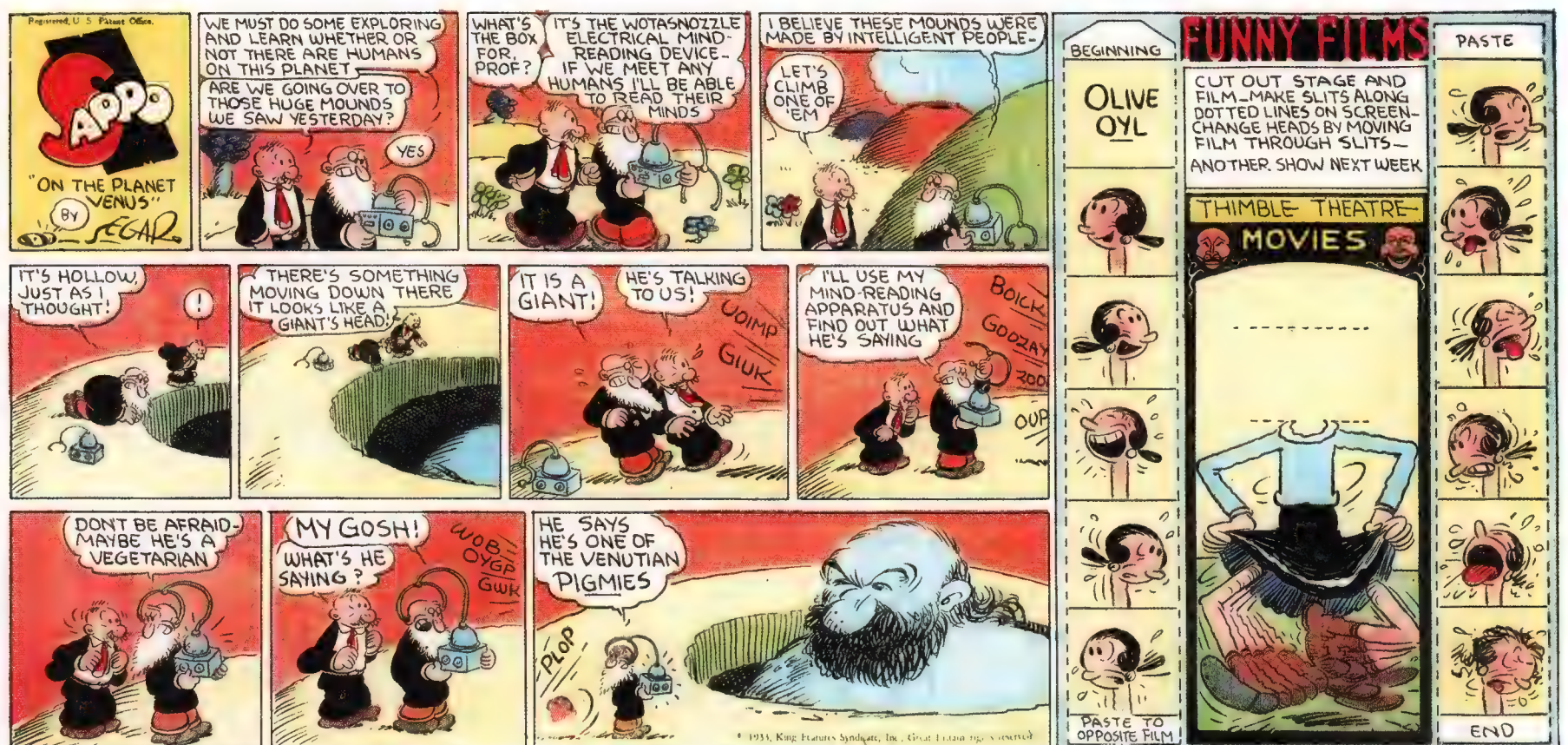


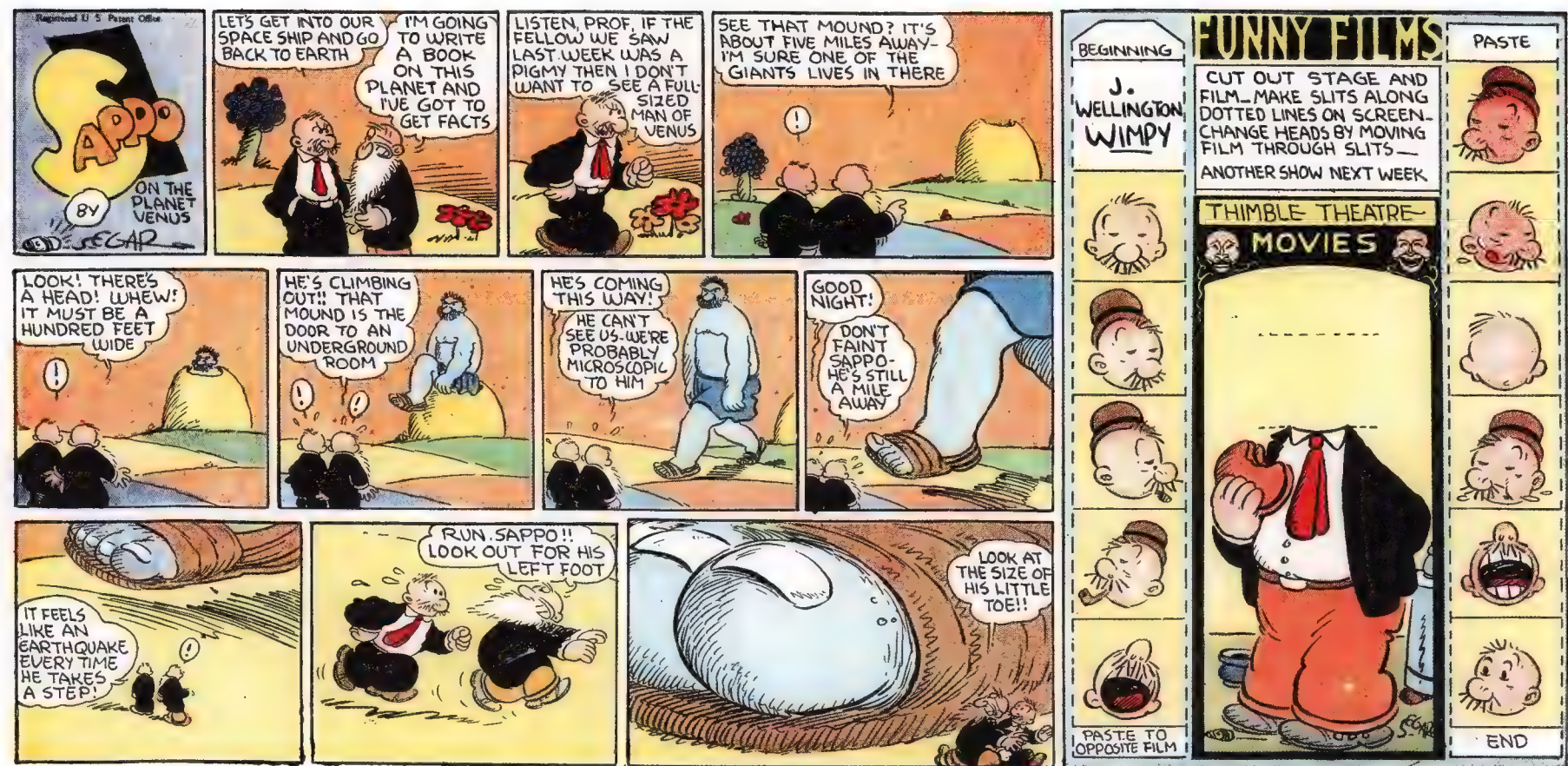


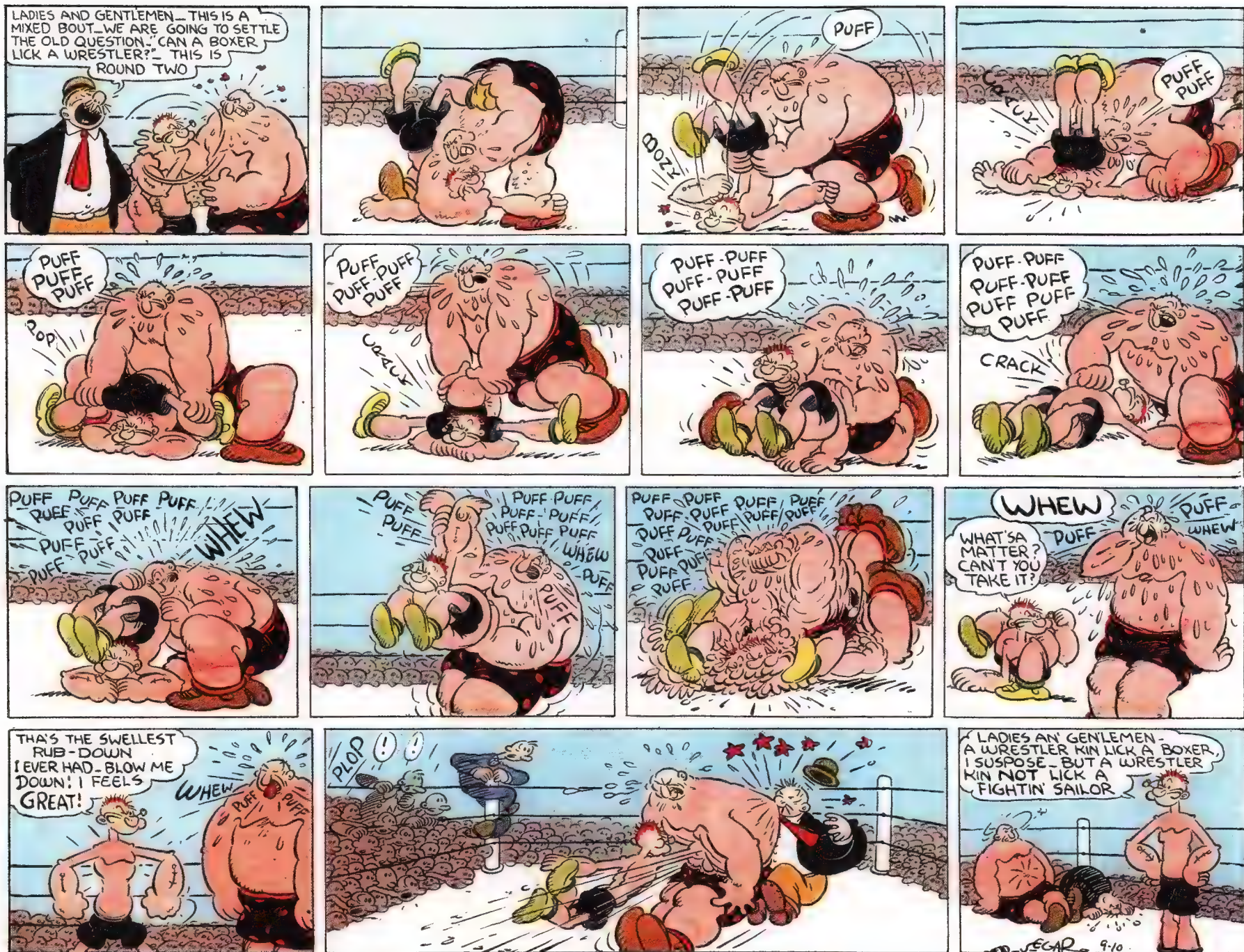












BY SCAR

Registered U.S. Patent Office

SAPPO AND THE PROFESSOR HAVE BEEN IMPRISONED ON VENUS FOR OVER TWENTY MONTHS - THE "GOOTS," A RACE OF VENUTIANS, ARE GOING TO EXECUTE THEM. MYRTLE, BELIEVING JOHN DEAD, IS ABOUT TO MARRY AN OLD SWEET-HEART.

WE'VE LEARNED ENOUGH ABOUT THEIR LANGUAGE TO KNOW THAT THEY'RE GOING TO EXECUTE US TODAY.

IT'S A SIMPLE LANGUAGE FOR INTELLIGENT BEINGS LIKE US

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY THEY WANT TO EXECUTE US. IT WON'T DO THEM ANY GOOD.

THEY'RE JEALOUS - THEY WANT TO GET RID OF US BECAUSE WE'RE SMARTER THAN THEY ARE

HOW WILL THEY EXECUTE US?

POISON

IF YOU WILL MARRY ME YOUR TROUBLES WILL BE OVER - YOU'RE CERTAIN YOUR HUSBAND IS DEAD AREN'T YOU?

GOOK DE-BOK ZUMP

POM!

THEY'RE SAYING THAT IF WE DON'T DRINK IT THEY'LL KILL US WITH THEIR SPEARS

GLUG GLUG GLUG

GLUG GLUG GLUG

YES - I'M SURE HE IS DEAD

HOW DO YOU FEEL, SAPPO?

OKAY, HOW DO YOU FEEL?

OKAY

HERE'S THE ANSWER - THEIR SYSTEMS AND ORGANS ARE DIFFERENT FROM OURS - WHAT'S POISON TO THEM IS PERFECTLY HARMLESS TO US

LOOK! THEY'VE GONE AWAY THINKING WE ARE JUST THE SAME AS DEAD

NOW WE CAN ESCAPE

CONTINUED -

BEGINNING

"ROUGH HOUSE"

FUNNY FILMS

CUT OUT STAGE AND FILM MAKE SLITS ALONG DOTTED LINES ON SCREEN CHANGE HEADS BY MOVING FILM THROUGH SLITS - ANOTHER SHOW NEXT WEEK

THIMBLE THEATRE MOVIES

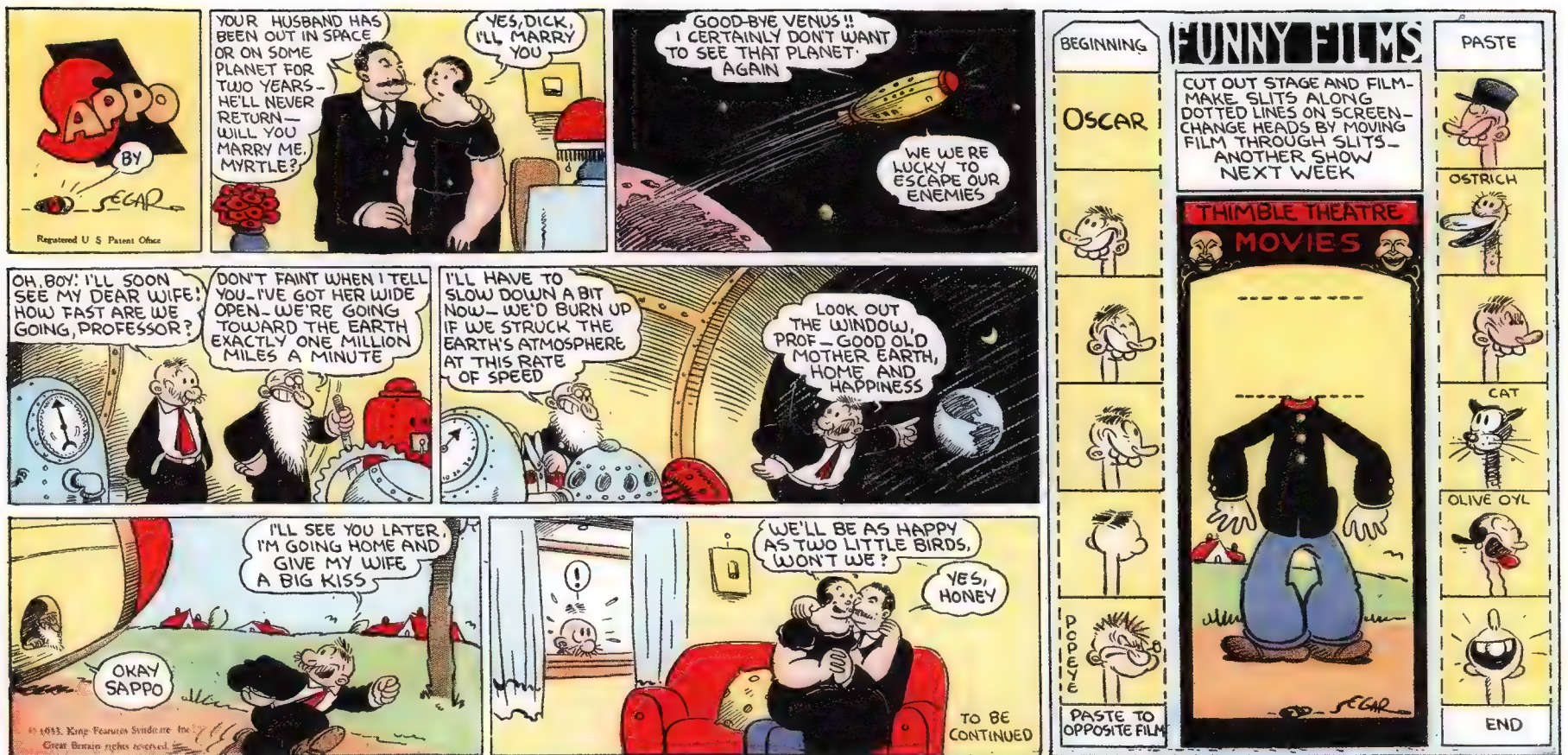
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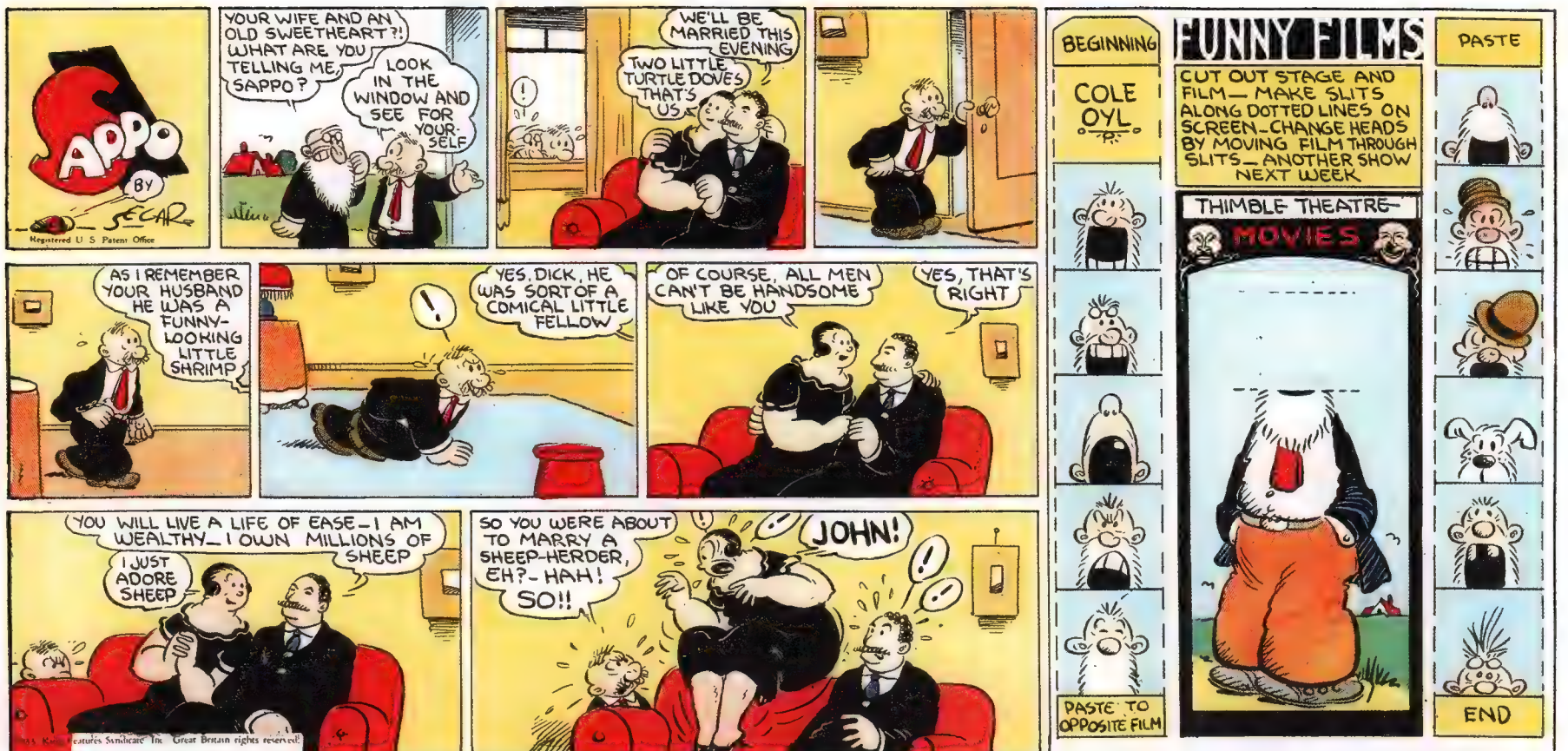
NANA OYL

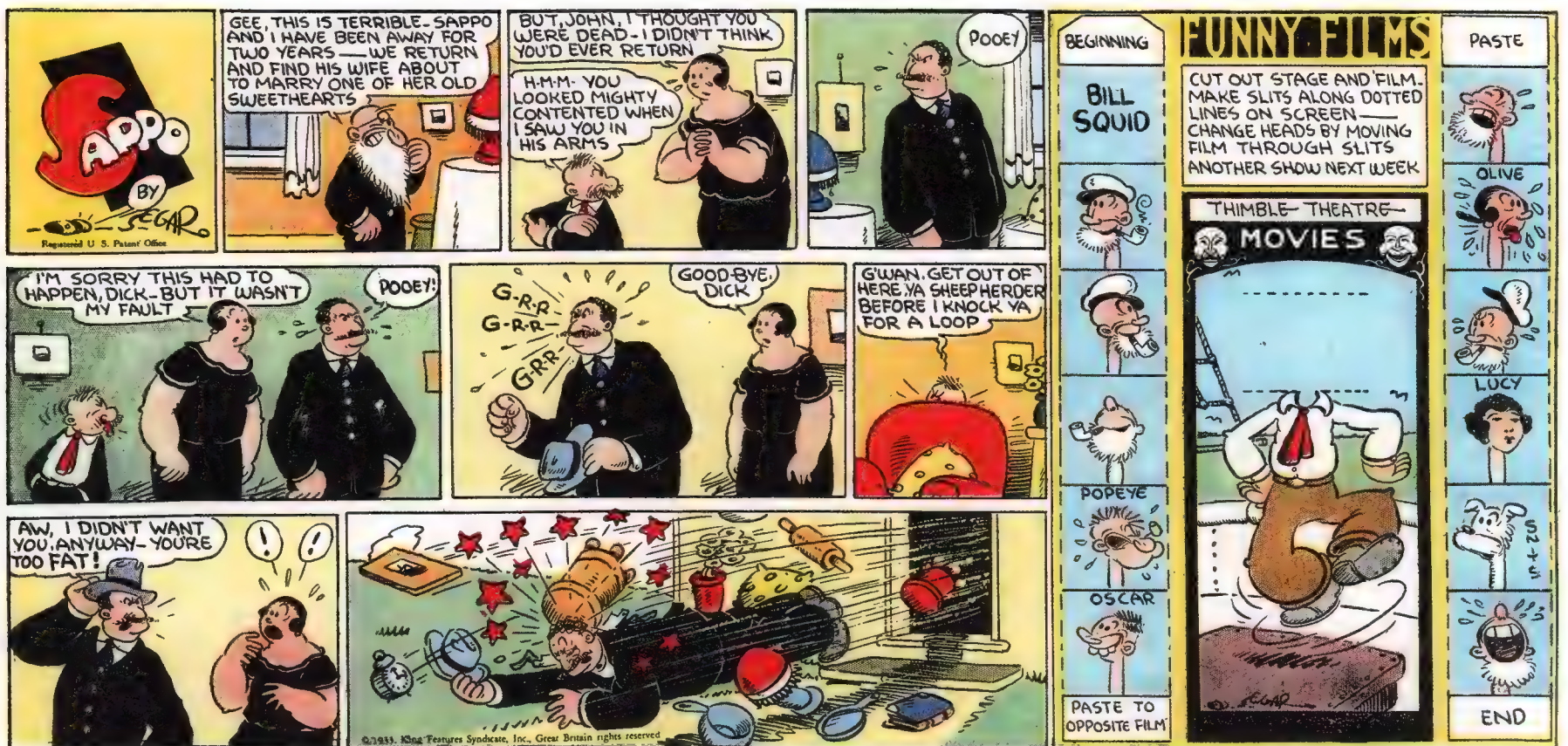
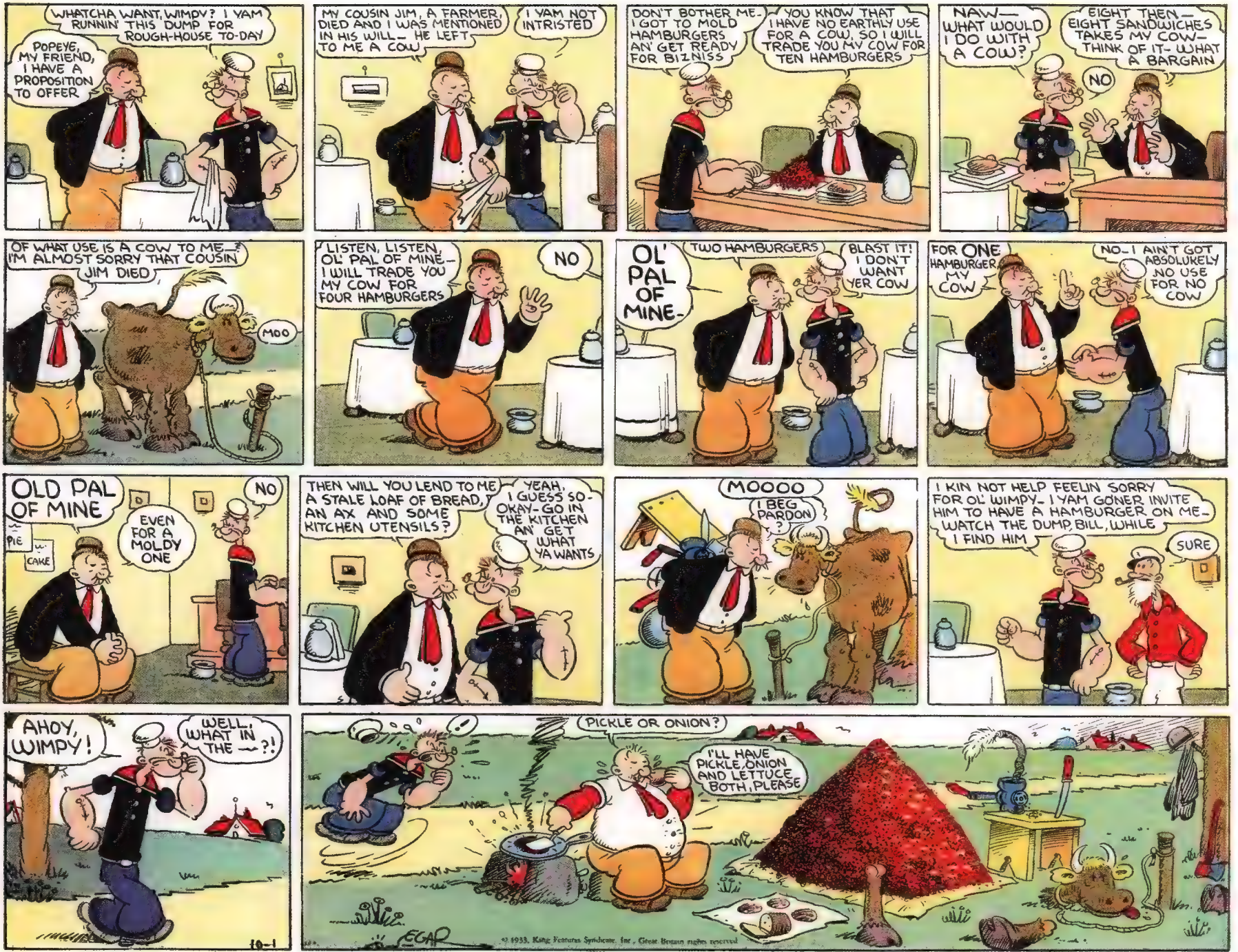
CASTOR OYL

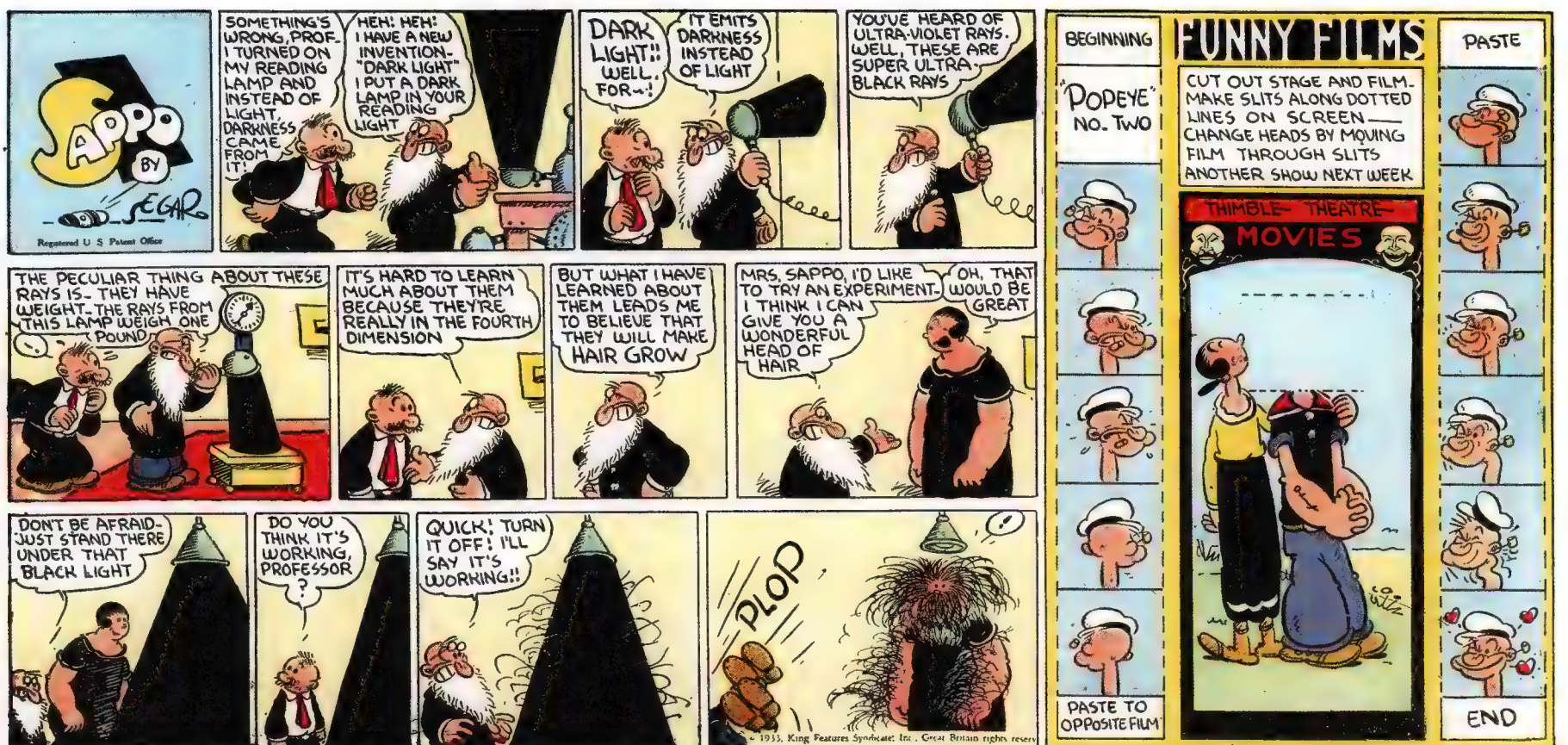
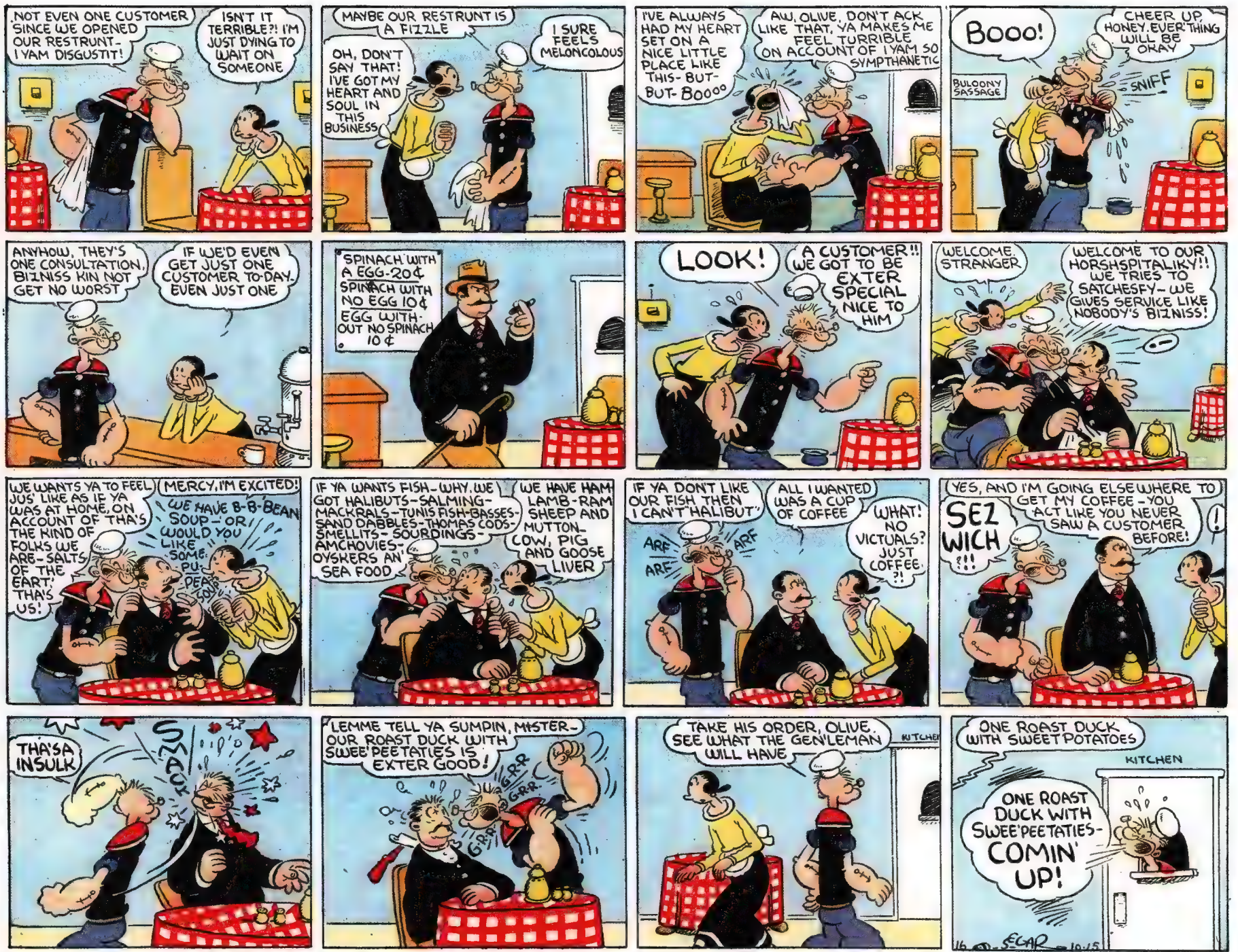
POP-EYE'S HORROR

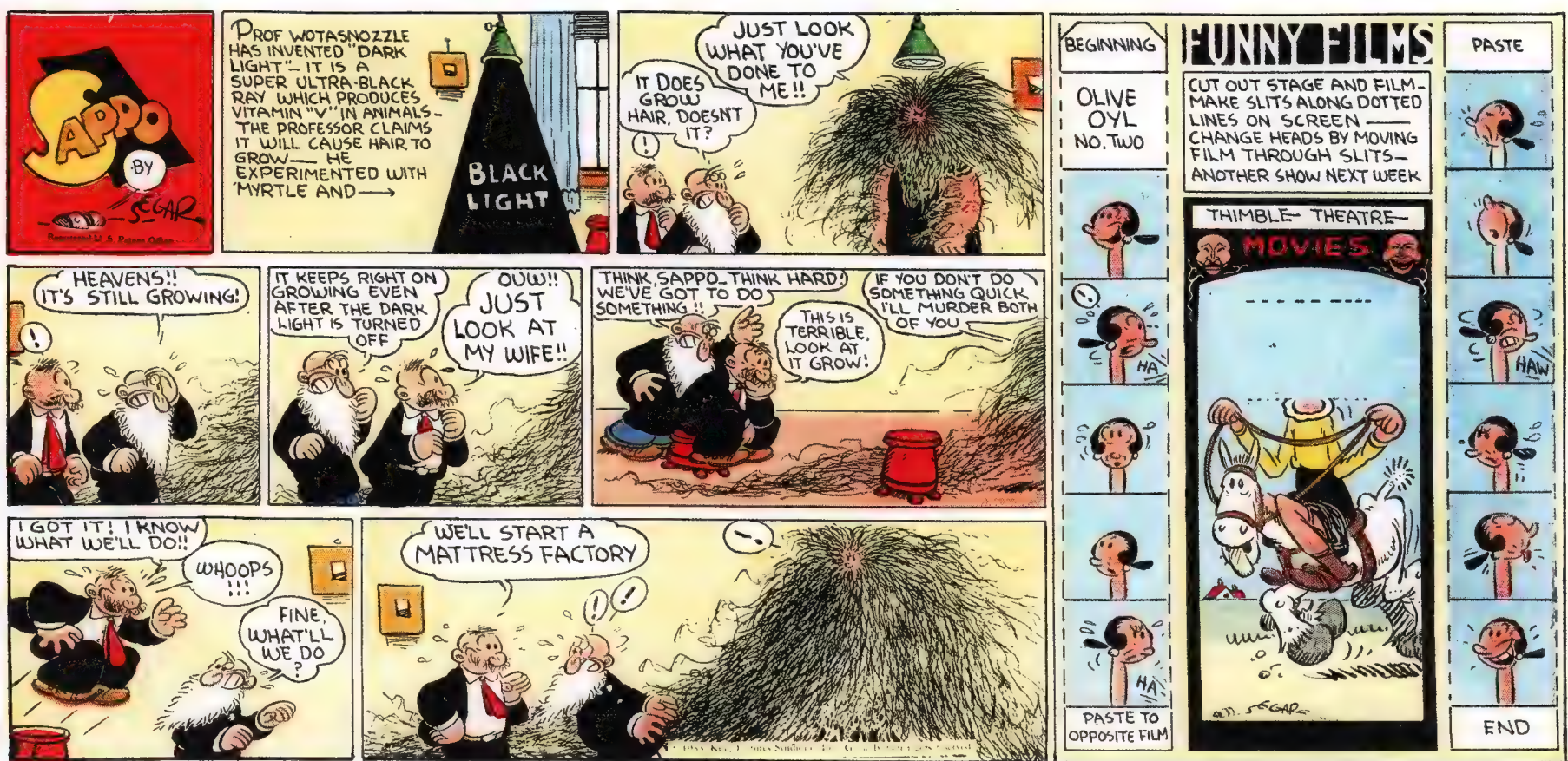
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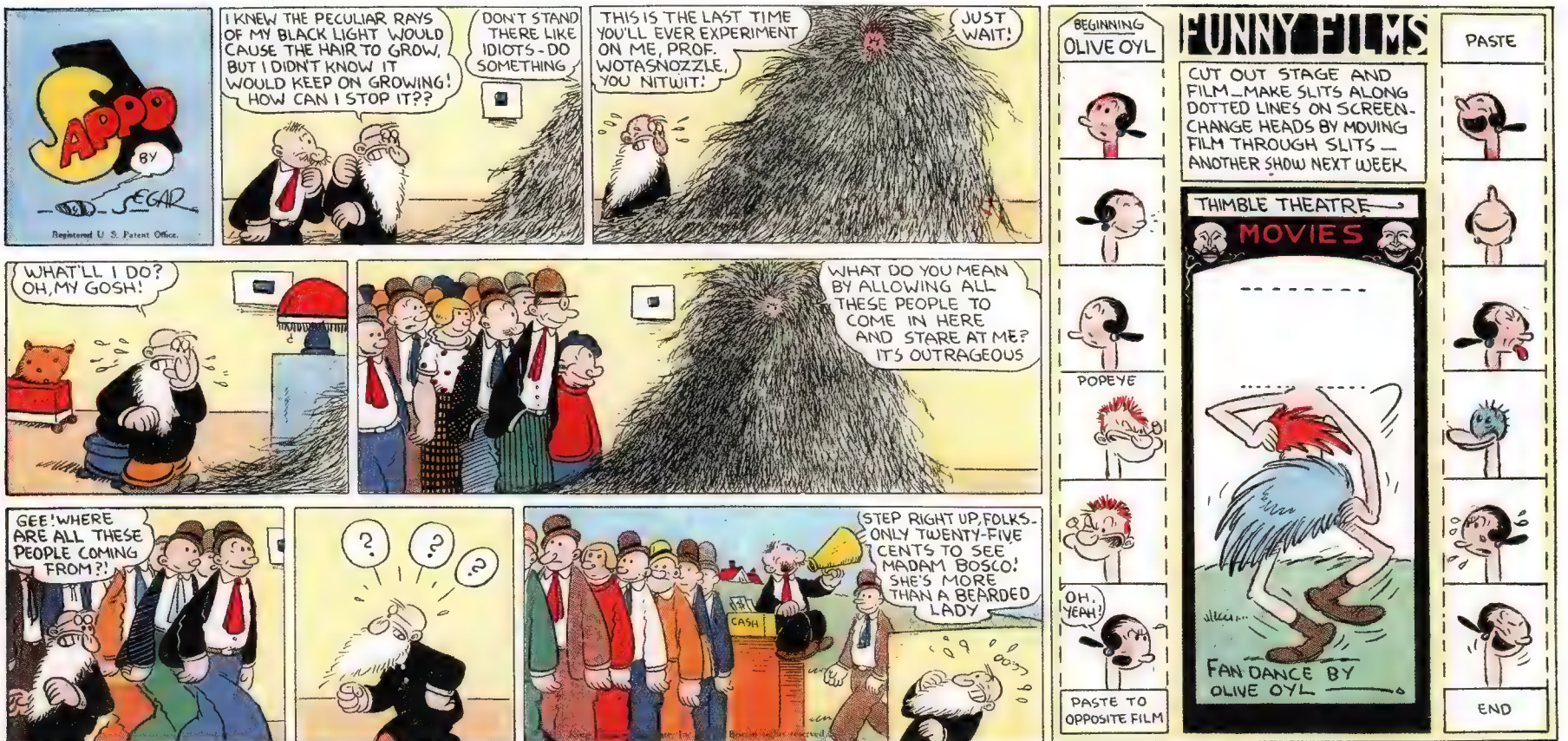


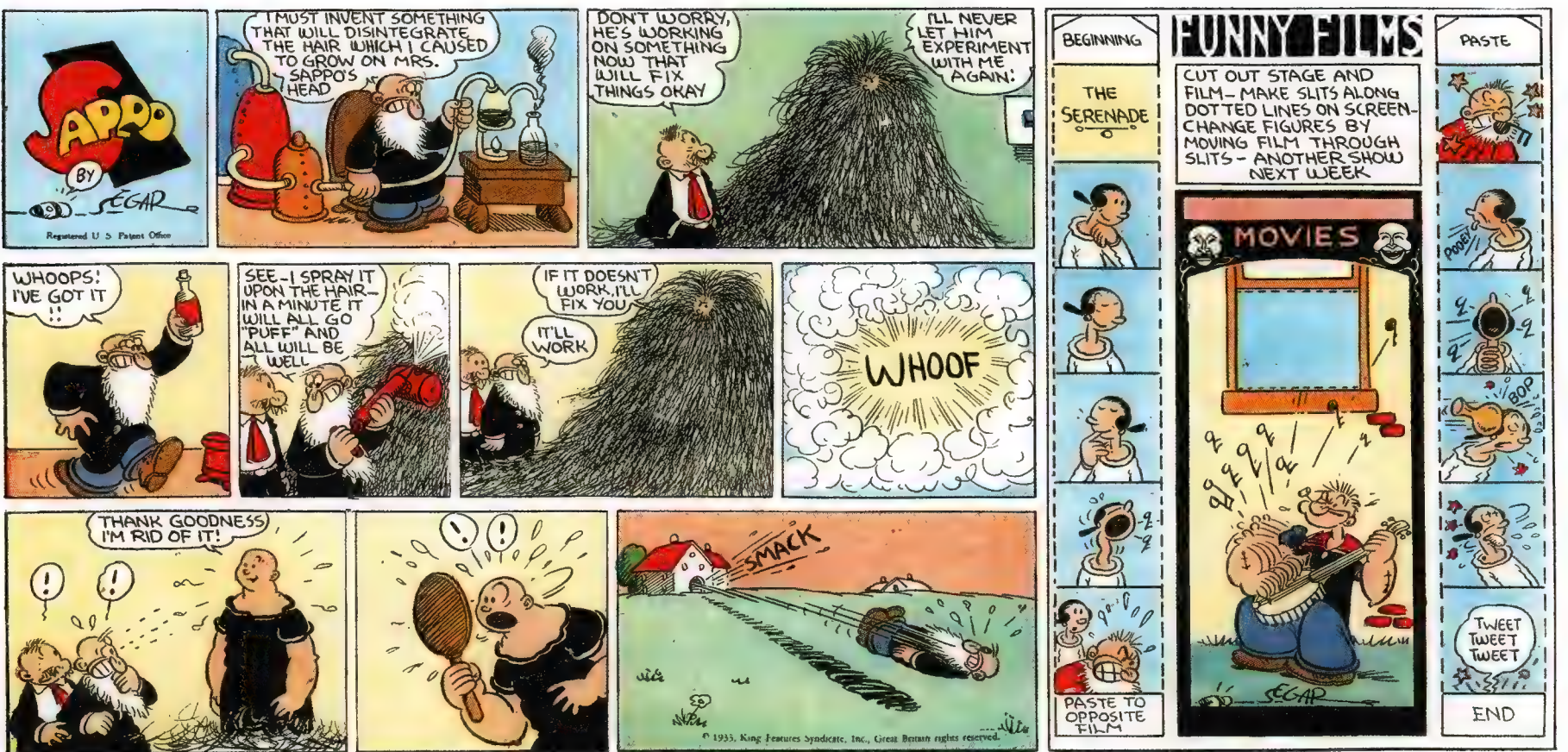


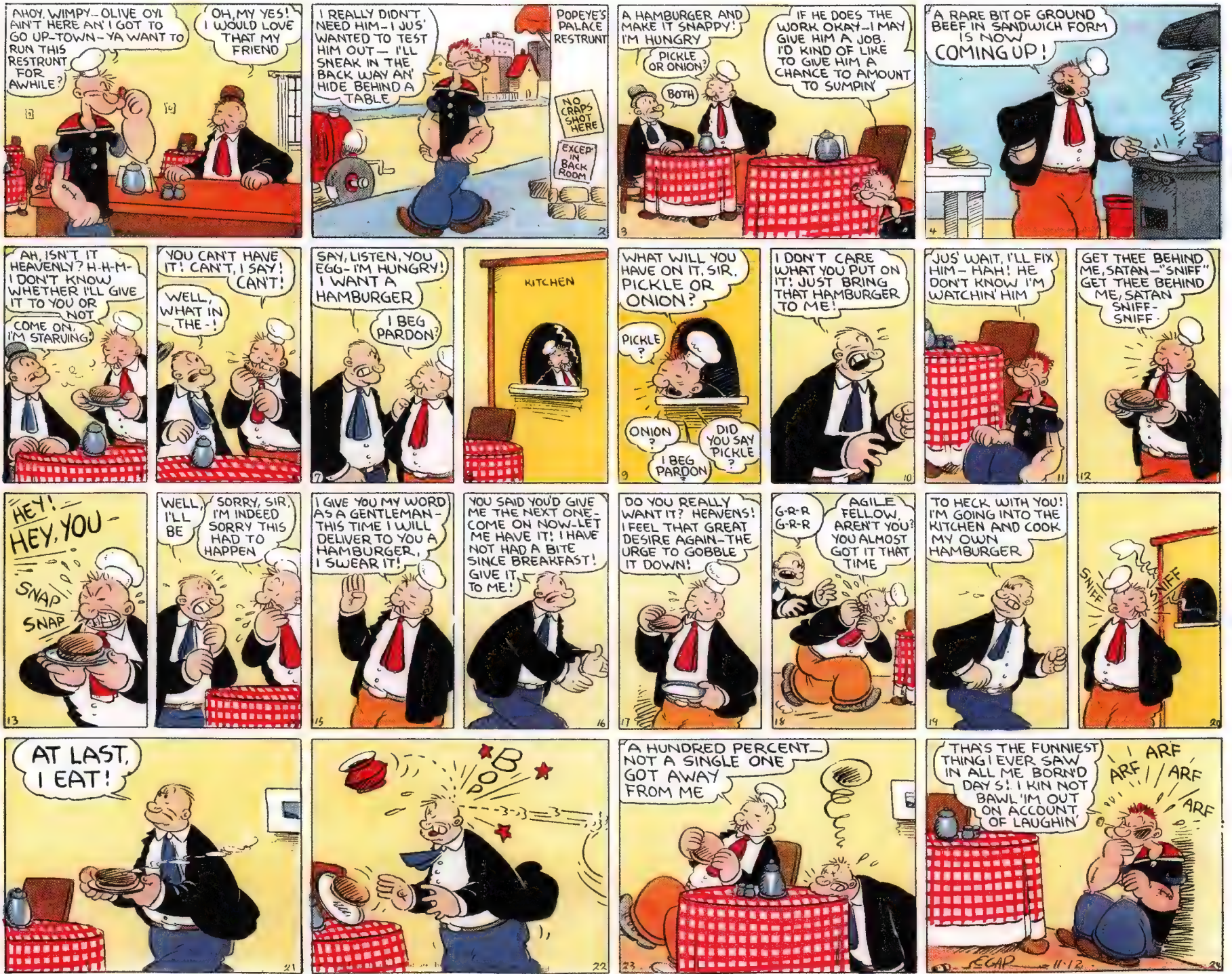












BY SEGAR

YOU'D BETTER NEVER TRY TO EXPERIMENT WITH MYRTLE AGAIN--HER HAIR IS GROWING BACK, BUT SHE'S SURE SORE AT YOU

DON'T BOTHER ME--I'M WORKING IN THE FOURTH DIMENSION--GET AWAY FROM ME--I'M INVENTING A RAY THAT WILL FLABBERGAST THE WORLD

WHAT THU--?!

HOO RAY!! SUCCESS! SUCCESS! WHOOPEE WHEE

HAH! SEE--A LIFE-REVERSER--A RAY THAT WILL CAUSE A PERSON TO GROW YOUNG--I WANT YOU TO TRY IT ON ME

OKAY--TURN IT ON, SAPPO

I BELIEVE IT IS WORKING--DO I LOOK ANY YOUNGER

I DON'T FEEL A DAY OVER "FIFTY"

HERE I AM AT ABOUT FORTY

I FEEL ABOUT "TWENTY" NOW

GOT ANY MARBLES, MISTER? LET'S SHOOT A GAME

CONTINUED--

BEGINNING

SWEETPEA

ROUGH HOUSE

OLIVE

COLE OYL

WIMPY

PASTE TO OPPOSITE FILM

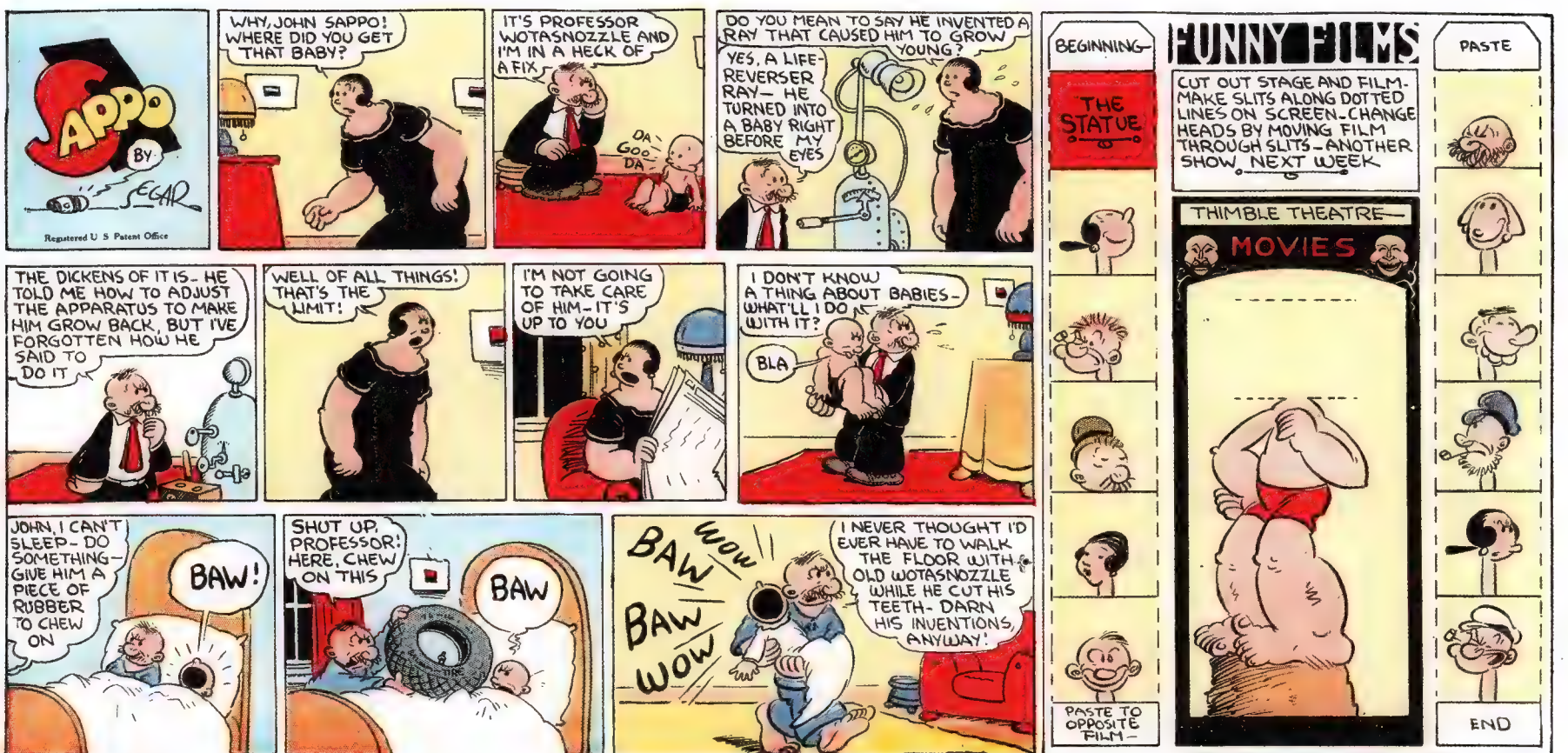
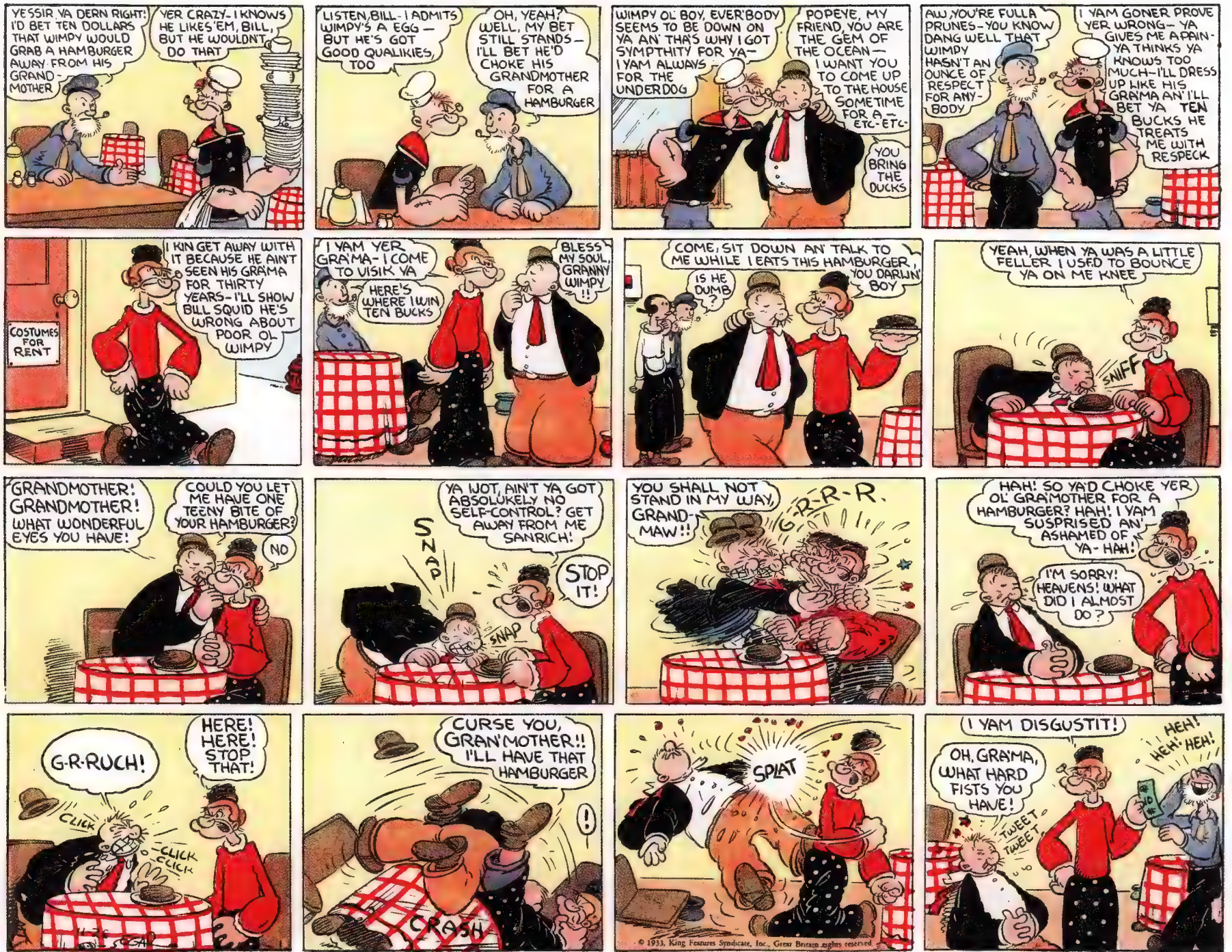
FUNNY FILMS

CUT OUT STAGE AND FILM--MAKE SLITS ALONG DOTTED LINES ON SCREEN--CHANGE HEADS BY MOVING FILM THROUGH SLITS--ANOTHER SHOW NEXT WEEK--

THIMBLE THEATRE MOVIES

PASTE

END



AHOY! TAXUS CAB! POPEYE AND HIS CREW SAIL INTO WORLD'S FAIR



Here They Are, Folks, Popeye and His Great Gang, Brought by Segar for Your Delight. Read 'Em and Laugh. More Tomorrow.

WOMAN SCORNF ON WARPATH! WORLD FAIR SIRENS LURE POPEYE



Popeye, Take Care! Olive Oyl and Danger Near! Watch This Space Tomorrow

POPEYE PUTS PUNCH IN AGE OF REPTILES EXHIBIT AT WORLD'S FAIR



Olive Oyl's on Popeye's Trail! Will She Do Fan Dance? Watch This Space Tomorrow!

WORLD'S FAIR MUST HAVE BEEN MADE JUST FOR POPEYE'S 'INFINK'



More Adventures of Popeye in Chicago Tomorrow! Olive Oyl Will Do Fan Dance Soon--You Will Find It Very Artistic

HAVE YOU SEEN A ONE-EYED SAILOR WITH A BIG SCREWED-UP MOUTH AND AN INGROWN FACE - WHO'S ARMS ARE BIG WHERE THEY SHOULD BE SMALL AND-AND-

IF HE'S LIKE THAT HE MUST BE OVER IN RIPLEY'S "BELIEVE IT OR NOT" FREAK SHOW

BOO-I'LL BET HE'S HAVING A HIGH OLD TIME WITHOUT ME

WELL WIMPY, HOW DO YA LIKE THE FAIR?

AH, POPEYE- 'TIS THE MOST DELICIOUS FAIR I'VE EVER ATTENDED

OH, POPEYE! YOO HOO!

LUNCH ON THE MIDWAY

I WANT YOU TO COME UP TO THE HOUSE SOMETIME FOR A DUCK DINNER--

FOR YOU I'LL BRING THE DUCKS

WIMPY I YAM DISGUSTIT WITCHA -THA'S JUSA STATCHOO YA IJOT! JUSA STATCHOO

SEZ YOU, MY FRIEND, SEZ YOU

WELL I YAMA SWAB !!!

FAN DANCE BY OLIVE -TUESDAY PALM FANS

FREE HAMBURGERS! FREE CENTURY OF PROGRESS HAMBURGERS

WHERE ARE THE FREE HAMBURGERS? WHERE'S POPEYE?

I NEVER HEARD OF HIM

I LIKE BIG STRONG MEN!

I YAMA ONE WOMAN MAN- BUT OLIVE OYL AIN'T THE WOMAN WHEN THEY'S A WORLD'S FAIR

ONE OF THOSE CUTE LITTLE DANCERS - POPEYE IS HAVING A SWELL TIME BUT...

HE ISN'T HERE- DO YOU THINK I'D LIE TO YOU? YES

AW POOEY

DARN HIM!!

I KNOW THAT WIMPY IS WITH HIM SO THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!

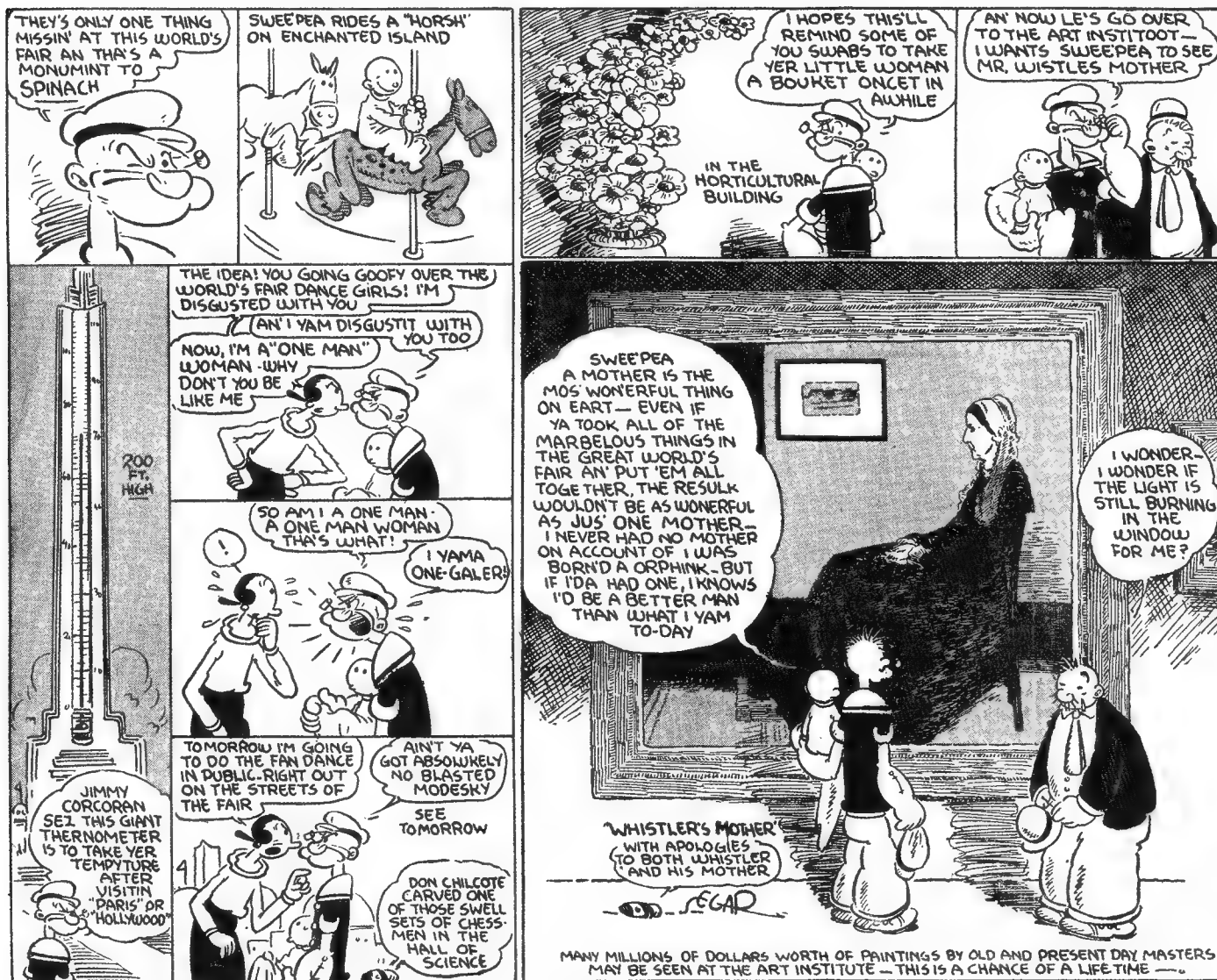
HAMBURGERS

SEGA

POPEYE CARRIES ON--OLIVE OYL CATCHES UP--WORLD'S FAIR GAYETIES

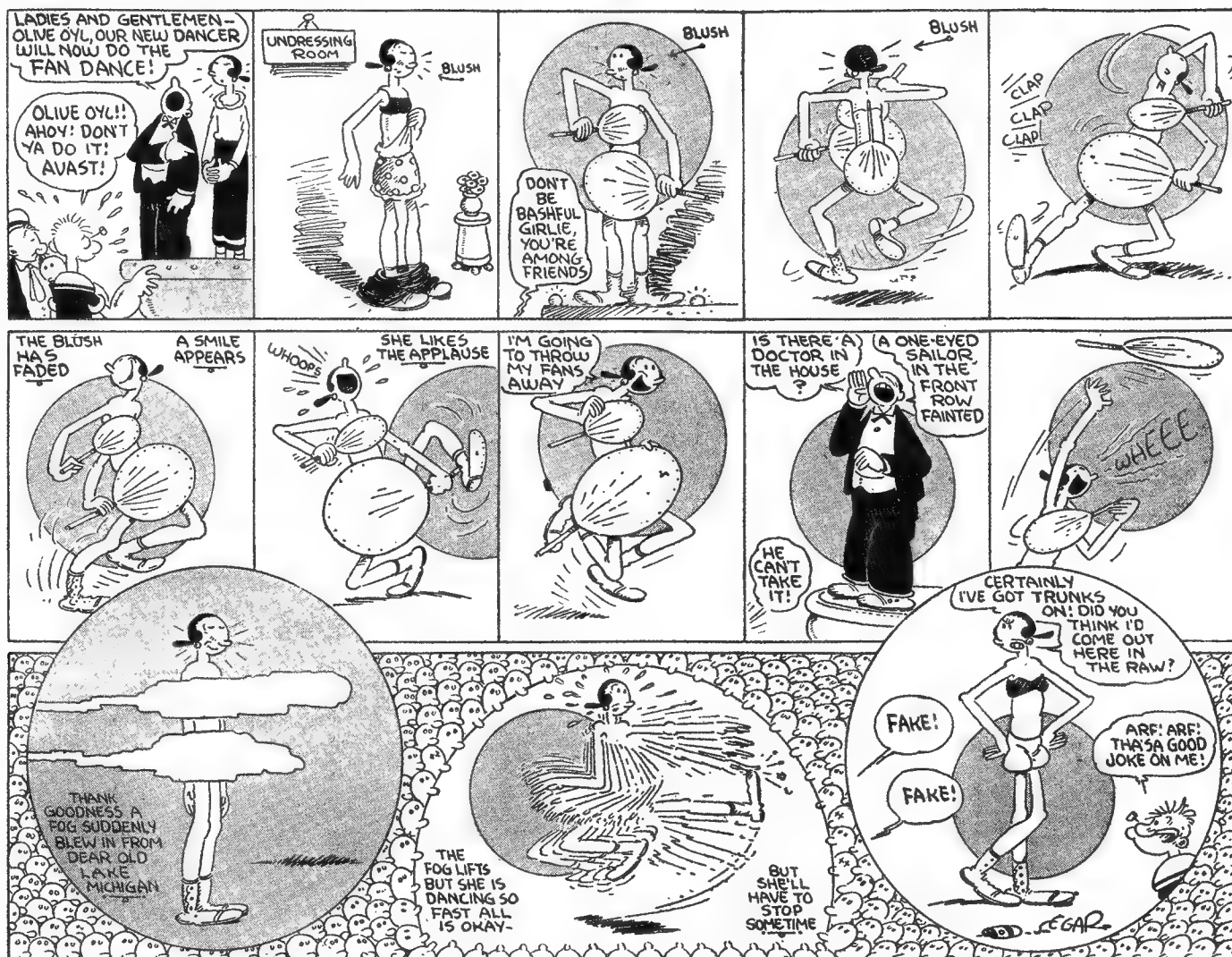


"SOLEMN INTERLUDE" FOR POPEYE AT WORLD'S FAIR SHRINE OF ART



Tomorrow's the Day! Olive Oyl Will Do Fan Dance with Palm Leaf Fans! Save Your Blushes, You'll Need Them Tomorrow

STRANGE ARE WAYS OF OLIVE IN LOVE---POPEYE'S REALLY TO BLAME



Jealousy Caused Olive Oyl to Do This Dainty Dance at World's Fair Midway---Tomorrow She Will Call on Ben Bernie!

TO HECK WITH POPEYE— NOW THAT I AM A FAMOUS FAN DANCER I'M GOING TO GET ME A HIGH CLASS SWEETTY

BEN BERNIE

1

KNOCK KNOCK

FANS

BLUE RIBBON CASINO

2

OH, THERE YOU ARE, HELLO. BEN, DARLING

3

POPEYE!! HE SAID HE COULDN'T PLAY IN MY KEY!

YOO HOO, POPEYE

HA! HA!

OL' WIMPY CRASHED THE GATE TO-DAY— HE'S A SECOND ONE-EARED CONLISS

4

KING BLOZO!! BLOW ME DOWN!! IS EVERYBODY ON EART' HERE IN CHICAGO?

OSCAR AND I COULDN'T MISS A THING AS BIG AS THE "A CENTURY OF PROGRESS EXPOSITION." LOOK AT OSCAR'S FACE HE JUST CAME OUT OF THE MEXICAN VILLAGE

HOT-CHA!

5

COME ON, WIMPY. LET'S GO OVER TO THE HALL OF SCIENCE. I WANT TO GET ME MIND OFF'N THEM SWELL LITTLE BLASTED DANCE GALS

HALL OF SCIENCE

6

WITH MARVELOUS INVENTIONS AND THE SCIENTIFIC WONDERS OF THE ENTIRE EARTH ALL ABOUT— AND YOU ASK—"WHAT'S A BRASSIERE?"

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POPEYE GETS LOST IN THE TRAVEL & TRANSPORT BLDG.

Panel 1: A REMARKABLE EXHIBIT SQUARE-COG WHEELS. AND THEY RUN

Panel 2: I'LL BET THEY WOULDN'T RUN IF THEY WAS LIKE WHAT THE BOSS DRAW'D HERE

Panel 3: AH-OY, SOMEBODY! WICH WAY IS NORT?

Panel 4: POPEYE GETS LOST IN THE TRAVEL & TRANSPORT BLDG-

Panel 5: WHO DONE THAT?

Panel 6: THOSE CUTE, LITTLE TURN-STILES THAT GREET YOU WITH A KICK-

Panel 7: YA BIG EGG! AIN'T YA GOT NO ETIKET?

Panel 8: AIN'T THEM FUNNY VEHICKIES? ARE! ARE!

Panel 9: I MUST MOOCH MY WAY INTO THIS SHOW TO-NIGHT

Panel 10: LOOKING AROUND "WINGS OF A CENTURY" BEFORE THE SHOW

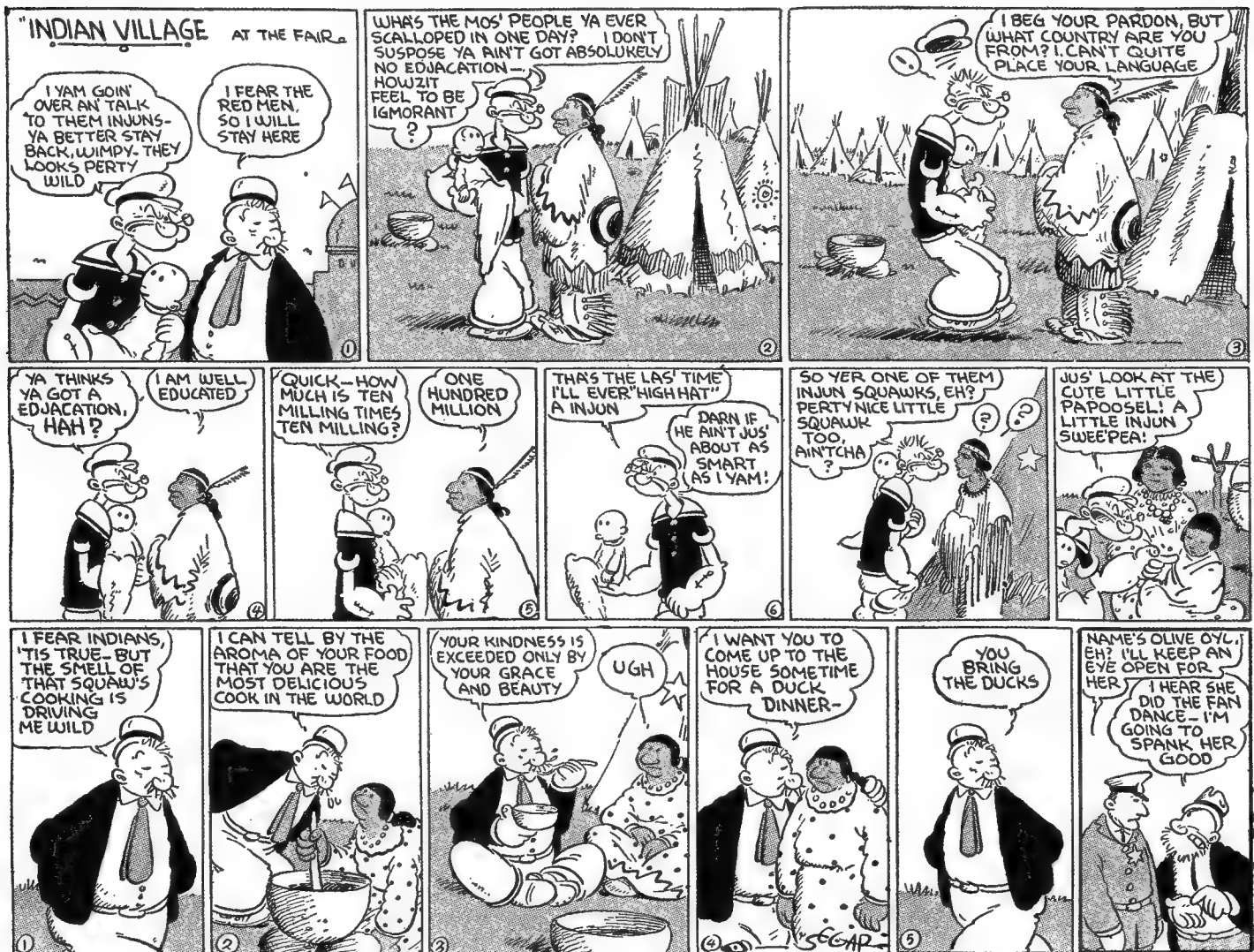
Panel 11: YOO-HOO! POPEYE!

Panel 12: DID YOU SEE MY DAUGHTER, OLIVE OYL? I HEARD SHE DID THE FAN DANCE

Panel 13: COLE OYL COMES TO TOWN

1933 • POPEYE VOL.3 • Page 158

'SQUAWKS' AND 'PAPOOSELS' ENTERTAIN POPEYE AT WORLD'S FAIR

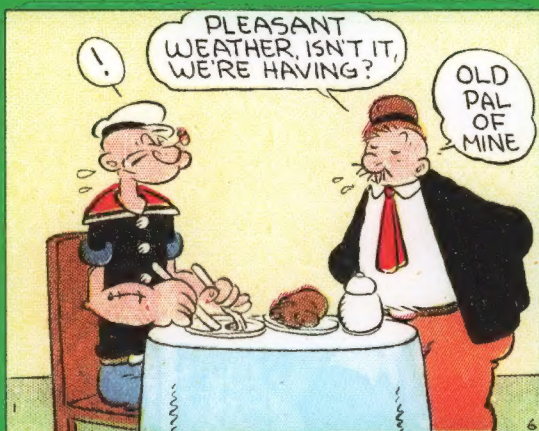
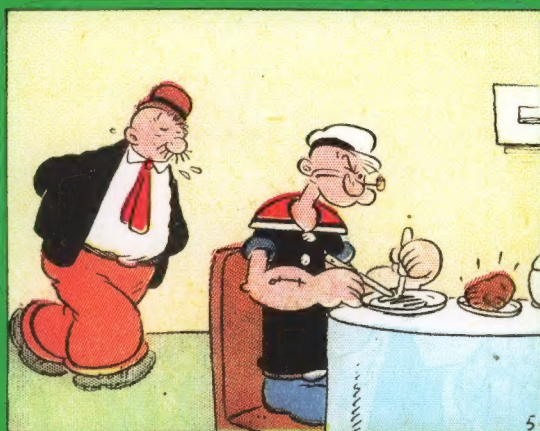


In a Hilarious Celebration, Popeye and His Pals Tomorrow Will Say Farewell to Chicago Exposition—Don't Miss It

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See Popeye and His Pals Every Day on the Comic Page of The Post-Enquirer Exclusively in Oakland and San Francisco



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World's Fair" storyline!

"Not to be missed" —TIME
"...the strip, at least in
the hands of its creator,
E.C. Segar, is much smarter,
funnier, and more delightful
than those old three-minute
cartoons could ever hope to
be." —THE PATRIOT-NEWS

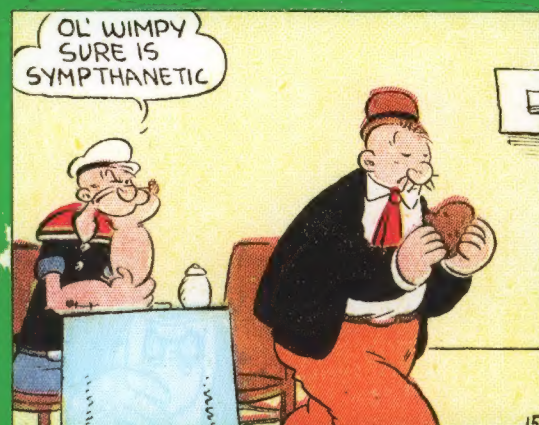
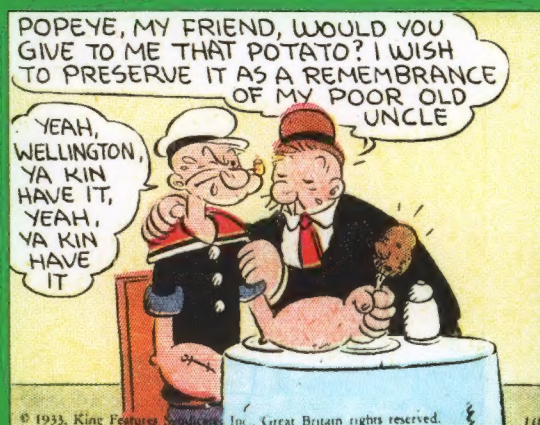
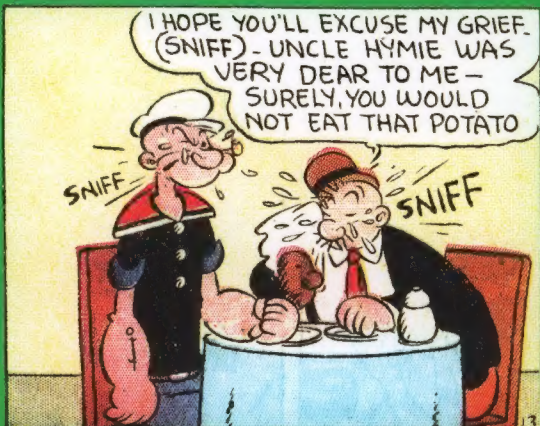
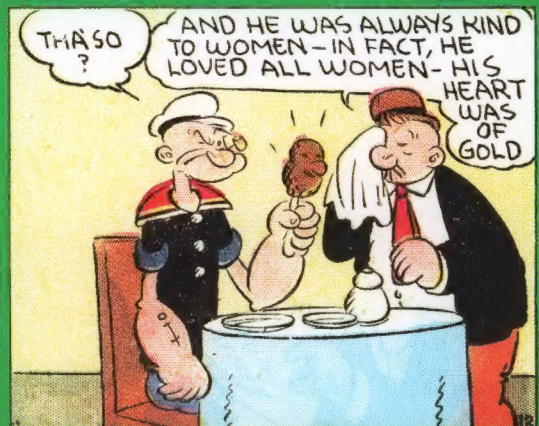
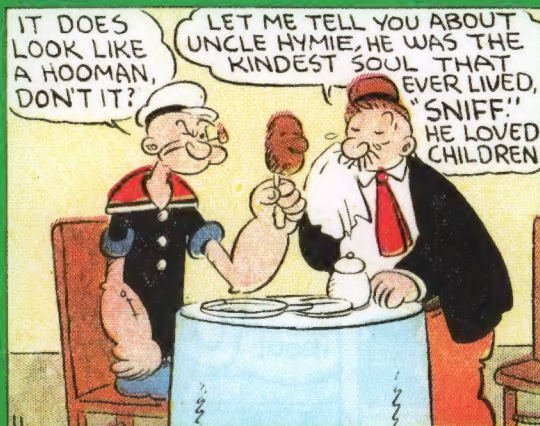
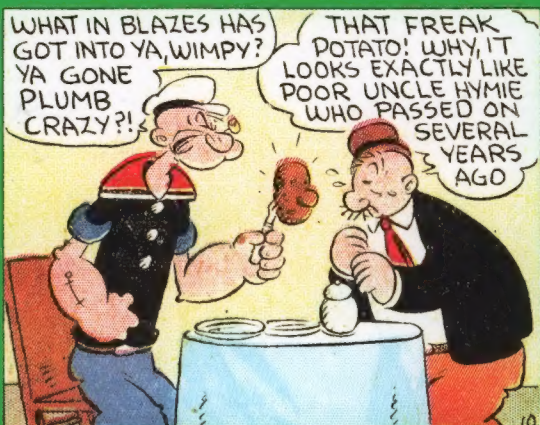
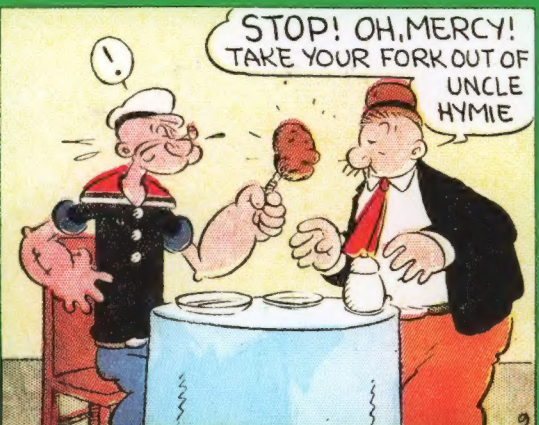
The complete reprinting
of E.C. Segar's Popeye strips
reaches the halfway point in this
volume. Serial stories include
"The Eighth Sea" featuring
Popeye's timeless nemesis Bluto
(as well as the shape-shifting
detective Merlock Jones); the
double-barreled court intrigue
of "Long Live the King" and
"Popeye King of Popilania,"
with a big supporting role for
Olive Oyl; and Popeye juggling
his career as a "Star Reporter"
with his new responsibilities as
a dad to Swee'Pea. Meanwhile,
the Sundays focus extensively
on the endless hamburger-chis-
eling efforts of J. Wellington
Wimpy. Plus an introductory
essay by comics historian
Donald Phelps, and a genuine
period photograph of Segar
with his real-life creation.

"...this book documents
the birth of a great American
comic character." —THE NEW
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"This is not the watered
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summoned back and trapped
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